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Methodism in earnest

METHODISM IN EARNEST:

BEING THE

HISTORY OF A GREAT REVIVAL

IN GREAT BRITAIN;

IN WHICH TWENTY THOUSAND SOULS WERE JUSTIFIED, AND
TEN THOUSAND SANCTIFIED, IN ABOUT SIX YEARS,

THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY;

INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF THOSE MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL EXERCISES WHICH
MADE HIM SO EMINENT A REVIVALIST.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM "CAUGHEY'S LETTERS," BY

REV. R. W. ALLEN,

AND EDITED BY

REV. DANIEL WISE, A. M.

> "What is the secret philosophy of these Revivals?"
> "KNEE WORK! KNEE WORK!! KNEE WORK!!!"
>
> *Caughey.*

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PREFACE.

In preparing these pages for the use of the American public, the Editor has been animated by a fixed belief that their publication would cultivate that genuine and *earnest* piety which is at once the characteristic and necessity of Methodism. His task has not been performed without difficulty, in consequence of the descriptions of Mr. Caughey's revival movements being blended with other matter in the "Letters" from which this compilation is made. Those Letters comprise five volumes, and embrace a great variety of topics. To obtain a consecutive narrative of his revival experiences and operations, parts and fragments of his Letters have been blended together as harmoniously as possible. But after exerting the greatest skill, the Editor is fully aware that the flow of the narrative is not as smooth and even as he would love to have it. The abrupt style of Mr. C. also increased the difficulty. But the work is done: and imperfect as it may be found to be by the lynx-eyed, fault-hunting critic, it is still our unalterable conviction, that God will bless it to the good of souls.

If this sublime end be reached, we care very little for the verdict of cold-hearted criticism.

For the sentiments contained in the remarks which introduce the chapters, the Editor is alone responsible. His aim has been to say just as little as was consistent with the elucidation of the narrative. It is also proper to inform the reader that Rev. Mr. Caughey cordially approves of the issue of this book, although he has taken no part in the labor of its preparation.

Should this work meet with general acceptance, it is not impossible that another volume of selections from the same source may hereafter be presented to the American public.

The Editor.

Fall River, Mass., January, 1850.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTORY.

Human experiences — Their uses — Sin of slighting them — A great religious fact — Sympathy of a pious mind necessary — The instrument — Mr. Caughey's early history — Description of Mr. Caughey — The work of the Holy Spirit in forming his revival character, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

THE ANOINTING.

Christ and his apostles — Paul — Luther — Wesley — Their spiritual baptisms — Mr. Caughey's anointing — Remarks of Dr. Adam Clarke — Their influence on Mr. Caughey's mind — The solemn resolutions — The duration of a deep conviction — The source of instrumental sufficiency — Reflection on the effect of Dr. Clarke's thought — Praise to God — The beginning of the Spirit's work in preparing the instrument, ... 13

CHAPTER III.

THE PREPARATION AND THE CONFLICT.

Necessity of sympathy between God and his instruments — The dead church — The preacher's concern — A series of meetings — A defeat — Analysis of its causes — Influence of a minister on his brethren — The great lesson — The resolution — Revival sermons prepared — The common-place book — Good advice — Consecration of the sermon — Ordinary services — The new station — Preparations for a spiritual battle — Cromwell's advice to his soldiers — Sources of confidence — Difficulties foreseen but not feared — The battle begun — A nine weeks' conflict — A glorious victory — Uses of victory — Treatment of converts — Mr. Caughey's reflections on the failure of revival operations — Every preacher ought to be a revivalist — The mental conflicts of preachers, ... 18

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEST OF REVIVAL PRINCIPLES.

God's word has been long tested — The basis of Mr. Caughey's movements — The letter to a friend — The protracted meeting — The spirit of the laborers

— Character of the people — Example of dead ministers avoided — Meetings night and day — The resistance — The stir — Inquiry — Increasing congregations — Truth and its majesty — Pure motives — Expectations — Faithful preaching — Calm reliance on the truth — Fulness of Christ declared — No time-servers in the way of success — A touching anecdote — Great resistance among sinners — Increased boldness in the church — Confidence in the truth displayed — The extremity — Pompey's saying — The minister and the blacksmith — A nail in a sure place — The triumph — Uncommon efforts necessary — The motto of the church, ... 29

CHAPTER V.

THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

An affecting fact — Opinion of the reader — Good men have had faith in divine impressions — Scriptural authority — Fruits are the tests of impressions — Objections met — Feeble instrumentalities — Intention to marry — Mental distress — A struggle — Light from heaven — The summons to a special work — Great peace — The request — Its success — Serious consideration — Permanency of Mr. Caughey's impressions — Providence Path — Careful analysis of mental operations — Faith in God, . . . 42

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST FRUITS.

Leaving home — Passage to St. John's — The deserted village — Sore trials — Counsels of a Scotch divine — An old tannery — Victory — A chapel built — Hospitality — Montreal — Reminiscences — Signs of revival — A discordant church — Passage to Quebec — Reflections on a poor pilot and a detention — Extract — Reflections on a deceitful light-ship — Reception at Quebec — Old friends — A spiritual battle — Satan overthrown — Glorious revival — The trifler saved — A military officer afraid of God's soldiers — A man of business saved — Results — The song of a holy woman, 53

CHAPTER VII.

REVIVAL SCENES IN LOWER CANADA.

Departure from Quebec — Attachment of the people — Review of labors in Quebec — Inquest on a disinterred woman — A drunkard's death — Facts — The Vermont legislator's argument — An incident at a temperance lecture — St. Ann's — A scene of beauty — An accident — A drunken companion — Another accident — Three Rivers — An aged minister — Anecdote of Wesley — A hazardous ride — Arrival at Montreal — The power of God — A house of mourning — A backslider's reformation — The fire — Person burned to death — An awful event — The backslider's end — St. John's — Review of labors in Montreal — A liberal offer declined — Restitution preached — Effects — The conscientions barber — The bank note — The clerk and the false entry — Mr. Caughey in New York — Summary of results — Five hundred evidences of the reality of his impressions, ... 66

CHAPTER VIII.

HALIFAX, AND THE VOYAGE THITHER.

Editorial remarks — Mr. Caughey at Halifax — His visit to Providence Path — Strength of the impression — The trip from Whitehall to Burlington — Arrival at Quebec — Conscientious scruples — The profitable detention — The falls of Montmorency — The Natural steps — The plains of Abraham — Quebec defences — Anecdote of a boy — Visit to the Indians — A Canadian thunder storm — Reflections — Arrival at Halifax — Detention — The voyage from Quebec to Halifax described — The gift of Christian affection — The river St. Lawrence — The gulf — A wreck — The drunken soldiers — Passengers — Anecdote — The mirage — Prince Edward's Island — Pictou — A ride — Kind attentions — A home — The lady's apology — The Theatre Royal temperance meeting described — Prince William's lodge — Ruins — The people of God in Halifax — Temperance meeting — Anecdote, 85

CHAPTER IX.

THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

Introductory remarks — Review of labors in Halifax — A bleak morning — A storm — Its uses — Amusing description of life on shipboard in a storm — Conversation with a sceptic — The sceptic confounded — An incident — A Sabbath at sea — The sermon — The restless sea — Land — Arrival at Liverpool, ... 109

CHAPTER X.

THE DENOUEMENT.

Editorial remarks — Mr. Caughey's sense of loneliness — Trials — Transparency of his character — Visits Manchester — Dr. Bunting's sermon — Mr. McLean — Reflections — Robert Newton — Introduction to the conference — The voyage to Dublin — Depression — New acquaintances — Invitation to preach — The first sermon in Dublin — Surprise — Presence of the Spirit — Four weeks in Dublin — Converts — Temptations — Comforts — Abasements — Rev. T. Waugh — More temptation — Their narration valuable — Resistance to Satan — Death of a class-leader — A weeping congregation — A season of power — The last public labors of a good man — Hopes of heaven — The room where Summerfield was converted — An awful time — A remarkable conversion in answer to prayer — A visit to Dublin Castle — O'Connell — A crowd — Methodist chapels in Dublin — A watch-night — Farewell sermon — Intense excitement — Results of his labors in Dublin — Letter of R. Craig, Esq., on the Dublin revival, ... 121

CHAPTER XI.

TEN WEEKS IN LIMERICK.

Editorial remarks — Journey to Limerick — First success — A letter from Dublin containing a beautiful illustration of divine mercy — A walk on the banks of the Shannon — A hurricane — A fearful explosion — Reflections —

A refreshing season — A hymn — The flag — Work of God in Limerick — A powerful conversion — The circular — Historical sketch of Limerick — Ruins of the old wall — A spiritual siege — An ancient cathedral — A curious inscription — An old Methodist chapel — Extract from Wesley — Places of worship in Limerick — Reflections on high church notions — Aspect of the city — The people of Limerick — Visiting from house to house — Revival fruits — Leaves Limerick for Cork — The work in Limerick — Public breakfast in Limerick — A testimonial of affection — The watch — Mr. Mathews's address — Acquaintances in Limerick, ... 148

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO CORK.

Editorial remarks — Prayer for the city — Opening sermons — The praying man tempted — The chapel in Cork described — A touching scene — The discharged soldier — His arrival home — The vow of self-dedication — Its glorious consequences — The leaders' meeting — The small class — The secret of a class-leader's success — The local preacher rebuked — How to keep penitent sinners from falling back — Six reasons for giving them no rest — A private watch-night — The revival in Cork — Extract — Description of Cork — Irish hospitality at Hayfield — Communion with God — Revival — Public buildings in Cork — Population — The tomb of Boardman — Boardman's American labors — His death — His epitaph — A remarkable incident in his life — A visit to Blarney Castle — Blarney Stone, and its legend — The revival in Cork, ... 171

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS IN CORK AND BANDON.

State of the work in Cork — Young converts — A mistake — Intended visit to Bandon — Temperance labors in Cork — Necessity of action on temperance — Must not be made a hobby — Mr. Caughey is visited by Father Mathew — Remarks on Mr. M. — Commencement of revival labors in Bandon — Discouragements — Remarkable instance of restitution — A still more striking case — Temptation — The work in Bandon — Free communings with a friend — Mental struggles — The rage of devils follows faithful ministers — Luther to Melancthon — Calumny and detraction — Deceptive friendships — Misanthropy — Professional friendship — A lesson in an incident — Relation of living near to God and cheerfulness — Trouble needful — Temperament — The clock — Waiting for God — The conflict in Bandon — Accident and detention — Anxiety — Close of his labors in Ireland, . . 194

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CAUGHEY IN ENGLAND.

Editorial remarks — Departure from Cork — View of the coast of Ireland — The Ocean Storm, a poem — The captive bird — The incident spiritualized — Lands at Liverpool — Providential openings — Mental struggles — His commission opened — Powerful prayer meeting — Special meetings begun — Young converts — Temptation and prayer — A stranger and his dream — Friends and foes — The deputation — Four sinners crying for mercy — Hoarseness — The watch-night — Renewal of the covenant — Twelve sinners converted — Success and tribulation — Humility, ... 218

CHAPTER XV.

ARGUMENTS WITH THE ENEMIES OF REVIVALS.

Objections to revival efforts stated and answered — Valuable idea of a deceased minister — Sinners need feeling, not light — Further objections considered — The state of Christian congregations described — How to reach them — Objection to earnest preaching answered — The archer — How to aid the minister — Objection to sharp and pointed language in the pulpit considered — Terror objected to — The earthquake nights — Judgment and passions must be both reached — The minister is the best judge of the people's state — The wicked physician — How he was saved — The aged minister and the young sinner — Stern and soft preaching — Poetical extract — Feeling must be appealed to — The irregular apple-tree — Controversy declined — The work in Liverpool — Prejudice — Opposition to revivals universal — The unconverted lawyer — A classical story — The old saint's prayer and the sinner's protest — Blasphemy charged on revival preaching — Theology studied in hell — The duke of Saxony and the praying bishop — The trooper and the minister — Feelings of a lady, . . . 232

CHAPTER XVI.

INQUIRIES, ANECDOTES, AND CLOSING LABORS IN LIVERPOOL.

On describing character — Anecdote — Personalities — Anecdote — Vulgarity — Anecdotes — A sinner's mistake — The merchant's portrait — A lady's anger — A ludicrous fact — The offended sinner urged to yield to God — A searching preacher — An objection — Saying of Eupolis — God warns before he strikes — Powerful appeals — Various inquiries answered — The secret of success — An old divine quoted — Progress of the work in Liverpool — The poor man and his prayer — The Welsh Methodists — Display of divine power — The Welsh minister's prayer — Meetings in Brunswick chapel — Opinions of the revival — Faithful minister — Results — Temperance lectures in Liverpool — Case of a nervous person — Lord Nelson and the world — Confessions of a worldling — Mr. Wesley on nervousness — Amusements — Exercise — Sin of idleness — Closing scenes in Liverpool — Missionary meetings — Wesleyan chapels in Liverpool — An accomplished organist — Results in Liverpool — The tea-meeting — Closing addresses — Pleasant homes, ... 253

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT REVIVAL IN LEEDS.

Arrival at Leeds — Greetings — Meetings in Oxford Street chapel — Results — Plans — St. Peter's chapel — Great success — The Old chapel — Anecdote by Charles Wesley — Reminiscences of the old Leeds chapel — Boardman and Pilmoor — Mr. Asbury's labors — His journal — The band-meeting — Sanctifying power — Relation of pulpit to sanctification — Wesley chapel — Rev. J. Everett — Souls saved — Opinion of a person who denounced the church — Beauty of holiness — Hope — The work in Leeds — Its subjects — Brunswick chapel — Success — Classification of the subjects of the work — Results in Brunswick chapel — Hospitality — Oxford Place chapel — Conversions, ... 280

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OFFENDED HEARER.

The offended hearer — The artist and the portrait — Various insinuations answered — Painted fire — The review — Describing character — Skill needful — A threat — Anecdote — The gospel mirror — Anecdote — The western blacksmith — The Irish laborer — A difference — Cautions — Extract — The wilful philosopher — Hell enough in this life — Hell the centre of gravity to a sinner — The wrath of man — Good wishes — Chinese painters — Invitations — Sign of an awakened mind — Chance — Apelles — Turning to God — A mistake corrected — Saying of Origen — Skill of an ancient general — Too late — Anecdote, ... 295

CHAPTER XIX.

RAMBLES. AROUND LEEDS.

Visit to Cross Hall — Reminiscences — Mrs. Fletcher's trials of faith — Batley church — John Nelson's tomb — His study — Sammy Hicks's home — Sammy's daughter — The old clock — Sammy's anvil and shop — Further labors in Leeds — Large audiences — Vocal power — The people of Leeds and their ministers — Great results — St. Peter's chapel — Large fruit — The poor — Noisy meetings — Woodhouse Moor — Farewell sermons — Converts — Their classification — Unconverted persons in the church — A contrast — English travellers in America — Injustice — Why unconverted persons are in a church — Influence of revivals — Ministerial neglect — Perpetual revival possible — Methodism is revivalism — An anti-revival Methodist a phenomenon — Like people like priest — Official members — A church reminiscence — Astonishing revival — Extract — Entire sanctification in Leeds — Concluding remarks, ... 311

CHAPTER XX.

GLORIOUS WORK OF GOD IN HULL.

Opening efforts in Hull — A sore trial — Humblings of soul — Rev. William Illingworth — Encouragement — Gehazi and his master's staff — The Holy Spirit — Prayer succeeded by power — An army of saved souls — Kingston chapel — Fears — A watchword — A victory — Co-laborers — Hull west circuit — Offended hearers — An effectual sermon — Literary labors — Revivals his great object — The revival spreads — Large congregations — An awful season — A pentecost — Sinners flying before God's power — Such manifestations rare — Cases of conversion in Hull — The aged backslider and his dream — An affecting letter describing the remarkable conversion of an infidel — A deeply affecting death — Another letter describing a happy death — Converts' meeting in Hull — Sanctification — Cases of restitution — Hostility to Mr. C.'s labors — Letter from Bishop Hedding — Great Thornton Street chapel — The tempted old man — English homes — English hoarfrost, ... 332

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE HULL REVIVAL.

Work of God increases in Hull — Hull newspapers oppose the work — Impudent letters — Saying of a judge — The terror of sinners — Silent prayer — A spiritual tempest in Great Thornton Street chapel — An affecting letter — A painful but triumphant death — Sanctification — The secret joy — Birth-month — Private watch-night — Advance of the revival — Four hundred new converts — Temperance lecture — The conscience-stricken Quaker — Great excitement — Use of wine needless — Moral power of tee-totalism — Kingston chapel — A majestic scene — Closing scenes in Hull — Crowded houses — Extent of the revival — Twenty-three hundred converts — Hull ministers — Hospitality — A flying visit to Leeds — Triumphant death of an old friend — Remarkable dream — False reports contradicted — A delightful Sabbath —Return to Hull — A spiritual child — Visit to Welton Vale — Letter from Hull, ... 357

CHAPTER XXII.

DISPLAYS OF DIVINE GLORY IN SHEFFIELD.

Brief visit to Huddersfield — Sheffield labors begun — A godly noise — Courageous leaders — Reaction — Return of energy — An Ebenezer indeed — Report of the revival — Approving letter from Hull — Dr. Adler — Grandeur of the Sheffield revival — Great results in Carver Street chapel — Brunswick chapel — A backslider's agony — A young man awakened through a dream — Restitution — Confessions — Roman Catholic frightened — Crowded temperance lecture — Marvellous excitement — Extraordinary effusion of the Spirit — The poet Montgomery dines with Mr. Caughey — Rain in answer to prayer — Change of residence — Trip to Norton — Shirley House — Success, ... 383

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUDING INCIDENTS IN SHEFFIELD.

Converts' meeting at Brunswick chapel — Wonderful character of the revival — Norfolk Street chapel — Great work of sanctification — Revival in a Sunday school — Closing labors in Sheffield — Meeting with the leaders — Permanency of the Sheffield revival, ... 406

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLOSE OF MR. CAUGHEY'S LABORS IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Caughey's second tour on the continent — Return to England — Huddersfield — The converted dummy — Repose — York revival — Various revivals noticed — Birmingham — Nottingham — Lincoln— Sunderland — Gateshead — Scarborough — Various places visited — Intention to return to America — Review of his labors in England, ... 418

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

Incidents of the voyage — Arrival in New York — Visit to Bishop Hedding — Subsequent labors, ... 429

APPENDIX, ... 445

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTORY.

The Experiences of human life, are God's teachers. He employs them to instruct the ignorant, to warn the unwary, to guide the inquiring, to give a visible and practical enforcement to the precepts of revelation. Hence the miseries of the vicious, teach the fearful nature of sin. The serenity and comfort of a true Christian, exhibit the reality and power of faith in Christ. The achievements of individual minds, also, teach us what vast powers lie hid in the human soul: they urge the observer to action. Well and beautifully is this thought expressed in Longfellow's admirable "Psalm of Life:"—

"Lives of great men, all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

If these remarks are truths, then he who turns away his mind from the study of a *great fact*, is a sinner. Lessons may be written upon it, influences may be deposited within it, which, if studied and felt, would change the whole current of his being. A wilful blindness to its teachings, may prove the sealing of his eyes in perpetual darkness. Every great fact, therefore, and especially every great religious fact, should be studied well and thoroughly by every man who wishes to do his duty.

It will be admitted, that the CONVERSION OF TWENTY THOUSAND SOULS IN ABOUT SIX YEARS, chiefly under the labors of one man, is a great religious fact! It is more than great! It is marvellous, startling, sublime! It is eminently suggestive, too. It prompts the questions: How was it done? What were its processes? May other men be equally successful?

Who can turn aside from such a fact as this? It is a sublimer object than the burning bush, whose mystic, unconsuming fire held the outlawed shepherd in such wrapt attention. *That* was God in an unconscious tree; *this* exhibits Him working "miracles of love" through a conscious, willing agent! Where is the *Christian* heart that can refuse to behold, to admire, to examine it? Where is the minister of Jesus who can hear it mentioned, and be unmoved? Impossible! If the spirit of Christ be in us, we must desire to trace the workings of God's hand in this majestic fact. How did God prepare the instrument? How did Providence prepare the way, and open so effectual a door for the appointed laborer? And what encouragement does the wonderful success of the instrument in producing this fact, afford to other ministers? May they hope for like victories through their own labors? The following pages will solve these vital and interesting questions.

The man who has been the successful laborer in the conversion of this vast multitude of souls, is the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, a native of Ireland. He came to this country in his youth, and was converted to God some nineteen years since. Two years after his conversion, he joined the Troy

Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was ordained a Deacon in 1834. At first he was not distinguished for usefulness above many of his brethren; but subsequently he became the subject of some very extraordinary spiritual exercises; which, being submitted to in the simplicity and docility of a child-like spirit, resulted in a visit of some six years to the British Islands. It was while on this visit that the magnificent array of TWENTY THOUSAND CONVERTS rose up around him to hail him as their spiritual father; and to attest the genuineness and divinity of his previous spiritual exercises.

Mr. Caughey is a self-educated man. He has been an extensive reader, and his mind is richly stored with the best thoughts of the best English writers. He possesses a remarkably vivid imagination, which, in its ardent flights, sometimes, though not often, soars into the suburbs of fanciful regions. His perceptive faculties are superior, his reasoning powers good, though not logical in the highest sense. His memory is both retentive and ready; hence he has a large treasury of ideas at command. His mind possesses great force; his manner is earnest and persuasive; his gesticulation natural. His voice possesses remarkable compass; if not richly musical, it is very pleasant, and the more it is heard the more it charms. His discourses bear the mark of originality. It is true they often flash with the intellectual jewels of great writers, but these are faithfully acknowledged; and his sermons, both in thought and structure, are manifestly the offsprings of his own mind.

Such is the man whose marvellous movements form the topic of these pages. Nature had raised him above mediocrity, but she had not endowed him with the highest gifts of genius. The church has many ministers of larger powers, more highly cultivated, better read and of higher intellectual rank, but whose successes in God's work will not bear comparison with those of Mr. Caughey. Whence, then, has his superior power proceeded? Why has he won such victories in the church of God? We must leave this question unsolved, or attribute his surprising victories to the Holy Spirit, who finds his instruments among the herdmen of Tekoa, or at the feet of Gamaliel, as his sovereign wisdom may decide. To this source Mr. Caughey himself ascribes the glory of his fruitfulness. We do the same, and invite the reader to the pleasant work of tracing the influence of the Holy Spirit in fitting Mr. Caughey for the work, and assisting him in its performance. Surely God will bless this book to every reader's soul; for its aim is to exhibit the glory of God shining through the instrumentality of man — to show the church of God, in her ministry and membership, how she may indeed SHINE AS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD — the spiritual Pharos of mankind!

CHAPTER II.

THE ANOINTING.

Christ received a baptism of the Spirit on the banks of the Jordan, before entering on his mission. The apostles had their Pentecost. Paul had his spiritual refreshing in the house of Ananias. Luther's Pentecost was received in his monastic cell. Mr. Wesley received his in the Moravian prayer meeting; and in some place or other, all eminently useful men have their Pentecosts. A marked spiritual exercise precedes their successes; an exercise which forms an epoch in their history.

Mr. Caughey had such a baptism in the earlier years of his ministry. It was marked by this feature: his theory concerning the necessity of the help of the Holy Spirit in preaching, became a *conviction*—a stern, living *conviction*. His account of this epoch is characteristically described in one of his letters. He says:

From the hour I read the following striking remarks of Dr. Adam Clarke, a few months previous to my ordination, I have never varied a hair-breadth from the *great truth* they advocate. I can only quote from memory, as the page which first presented them to my eye is many thousands of miles from me, and I cannot turn to the place in his Works where they stand recorded; but they differ little from the following: "But all this spiritual and rational preaching will be of no avail, unless another means of God's own choosing be superadded to give it an effect — the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner's heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes which lie concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when, under that luminous burning agency, he is compelled to cry, '*God have mercy upon me a sinner!*' '*Save, Lord, or I perish!*' '*Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against thee.*'"

I shall have eternal cause of thankfulness that the above sentiments ever came under my notice. If my ministry has been rendered a blessing to many, that blessing has been vouchsafed through the merits of Christ, to a steady recognition of the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day in which I read the above, I took up my pen, in secret, before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply-impressed heart, in language something like the following: I see, I feel now as I have never done before upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour, I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel,—

1st. The *absolute necessity* of the *immediate influence* of the Holy Ghost to impart *point*, *power*, *efficacy*, and *success* to a preached gospel.

2d. The *absolute necessity* of praying more *frequently*, more *fervently*, more *perseveringly*, and more *believingly*, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry.

3d. That my labors must be *powerless*, and *comfortless*, and *valueless*, *without this aid; a cloud without water*, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless; a sound *uncertain*, *unctionless*, and meaningless; such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significancy and power to the word preached, without which, as one has expressed it, "all the threatenings of the Bible will be no more than thunder to the deaf, or lightning to the blind." A seal requires weight, a hand upon it, in order to an impression. The soul of the penitent sinner is the wax; gospel truth is the seal; but, without the Almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, that seal is powerless. A bullet demands its powder, without which it is as harmless as any other body. The careless sinner is the mark; truth is the ball that must pierce him; but it cannot *reach*, much less penetrate him, separate from this influence from heaven. In apostolic times, they *preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.* 1 Peter, i. 12. In our day we need an energy from no lower source, to overturn the wickedness of the vile and profane, and to counteract the formality and worldliness which are every where visible.

4th. I am now fully persuaded, that in proportion as the Spirit of God shall condescend to second my efforts in the gospel message, I shall be successful; nor need I expect any success beyond. No man has ever been signally useful in winning souls to Christ, without the help of the Spirit. With it, the *humblest* talent may astonish earth and hell, by gathering into the path of life thousands for the skies; while without it, the finest, the most splendid talents remain comparatively useless.

5th. The entire glory of all my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit. By this I shall conscientiously abide, as by any other principle of our holy religion. It is written: "*They* that honor *me*, *I will honor.*" To this may be added, that *righteous*, *inalienable*, and unchanging determination of Jehovah: "*My glory I will not give to another.*"

These truly scriptural purposes were graven on Mr.

Caughey's heart as with the finger of God. The *conviction* of dependence became henceforth interwoven with his thoughts and feelings. Several years after, when he was sailing on the full tide of glorious success, he exclaimed, speaking of himself as an instrument:

Amazing goodness, that it should be so owned of God! I know the reason! It is because there is a distinct understanding between my poor soul and Heaven, that no portion of the glory of such a work is to be *appropriated by me*, either to myself or others; that I am to feel as *deeply* humbled before God when thousands are converted under my ministry, as when only one sinner has been converted. He knows I would rather *die* than vary, for a moment, from *first principles;* I mean those views of the necessity of the Holy Spirit, which I *noted* down as the convictions of my heart, after reading that sentiment of Dr. Clarke. That eminent servant of God little thought, that this passage, of all the *multitudinous* writings which emanated from his pen, should be rendered such a blessing. So true is that stirring saying of holy writ: "*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.*" He little imagined, when penning those words, that they should be wafted across the Atlantic ocean, *and fall like heaven's own fire* upon the understanding and heart of a young and ardent spirit at the foot of the *Green Mountains*, in North America; that, at *an important and perilous period* of a youthful ministry, *these words of light, life, and fire*, should arrive, should interweave themselves with the whole texture of his "*thinkings*," become one with his very being, and the secret spring of his motions; motions which, though somewhat *eccentric* in the estimation of some, have resulted in the conversion of many thousands of sinners to God. And then, that this youth, having sprung into manhood, should cross the "raging seas," in the *noon* of his usefulness, and pay back, to Ireland first, and then to England, a sort of *interest* for the use of that invaluable capital transferred to the American shores; and all to the glory of God the Father, through Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah! "*Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest.*" Rev. xv. 3, 4.

The experience described in this chapter, may be considered as the beginning of the Spirit's work in preparing Mr. Caughey to be a *special instrument* of salvation to thousands. He might have resisted that anointing. He might have rested satisfied with a sound theory, instead of steeping his soul in the truth, until it so filled him that he learned as by instinct to lay all the glory of his labors at the footstool of the eternal God. The next chapter will show the further work of the Spirit on his heart.

CHAPTER III.

THE PREPARATION AND THE CONFLICT.

THE heart in which God works, must sympathise with the divine mind with all its emotions, energies and powers. It must do for itself all that human strength may do; for God never does that even for his most favored instruments, which they can do for themselves. The following letter to one of his friends, contains a simple and touching account of the manner in which Mr. Caughey labored to make himself a "Workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and will forcibly illustrate these remarks.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I was once in the very position you describe. The church over which God had placed me, had long been unvisited by an extensive revival. My soul became more deeply concerned than usual for the conversion of sinners; and I was led to pray most earnestly for a revival. I began a series of meetings, in the month of December, first in one private house, and then in another. I preached every night, and held a prayer-meeting afterwards; but we never got the matter fairly before the public; only a few attended, and the *special effort* was a complete failure. The meetings dwindled down to nothing, and we gave them up with as good a grace as we could, and returned to the ordinary means. But, you will inquire, "Why such a defeat?" Weakness of faith, and distrust in God, were perhaps the chief causes. We missed our way, by not lighting up the chapel at once. We endeavoured to take hold of the population by means of these little meetings in various parts of the town, and failed to make a sufficient impression upon the public mind. Sinners cared nothing for us and our paltry movements; there was no expectation raised, no curiosity excited; we were down, nor could we recover ourselves; and so the effort was abandoned. "But why did you take such a course? Why then did you not open the chapel?" There were several reasons: 1st. We could not obtain the proper preachers to assist in such an arduous undertaking. They were all engaged in vigorous efforts for souls, in "protracted meetings" on their own circuits. 2d. I had at that time a very small stock of sermons that were any way suitable for a revival. Unhappily, I had spent much of my time upon speculative divinity; in composing sermons, fifteen thousand of which would not, it is probable, have brought one sinner to God. The truths embodied in them, were not at all calculated to bring about an instantaneous revival. The few sermons likely to make an impression, had been exhausted in the ordinary services. 3d. I concluded that, in these private meetings, some good might be done by taking up new texts of a revival tendency, and preaching as I best could. But not having at command the proper materials for the illustration of truth, nor those arguments which are best adapted to awaken sinners, and excite public attention, I could only dwell upon the dry materials of theology, and so I was as one beating the air. 4th. Aware of my deficiencies, pride or prudence suggested the impropriety of my attempting to preach every night in the chapel, where a failure might be attended by a serious reaction.

But the same difficulties accompanied me, of course, to the meetings in the private dwellings. I knew my want of preparation for so many sermons, and, though it should not have effected me, (for my trust ought to have been in God,) yet it weakened my faith, and I had no courage. The praying men caught my spirit also; thus, instead of being able to fight a battle manfully for God, during several weeks I could only stand a few *skirmishes*, and the devil and sin were victorious.

Here I received a lesson never to be forgotten. I now saw the necessity of turning my attention to that style of preaching which would be likely, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, to awaken sinners, and bring penitents to God. *Revival artillery*, I resolved to have. I fasted and prayed, and searched the Scriptures. My reading, thinking, conversation, and all my observations, were laid under contribution to one end;—preparation for *soul-saving*, which I now perceived to be the main end of the gospel ministry. My little stock of sermons suitable for a revival, increased rapidly. When a text presented itself as suitable for a revival, my cry was, "Lord God, open the eyes of my understanding; give me a clear perception of thy meaning in this passage." A forenoon was generally spent upon my knees, pleading for divisions and sub-divisions, sometimes a simple proposition was presented. Having completed my "*skeleton*," I returned to my knees, and pleaded for an introduction, and that flesh and sinews might come upon these dry bones. And the pleading was not in vain; thoughts of a moving character came into my mind in troops. Having finished the rough outline, it was folded up till next day. On the morrow, I returned to my knees, read the subject over, expunged such extraneous and superfluous matter as only tended to load the memory and encumber the subject, but retained all that had point, and was likely to do execution among sinners. The holy Scriptures were then called in, to prove or illustrate the sentiments; commentators were referred to; and lastly, my private Journal and Common-Place Book. It is proper to remark, that I had long attended to that advice given by an aged American minister, to a young preacher: "This I would advise you, wherever you, in any reading, meet with a curious illustration, prize it, seize it, enter it in papers where you may design a lodging for such inestimable jewels. Like Hezekiah, have your treasures for precious stones; and let these be such unto you. Get such an amassment of them, that among them you may be like the king of Tyrus, and 'walk up and down in the midst of the stones of fire,' when you are upon the holy mountain of God. One of these may be like an ingot of gold, and a whole discourse may be rendered acceptable by having such a jewel studded in it." After walking thus in the mount with God, among my *jewels* and *stones of fire*, some original, others by right of conquest, and collecting such as were calculated to move an assembly, —supposing I could do nothing more with them at present, the written outline was brought to the footstool of God, thus: "O Lord God of hosts, God of the armies of Israel, and Head of the Church, I ask thy acceptance of my body, soul, and spirit, and of this my humble offering,—this outline of a sermon, which I now present to Thee. Forgive all that may be wrong in it, or which savors of human infirmity; and grant that, wherever and whenever it shall be preached, the power of the Holy Ghost may attend it to the hearts of sinners and believers. Grant that I may obtain, by its instrumentality, thousands of souls to my ministry, from the ranks of wickedness, through Jesus Christ my Lord! For this, and the pardon of all my sins, and the purification of my nature, I offer the atonement of the Saviour. I trust in the blood of Jesus Christ thy Son; I cast myself upon it by faith, and upon the veracity of Christ Jesus in that promise: 'What things soever you desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' I have desired these things, I have prayed for them, and I do receive what I have asked, agreeably to thy will."

The sermon was then placed among kindred subjects, and carefully put away, under the label—REVIVAL; and I held myself in readiness to take up another text, in a similar manner.

But you will inquire: "Did you not preach them immediately to your people?" Sometimes I did so, but not always; nor could I, the ordinary services being so few. I considered myself only in preparation for a campaign; that I was just getting my ammunition and engines of war in readiness for a *great battle.* The following Conference recalled me from the town alluded to, and sent me to another field of labour. After my arrival, I endeavoured to get the church into a prepared state for a revival; and proceeded with increased activity in the accumulation of "munitions of war." As the time approached, when we were about to enter upon an extraordinary conflict with the powers of darkness, I endeavoured to secure ministerial help, but, in case of a failure in that quarter, had my own artillery ready. I had faith in God and good courage, because faith had been exercising itself for several months in active preparation for the holy war. Cromwell said to his soldiers, on the battle-field, "Trust in the Lord, and rely upon your pikes!" and, on another occasion, "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry!" But had they had neither pikes nor powder, their trust in God would not have been very firm. In my last skirmishes with the devil and his children, I had a feeble trust in God, but had neither pikes nor powder; you know what I mean, and I have told you the results. On the eve of this battle, glory be to God! I had both pikes and powder. I trusted in God, however, knowing that both were useless, if not attended by an influence from heaven; and when fully in the engagement, the weapons were wielded with such an energy as if every thing had depended upon human might.

The people of God were fully aware of the difficulties in the way of a revival; but they were all of one heart and soul, and joined together as an impenetrable phalanx. The respective officers put on the heavenly armour of faith, and hope, and love. The intended conflict was talked of in every direction, and all was expectation in the town.

The time arrived; the house of God was thrown open, and hostilities commenced. Many people thronged there to witness the conflict. The weapons of our warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down strong holds, and casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalted itself against the knowledge of Christ. The pulpit was the "grand battery," but there were several others along the ramparts; (if you will allow me to continue the use of military phraseology, which I employ without scruple, as did St. Paul, because it was a real battle between mind and mind, light and darkness, truth and error, powers divine and diabolical;) and there were no "blank motions," no "powder and flash without ball." The execution was tremendous. It appeared to some as if the devil had fled, and left the field to Zion's sons. If so, he left his troops under a "galling fire," and the surrender of some of his regiments was exceedingly grand. The battle lasted nine weeks; and the results were glorious. If victory had not been ours at the end of that time, we must have had to retreat, as my "ammunition" was nearly exhausted; but this only imparted a fresh impulse to my mind, to lay up "military stores" on a larger scale. In addition to this, my late experience had enabled me to detect the artillery that was weak or unwieldy, and therefore unfit for the service. There were weapons, some of whose points were too soft, others of a harder temperament than they should have been; and though they did some execution upon mind, they might have accomplished much more, had they been of better metal, kindlier temper, and keener edge. To remedy these defects, and get ready for another campaign, was my happy employment during the intervals of my pastoral duties.

In the meantime, the new converts received close attention; were appointed to classes; new classes were formed, and every possible means used, by visiting them daily at their own houses, and by affectionate pulpit discourses, to confirm and establish them in the practice of true piety. Books were placed in their hands for the improvement of their minds; and the absence of any one of them from class, was a subject of immediate inquiry. Thus the reaction talked of by some was avoided; we had, in fact, nothing of the kind. A few went back to the world, I admit, and shortly after, a number of the new converts died happy in God, and went home to glory; but a large majority remain to the present day, pillars in the church of God, and happy witnesses that "Jesus Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins."

I have now, my dear brother, given you a detailed account of my experience in these things. I could enlarge, but it is not necessary. If I have been, in some measure, succesful among my brethen, in winning souls to Christ, the Holy Spirit of God has been the original and efficient cause; and to him be all the glory. That he works by means, you will readily admit, and, in the above hasty sketch, you have seen the progress of my mind in laying hold of that class of truths which is calculated, by divine aid, to awaken and convert sinners. I could give you an account of many revivals, in which I have been engaged during past years, and farther observations upon the effects of particular and pointed truth upon different characters, but time will not permit. My mind is quite as much alive as ever to seize upon illustrations in nature, science, and common every-day life, of which the world is full, were we only intent upon perceiving them. My common-place books and little pocket note-books, are always at hand, in which are noted down whatever may occur to my thought, in conversation, observation, and reading.

I am fully persuaded, the reason why some preachers are averse to what are called "revival movements," is not because they have no desire for the conversion of sinners, nor from a conviction that God has not called them to bring sinners to repentance, for they frequently attempt it; nor because they have no talents for such an effort; but, chiefly, for the want of proper *pulpit preparations*, to begin and carry forward a revival. Although they may have a respectable stock of sermons, which procure them a rank, deservedly, among the accomplished theologians of the day; yet, the engaging a very few times in preaching would exhaust their capital; and then, to come forward with "long common-place sermons," as unfit for producing immediate and beneficial effect in a revival, as snow upon a harvest field, would disappoint even the expectation of sinners, discourage penitents, and weary and unfit believers to enter the prayer meeting with life and zeal. A few such dull sermons would soon thin the congregation, and leave the preacher to address an array of empty seats. Such men have, therefore, no heart for such a continued and laborious struggle. What confidence could a general have in laying siege to a city, or in attempting to take it by storm, knowing that he has neither ammunition nor artillery sufficient for such an undertaking? But these, in a spiritual sense, every minister of Jesus must have, if he would undertake with proper energy to lay siege to and *storm* a population of sinners. Hence, the preachers on whom I have ventured to animadvert, are shy of making full proof of their call to the work of the ministry, in this way; and when the matter is pressed home upon the conscience of one of these, he usually resorts to the pitiable apology, "I have no talent for these revivals. Every man has his particular gift. All cannot be revivalists. I must, therefore, proceed in my own way."

Let the inquiry be put to his conscience and understanding, by a proper person, "But, my brother, what is your way? What are you aiming at in preaching? Upon what principles did you begin to preach at first? Excuse the inquiry; what were the *secret feelings* which *prompted* you in the beginning of your career in the ministry? If the immediate conversion of sinners, was not your object, what was it? Why? for what purpose do you yet enter the pulpit? Is it not to bring sinners to repentance? But, if you are incapable of conducting a prayer meeting, and of kneeling down to pray for a penitent sinner, to whom must the church of God look? If you are incapacitated to point a trembling sinner to the Lamb of God, and to tell him how to believe, to whom must the unhappy soul resort? Do you say, 'I make such things known in the pulpit, and that is the place for the performance of my duty?' But St. Paul preached Jesus 'from house to house,' and 'with many tears;' is it, therefore, improper to do the same thing in a prayer meeting, under circumstances so interesting?"

Language more pointed than this might be used, but it is well even with this, if he keeps his temper.

You may depend upon it, you will find in the above hints, most of the prominent reasons for the aversion of some men to revivals; and why they discountenance extraordinary endeavours for the salvation of sinners. It is upon the same principles that we may frequently account for those mortifying failures, when special efforts have been made to bring about a revival.

I cannot close without an allusion to your mental conflicts. Have you not read Augustine's advice to a young minister, *Prepara te ad pressuras?* To which a good man added, "When a man enters upon the work of preaching the gospel, he finds himself speedily, as it were, in the wine-press." It is seldom the following sentiments of one now with God, have failed to be realized in one way or other in my experience: "You will hardly ever be engaged in any special service for the kingdom of God, but you will either just before it, or after it, meet with some special trouble; either from some failure of your health, or in some storm of groundless obloquies among the people; or, which is worst of all, some horrid *colaphisations* from wicked spirits on your mind, strongly filling you with consternations and confusions, which, be they ever so unreasonable, yet will be intolerable."

It is in the latter way, I have hitherto chiefly suffered, although I have had my trials from most of the above sources; but the onsets of those cruel and invisible spirits upon my mind have often been terrible. The devil has generally taken his revenge in this way, when I have been favored with any remarkable success in the work of the ministry. These conflicts have often been very severe just before some remarkable conquest; and after the revival, he has come against me as a roaring lion; but the Lord hath hitherto delivered me, and by such commotions, prepared me for greater usefulness, and endued me with a larger measure of watchfulness and humility.

I have often shortened these days of trial, by plunging into another revival; then all has become light, and peace, and joy. I have therefore, of late years, arranged matters, so as to step into another effort for a revival, when my work has concluded in any given place. The devil has been baffled for the time, by these rapid movements; but he has still threatened my trembling soul in a manner I cannot describe; suggesting, that, for every instance in which he has been foiled in this way, he shall yet have his vengeance, in one concentrated and tremendous storm, which is brooding and preparing in the gloomy distance. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, if I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus." "He that will wage war with hell, must suffer hell's rage," has long been my motto; but, if the devil and I must fight, I am determined to be the aggressor. I think there is an advantage here worth taking; and we may take it most fairly, as the apostle tells us he is wide awake to "get an advantage of us!"

These trials, I admit with you, are "worse than preaching;" and, a succession of them, make a man look older by many years than he really is. The people who surrounded our Lord, mistook him for being nearly fifty years of age, when he was only a little more than thirty. "Thou art not yet fifty years old,"—this was their nearest guess,—" and hast thou seen Abraham?" John viii. 57. J. C.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEST OF REVIVAL PRINCIPLES.

SUCH were the experiences of God's church nearly three thousand years ago, that its saints could say, with triumphant confidence, "*The word of the Lord is tried*"—i. e. it has been put to the test—it has stood the trial of experiment. It may, therefore, be relied upon with unshrinking certainty. It is this certainty—this unwavering, unyielding, invincible confidence in the faithfulness of God, that has sustained Mr. Caughey, that has lain at the base of his movements—and inspired his heroic heart, in its conflicts with the kingdom of darkness. The following letter, which is fired with the energy of its author, is strikingly illustrative of him. It reveals him in the battle-field, testing the weapons he had furnished and sharpened in the closet. It was written to a friend in England, who desired his counsel on the best methods of bringing a church into a revival state. After stating that the scene of the work was a town in North America, Mr. Caughey proceeds to say:—

Protracted religious services were determined upon, by a few choice spirits, who had for some time mourned over the desolations of Zion in that town. The time fixed for the commencement of hostilities arrived. The conflict began with a determination I have seldom seen surpassed. We preached the gospel during a succession of evenings, with but one single object in view, to bring hardened sinners to repentance. There were many such in that town; ungodly men, who had long set the God that made them at defiance; men who violated his law, neglected his worship, despised his servants, denied the truths of his Bible, and entertained opinions the most degrading and anti-scriptural. Drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, whoredom, profane swearing, and all manner of wickedness, were practised without feeling, fear, or remorse. But a few there were who "sighed and cried" for all the abominations of the place. "Rivers of water," said some, "run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law." "It is time, Lord, for thee to work, for they have made void thy law," was the mournful and interceding language of others. The example of some ministers in the town was no rule for us. Our duty was plain;—not to glance over this moral desolation an eye of careless indifference; nor to be governed in our movements by that Cainite sentiment, the principle of which is so prevalent in the present day: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We did not feel ourselves called to deplore merely the general wickedness around, nor the horrors of that dreadful hell towards which that wickedness was carrying this population of sinners, but to make vigorous efforts for their *rescue.*

Believing the gospel to be Heaven's revealed instrumentality to bring about an event so desirable, we endeavoured to wield its divine truth with all the energy with which it had pleased God to endue us. Our efforts were not confined to the Sabbath, or to one or two evenings in the week, but "night and day," throughout the week, not in the sanctuary alone, but from house to house; afternoon and night we laboured for God in the chapel; the forenoons and intervals between meetings, we exhorted the people at their homes to turn to God. Sinners, however, remained hard and obstinate. They seemed, in fact, as if leagued together to defeat our object;—not indeed by open and avowed hostility, but by keeping themselves away from the house of God. The few who ventured into our assemblies, were as unmoved as the seats. The "why and wherefore" of all this "religious stir and din," seemed to be the predominant inquiry upon the features of the visitors. This was just what we wanted to see; and we were determined to have this expression become general. "Truth," said one, "fears nothing more than inattention. It is too important to be treated with indifference. *Opposition* calls forth and sharpens the powers of the human mind in its defence. The cause of the gospel has ever gained by investigation. Credulity is the bane of it."

Our congregations increased, but the hardness and impenitency of sinners continued. Of one thing I can assure you,—the whole counsel of God was delivered. Nothing was kept back which we considered profitable to our hearers, or essential to the faithful declaration of our message. With the sentiment of an elegant writer we heartily concurred: "The defensive armour of a shrinking and timid policy, does not suit Christianity. Hers is the naked majesty of truth. With all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered new strength from the battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this, there is nothing to hide; all should be above-board; and the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate through all her services. But *secret things* she has none. To her belong the frankness and the simplicity of conscious greatness. And whether she grapple with the pride of philosophy, or stand in pointed opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props, and all the auxiliaries away from her."

We were not seeking after gain or popularity. We asked not the money of our hearers, nor their goods, nor any portion of them. "It is not for you to be fishing for gudgeons, but for towns, forts, and castles," said Cleopatra to Mark Antony. Glory be to God! we were not fishing for gudgeons,—*filthy lucre*, or the praise of men—but we had laid close siege to the town, its forts and its castles; every strong-hold of Satan. We wielded the same weapons as did the apostles. (2 Cor. x. 4. 5.) And as the forts, towers, and castles, all the strong-holds of the kingdom of hell, came tumbling down, under the mighty and supernatural blows of their weapons, we did expect to see the same effects produced, ere the battle was ended in which we were now engaged. Human applause was as valueless as the dust of their streets. Their wrath we dreaded not. Neither men nor devils were we afraid of. We expected persecution, but we were yet too insignificant. Dogs do not bark at a solitary star or two; but, as old *Alciat* observes, in his "*Emblems*," they bark most when the moon is at the full; perhaps not so much at the moon herself, as at the "strange and dubious things," which multiply upon their animal vision. We anticipated that when the little church began to shine forth, "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners," in a glorious revival, that it would set all the dogs in town barking.

Again and again, as our congregations increased, the gospel of our God and Saviour was proclaimed in all its fulness, while the steel of eternal truth was pointed directly at the heart of every sinner. The sins of the people were clearly and faithfully portrayed in all their horrible deformity. There was no daubing with untempered mortar; no compromising of truth; no beating the air with idle words; no temporizing; no trimming to suit the prejudices of the people; no mincing of truth, a little now and a little again, as the people could bear it; no equivocal, or ambiguous sentences or expressions, phrases of "doubtful signification," in order to avoid offending delicate ears. Things were called by their proper names; whoredom was named whoredom; adultery, fornication, &c., were called such; hell, sin, sinners, and the devil, were subjects set before the people in all the terror of the one, and the native ugliness of the other. The law of God, and the hell of eternity, were set forth with all the sanctions of the former, and with all the torments, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, of the latter.

While dealing with these sinners, we were perplexed with no misgivings respecting the extent of the redeeming plan. We knew, to borrow the language of another, that, "as the gospel had no limitation as it regarded time, it had nothing of the kind when applied to human character." "Jesus Christ," we insisted, "by the grace of God tasted death for every man;" "he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" and "by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses;" that so long as a sinner had repentance and faith in his heart, we knew not a single crime, or collection of crimes, in the whole catalogue of human depravity, that the atoning blood of Christ could not wash away; or that there was any desperado of vice and folly, within the compass of our voice, however sunk in the depths of his dark and unnatural depravity, who was not welcome to come to Christ, if he would. Nor would such a sinner find, that the crimson inveteracy of his manifold offences was beyond the reach of the peace-speaking and purifying blood of the Son of God. We were persuaded that as the justice of God suffered no encroachment by the offers of mercy to the believing penitent, and as mercy itself is restrained by no limitation, there can be no arrest laid upon its offers, arising from the shades, and degrees, and varieties, of human sinfulness; that, allowing the existence of repentance and faith within the soul of the sinner, there is no point in the descending scale of human depravity beyond which it cannot go, even "to hell's trembling verge." They were told, that, as "for guilt, in its full impenitency, Jesus Christ dyed his garments, and waded through an arena of blood, so might the most abandoned of the children of iniquity begin a contrite movement toward him; that Jesus Christ would be the last person in heaven to spurn them away from purchased mercy, purchased by his own most precious blood; nor would he ever close the door of mercy, which had cost him so much to open; that he would never quench the spark of the sinner's desire for salvation, nor break the bruised reed, nor overturn the prop of hope in Christ, upon which he was invited to rest." But, strange as it may appear, a sullen front of resistance was still maintained upon the part of sinners. With us the matter was settled,—"*Victory or death.*" Again the lightnings of truth and terror flashed over the congregations. The thunders of Sinai reverberated long, loud, and dreadful. The place trembled, and the heart and soul of man quaked before the presence of the Lord God of hosts.

We were not trammeled in our efforts by rich and time-serving professors; nor by any who were anxious we should obtain or retain the approbation of the wealthy. There was no sensation created on the appearance of influential persons in the congregation, lest they might take offence, and leave the church, possibly to return no more. We were troubled with no officials cautioning us against giving offence, with a "peradventure, such and such persons will withdraw from the church, and withhold hereafter their support." The people of God were poor and feeble, and, from various causes, had dwindled down to a solitary disheartened few. They knew very well if God did not interfere, and vouchsafe a revival, their church, in that place, must become extinct. The dear people felt their feebleness, but they were loyal at heart, and stood by us. Some could do but little, as it regarded vocal prayer, but they could weep and pray secretly; not unlike a little girl, of whom I heard the Rev. Dr. Beaumont relate the following anecdote, in Liverpool: Four children, three brothers and a little sister, were enjoying a ramble along the banks of a river, when one of the boys accidentally fell into the water; just as he was sinking, another little brother plunged in for his rescue, and when they were both struggling in the stream, the other brother reached out his hand, and caught the second brother, who was about to sink also; and, by the good providence of God, both found bottom, and crawled ashore. When they arrived at home, the glad father, who had learned the jeopardy of his children, called them around him, and inquired of one, "Well, what did you do to save your drowning brother?" "I plunged into the water after him, Sir," was the reply. "And what did you do?" he inquired of the next. "I carried him home upon my back, Sir." Turning to his little daughter, he said, "Well, my dear, and what did you do to save your drowning brother?" She replied, "I fell a crying, papa, as hard as I was able, all the time." Aye, and perhaps her tears and cries prompted her little brothers to these desperate and successful efforts for the rescue of their sinking brother. Be this as it may, we felt ourselves stimulated to "deeds of noble daring," by the tears and cries of this precious little flock.

During eight or nine days, sinners were thus battered by the artillery of the law, and assailed on every side by the offers of the gospel. Every appeal made to their *fears* was followed by another to their *hopes*. Hell and its horrors, sin and its penalties, glared around; while Calvary and its scenes were held forth as pledges of hope and salvation. If they wept not, we did, as Christ was set forth, evidently crucified before their eyes:—

"Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
  The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
  By his expiring groan.

* * *

Well may heaven be cloth'd in black,
  And solemn sackcloth wear;
Jesus' agonies partake,
  The hour of darkness share:
Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above;
  Silence saddens all the skies;
Kindler of seraphic love,
  The God of angels dies.

O, my God, he dies for me,
  I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,—
  A sight that breaks my heart:
O that all to thee might turn;
  Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
  For one who bled for you.

* * * *

Weep o'er your desire and hope,
  With tears of humblest love:"—

* * * *

"'*Behold*,'" we cried, as sin still occupied the ground, and sinners still remained hard and unsubdued, "'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!'—see an expiring Saviour! God is now in Christ reconciling you to himself, not imputing your trespasses unto you.

'O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love!'

Plead the merits of his death, O sinners! Behold your pardoning God! He is ready to blot out your transgressions as a thick cloud; your sins and your iniquities will he remember no more. Believe, only believe, and yours is the right and title to the kingdom of heaven." Think me not tedious, my dear brother, nor over particular in descending to such a minute detail as to the manner of our address to these sinners. It was, indeed, a *regular siege*, and *an important* one. We now were making full proof of our ministry, and pushing our tremendous principles to those results intended by the Author of them. Hell and heaven were perpetually before our eyes. The danger of that eternal damnation to which these sinners were every moment exposed, absorbed our every thought. We knew no other method by which to save them from the perdition that awaited them but this; nor did we want any other. Our triumphant boast was, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek;" and we were determined not to stir from the place till the power of that gospel was realized, and acknowledged by angels, devils, and men.

Never, I assure you, did a besieging army bombard a city with greater confidence of beholding a surrender, than we felt when beleaguering these sinners. Speculations were never more rife, outside the walls of a besieged city, as to what part of the walls would be likely to give way and cause a breach, than were the speculations among some, as to what sinner, or what class of sinners, would first break down under the truth, and cause a gap in the ranks of sin. As the crisis approached, our congregations increased; our all-absorbing feelings seemed to pervade the people, but none had sufficient courage to brave the gaze of the multitude, and separate himself as a *stricken sinner.*

Night had succeded to night, and day to day, without any conversions. The sword of the Lord appeared to us as if blunted against the hardened mass; the arrows of truth rebounded from flinty hearts as if they had been shot against a stone wall.

The time of extremity was God's opportunity. Is there anything too hard for Jehovah? "Nothing but quite impossible, is hard." "God is terrible out of his holy places," says the psalmist. He speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it stands fast. "*Pompey* boasted," said one, "that with one stamp of his foot he could raise all Italy in arms; but God, with one word of his mouth, could raise, not all Italy only, but all heaven." He is wonderful in working. He humbles human pride, and secures his own glory, by rendering our plans and efforts useless for a time, and bringing about his purposes by the humblest and weakest instrumentality. One of our company, a minister, in the course of his visitations from house to house, thought proper to extend his visits of mercy to a *blacksmith's shop*, in which were several men at work, most of whom were very wicked; the voice of profane swearing often sounded out from it horribly. One of the young men was shoeing a horse when our friend entered, and did not observe his approach. He suddenly advanced, and whispered sharply in the ear of the busy sinner, "You must have *your* feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The man was taken by surprise, as much, perhaps, as if the horse had struck him. He hastily raised his head, discovered the author of this strange salute, dropped it again, muttered something, and fell a hammering a nail into the shoe violently. The word was a nail fastened in a sure place. The Spirit of God was there, and drove it into the sinner's heart. The minister left the shop without saying any more. That night the man mingled with the crowd who entered the church, and, at the close of the sermon presented himself as a distressed and condemned sinner, soliciting "prayer and help." A number of others, quite as unhappy as himself, were soon by his side, when they all raised their cry together, "Lord have mercy!" This was the hour of our triumph. Now we witnessed a scene which repaid us for all our toil. The young *smith*, with many more, obtained salvation the same evening. From that night the work of God went on in majesty and power.

It was now, and from this time, that we saw those great truths, which other ministers were contented to preach from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year, without beholding any visible effects, invested with a *potency* which was, indeed, glorious, mighty, and almost irresistible. The moment a sinner came within range of its influence, he was affected. Many a stout and stubborn adversary was felled to the ground, and roared for mercy, as if he was going quick into hell. We had evidence before our eyes, the most convincing, that if the people of God set their hearts upon a revival, and use the proper means, they cannot fail to obtain their desire. Their *feebleness*, in every worldly sense in which the term may be used, will be no obstacle. If they depend upon the aid of the Holy Ghost, fast and pray, and employ every other method authorized in the word of God, earth and hell combined cannot hinder a revival. The prayer must prevail :—

"Like mighty winds and torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun,
And every law of sin reverse."—

Let the ministers of any particular church trample under foot that silly objection, that extraordinary means will throw discredit upon the ordinary. Rather let them decide, that the former, if successful, must, in the nature of the case, confer honour upon the ordinary services. Uncommon efforts, justify, to the fullest extent, those endeavours which are put forth in the common services of the sanctuary; but that they do impart a significancy and a power to the regular services of the future, is now a fact well attested. Let them, then, break boldly through, and no more confine themselves to the limits of Sabbath preaching, but take a firm stand before the congregation in reference to a revival. The doors of the house of God must be thrown open for daily and nightly preaching. Let them be simple of heart, and aim at one thing, the conversion of sinners. Ordinary sermons, however, they must know, will not be suitable for such services, unless they desire to preach to empty pews. Extraordinary plans and movements will demand an extraordinary kind of preaching. We do not expect to see snow in harvest; nor the sea, smooth as glass, and calm as a fish-pond, when a storm is out upon its surface. I need not multiply words or figures. You know what I mean. I would recommend the same style of preaching, and means, which I have hinted at in this letter when describing our efforts for the great revival in question. If the people of God unite with their ministers, and encourage them by their presence and prayers, while they are preaching fearlessly, vigorously, and pointedly, those great truths likely to awaken and convert men, the arm of God will soon be made bare in a great revival. I would urge the continuation of the meeting for weeks, with or without success. Whether the congregations are large or small, I would continue the meetings. Though sinners were as wicked as devils, and as hard and senseless, or stupid, as the seats of the chapel, I would continue the meetings, and preach on, every night, with an undying trust in the promises of God. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit,* —*Great is truth, and it shall prevail.* Let them thus go on repeating the blow, "Victory or death," and they shall see a revival; such a turning to God, such an in-gathering of souls to the fold of Christ, as will gladden the hearts of all who believe; while the scene will spread a tide of holy joy over all the inhabitants of heaven. Luke xv. 10.

CHAPTER V.

THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

We are now approaching a fact in Mr. Caughey's experience, of deep and affecting interest. We are about to witness him listening to a solemn call from God, which is to utterly change the sphere of his action, to cast him as a pilgrim on the shores of another land, and to affect the destiny of thousands. The opinion of the reader concerning the exercises about to be described, will depend on the character of his pre-existing views of divine operations on the human heart. If he possesses exalted faith, if his mind is spiritualized by devotion, if he has a soul tutored by the Spirit to that child-like simplicity, so earnestly required by Jesus Christ, he will readily give credence to Mr. Caughey's statements, and admire that sublime obedience which led him, in the spirit of Abraham, to leave his home, to abandon the sphere of his present usefulness, *simply because God required it!*

But if his heart is more alive to the voices that come from without, than to the "still, small voice" within; if he has more faith in the *visible* than in the *invisible;* if he is a disbeliever in the *subjective* operations of the Spirit of God on the human soul; he will probably read with a cold, questioning incredulity. But let him remember, that many great and pious men have had a firm belief in the subjective influences of the Spirit. Wesley, Fletcher, Edwards, Luther, Doddridge, Bunyan, and many other greatly good men, would readily have sympathized with such impressions as those of Mr. C.; where, as in his case, they were preceded by the steady enjoyment of holiness, by a life of prayer, and attended by outward Providences corresponding with and confirming the inward impressions. As long as it stands recorded in the Bible, that the Spirit directed Philip and Peter and Paul, that Christ pledged that Spirit for the guidance of his disciples, and especially of his ministers, there can be no room to doubt the *possibility* of such impressions. The proofs of their genuineness in individuals, must be sought in their fruits. To this test we shall see those of Mr. Caughey submitted; and by their fruits, the reader will, we think, be compelled to admit their supernatural origin. But we will let Mr. Caughey speak for himself, in the following striking portions of his correspondence; he says to an inquiring friend:

I cannot say I have any serious objections against relating to you the circumstances which led me to this singular decision. I would have done so in my last; but I felt a hesitancy to tell you, in the simplicity of my heart, those severe exercises of mind connected with it. I knew your cool and metaphysical turn of mind so well, that I feared to open a new field for your *speculative genius*. It is likely my simple story will excite your incredulity more than ever. "Strange," you will say, "that a man of sense, and a minister of God, should suffer himself, for such a small affair, to be tossed like a ball into a far country; or, that he should suppose such great effects would be connected with such insignificant causes; that the infinite God should stoop to bring about such important events from *means* so small and paltry!"

To this I answer, Man always proportions his means to his ends. He seeks to accomplish great designs by great means. With him, the cause must always be commensurate with the intended effects. On the contrary, God has ever delighted to humble the pride of man, by bringing about the greatest events by the smallest instrumentality. When disposed to smile at the trivial matter which arrested my mind, and which prepared it to take such an unusual course, I wish you would reflect on that verse you have heard me repeat, and which you so much admire: —

> " A pebble in the streamlet scant,
> Has turned the course of many a river;
> A dew-drop on the baby plant,
> Has warped the giant oak forever."

You will remember our Conference of 1839, was held in the city of Schenectady, N. Y. That year I was appointed to Whitehall, N. Y. Shortly after, I had my library and study furniture forwarded to my station.

It was then I began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of choosing a wife, believing that "marriage is honourable in all men." I had travelled a number of years, studied hard, and expended all my time and strength in winning souls to Christ. My brethren approved of my intention. But while indulging in this purpose, for some reasons I could not explain, my heart became very hard. The Lord seemed to depart from me; and that countenance, which so often beamed upon me from above, and had daily, for many years, brightened my soul into rapturous joy, appeared now to be mantled in the thickest gloom.

The more I reflected thus, "I can see no good reason why I should be singular among my brethren, nor continue to lead this solitary life," my heart became harder, and my darkness increased. I was soon involved in a variety of evil reasonings. My will seemed to be in a conflict with something invisible. God, who had honoured me with such intimate communion with himself since my conversion, apparently left me to battle it out alone. So it appeared to me then; but now I see God himself was contending with me. I was about to step out of the order of his providence; and he was resolved to prevent it, unless I should refuse to understand why he thus resisted me. Had I continued the conflict, I believe he would have let me take my own course; nor would he have cast me off; yet I solemnly feel, he would have severely chastised my disobedience.

My distress and gloom were so great, I could not unpack my library, nor arrange my study. I began to reflect most solemnly upon my unhappy state of mind, and became more concerned to regain my former peace and joy in God, than to obtain any temporal blessing whatever. The world was a blank, a bleak and howling wilderness, to my soul, without the smiles of my Saviour. In fact, that I could not live, but must wither away from the face of the earth, without his comforting and satisfying presence. Like a well-chastised son, I came back to the feet of my heavenly Father, and with many tears I besought him to reveal his face to my soul; that if my purposes were crossing his, to show me; and whatever was his will, I would at once, by his help, yield my soul unto it. "Lord God," I said, "if my will crosses thy will, then my will must be *wrong;* for thine cannot but be *right.*" Now I cared not what he commanded me to do, or to leave undone; I stood ready to obey. I felt assured, clear light from God on some points would soon reach my soul; and I was fully prepared for it; but I no more expected such an order as came soon after, than I expected he would command me to fly upward and preach the gospel in another planet. During three days I cried to God, without any answer. On the third day, in the afternoon, I obtained an audience with the Lord. The place was almost as lonely as Sinai, where Moses saw the burning bush. It was under open sky, a considerable distance from the habitations of men; steep rocks and mountains, deep forests, and venomous reptiles surrounded me. Here, and in a moment, the following passage was given me to plead: "And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Exod. xxxiv. 5—7. I took hold of this; many of the words were as fire, and as a hammer to break the rocks in pieces before the Lord. The fountains of tears were opened, and the great deep of my heart was broken up. I left the place, however, without receiving any light; but my heart was fully softened and subdued, and I felt assured I had prevailed in some way with God. I was confident light and direction were coming; but of what nature I could not tell.

This was on the 9th of July, 1839. The same evening, about twilight, eternal glory be to God! when reading in a small room adjoining my study, a light, as I conceived from heaven, reached me. My soul was singularly calmed and warned by a strange visitation. In the moment I recognised the change; the following, in substance, was spoken to my heart; but in a manner, and with a rapidity, I cannot possibly describe. Every ray of divine glory seemed to be a word that the eye of my soul could read, a sentence which my judgment could perceive and understand: "These matters which trouble thee, must be let entirely alone. The will of God is, that thou shouldst visit Europe. He shall be with thee there, and give thee many seals to thy ministry. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and next Conference, ask liberty from the proper authorities, and it shall be granted thee. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England. God shall be with thee there, and thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings; and thou shalt be brought back in safety again to America."

The above is far beneath the dignity and grandeur of the revelation. It came in a way which left no room for a doubt. A heavenly calm, a powerful persuasion, and an intense glow of divine love, accompanied the whole. It was like the breaking forth of the noon-day sun at midnight. I fell upon my knees before the Lord, my whole mind consenting to the orders, which I believed had come from heaven. Oh! the sweetness of that communion I then enjoyed with God! My sky was cloudless. My rest of soul unutterable. The meaning of many past providences was now explained. The possession of a few hundreds of dollars, had often made me very uneasy. I doubted the propriety of laying up treasure on earth. The cause of missions stood in need of what I possessed, but still I was restrained. Now I clearly saw that God had provided me with these funds, in order to make me willing to obey the call, and to save me from embarrassment in my travels. I could perceive a special reason, why I had pressed forward in my studies for so many years, and why revival texts and sermons had occupied so much of my time;—that God had been thus preparing me for a few campaigns in Europe.

I arose from my knees under a strong conviction that God had called me to take this tour. Letters were written immediately to Canada, etc. The next day my soul was calm and happy. My books were unpacked, and everything in my study arranged with a glad heart and free. Eleven months were before me, to criticise the impressions on my soul. With delight I commenced my pastoral work, visited from house to house, and had the pleasure of seeing a most powerful revival of religion in my circuit. During this period, not the least wish entered my heart to form any connection or engagement whatever, that would entangle or hinder me from fulfilling, what I conceived to be, the high and solemn commission I had received from the Lord. I continued to resign the whole matter to God, entreating him to overrule all to his glory, and to hedge up my way, if it were not his will I should leave America.

The time for the sitting of Conference arrived. With solemn feelings I took my seat with my brethren. They were never dearer to my heart than now. At a proper time, I presented my request to the Bishop. He made no objections, but immediately proposed it to the Conference. After a few moments deliberation, they seemed to have but one mind on the subject; that I should have liberty to visit Europe. A resolution to that effect was passed, and that my name should continue to appear as usual on the printed minutes. One of the chief men of the Conference then arose, and said, "Having permitted Brother Caughey to visit Europe, it is our duty to make his visit to those countries as pleasant to himself as it is in our power. I therefore propose, that he have a recommendation from this body to the Wesleyan Connection in Great Britain and Ireland, signed by the Bishop and Secretary of Conference." Adding, "He will then appear among our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, as an accredited Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America."

This proposal was immediately acceded to, and submitted to the Bishop. He replied, that he had no objections, and requested me to wait upon him at his lodgings. I did so. He entered into conversation with the freedom and tenderness of a father. Never before did I see such majesty, connected with extreme age. His hair, white as snow, fell in graceful locks upon his shoulders; and his masculine mind, unimpaired by years, shone forth in company with a deep and glowing piety. I thought of St. Paul, of John, of one of the old patriarchs. I loved, admired, and reverenced him. After an interview of half an hour, in which the Bishop appeared to be greatly interested, he presented me with the following document:—

"TROY CONFERENCE.

"MIDDLEBURY, VT., June 24, 1840.

"Brother James Caughey having asked permission of the Conference, to visit his friends residing in Europe,—

"On motion, it was resolved, That Brother Caughey's request be granted, and that he be so returned on the minutes.

"And it is hereby certified, that the said J. Caughey is in good standing in the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America; and, as such, is cordially commended to the Christian fellowship of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection in Great Britain and Ireland.

"R. R. ROBERTS, President.

"J. B. HOUGHTALING, Secretary.
TROY CONFERENCE."

I have thus, in the simplicity of my heart, related to you my singular experience, and the circumstances which led me to take the course I have taken. * * *

These great changes in Mr. Caughey's history, caused by such supernatural experiences, were not rushed upon without a clear perception and due consideration of the difficulties they involved, as the following extract of a letter to a friend, who had written him on this point, will show:

I think I feel the full weight of every question you have proposed. I have set them down carefully, one by one, that you may see they have all arrested my attention; and that, writing them off, and having them before my eyes, I might be affected by them, and answer them most sincerely. I am not aware, however, that they have created the least uneasiness, or in any degree shaken the purpose of my heart. My call to visit Europe seems quite as clear as to preach the gospel. It does seem —

> "A part of my being beyond my control."

I candidly admit that there is a thick mist spread over my usefulness on the other side; but sometimes, through the haze, I can see great multitudes of sinners coming home to God through my instrumentality. I have also a solemn impression, that the salvation, or damnation of thousands, may depend upon whether I obey or reject the call. I may also add, my impression is constant, that if I refuse to go, God will permit many troubles to come upon me in America, and that I shall, through future life, be ever after sorry I did not obey.

Mr. Caughey's *convictions* of the reality of his divine call seem never to have faded, nor did his confidence in their genuineness fail him, as will appear by the following passage in another of his letters. He says:

I remember walking one afternoon in a retired spot, some months before I sailed for Europe. It had been named Providence-path, because there I had prevailed with God in a time of great distress connected with my present tour. All the past providences of the Lord, and manifestations to my soul, came up before my mind in a manner similar to that part of Ezekiel's vision: "The appearance of wheels—and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." I saw how one wheel had worked into another, and started a third, and fourth, and so on till the great wheel for Europe was set in slow motion. Beyond this wheel I could not see. Then there were small wheels within wheels, but all working, Rom. viii. 28, and contributing to the great events of my life. I could name every wheel, and the results it produced upon the one it set in motion. I wondered, admired, and adored. Before leaving the favourite walk, I traced the whole gently upon the bark of a tree; but in my absence some rogue came, cut it down, and carried it off, I knew not whither. My diagrams I hoped might remain till I returned from Europe, when, perhaps, a few more wheels might be added. They are, however, too deeply traced upon my memory ever to be obliterated in time or eternity.

The following extract from another letter will show how carefully Mr. Caughey analyzed his mental operations. He did not grasp his impressions blindly, hastily, or carelessly, but with solemn and serious care, sought to discern what was human and what was divine in his feelings. On this point he writes:

To your inquiry, "Did you feel condemnation on account of sin during your trials in July, 1839?" I answer, No. I felt no condemnation, though perhaps I deserved it. But a restraint was upon me, which greatly distressed my soul; and when I began to suspect, that the step might be contrary to the will of God, I felt worse and worse. The conflicting arguments for and against, drew me out of my rest in God. I had arisen to transact my own concerns in my own way, and being unhinged from my centre, I was discontented and unhappy.

There is, however, a mystery about those deep exercises, which I fear to explain, lest it would seem to contradict the reproach I have cast upon myself. I have seriously doubted, whether I should have entertained the call to visit Europe, for a single moment, had I not been previously prepared by those mental troubles. As it was, I gladly accepted any proposition which would relieve me from my sore conflicts, and bring again to my heart the comforting presence of God. But then God could have ordered another kind of discipline to prepare me for obedience, though my foolish heart had wandered from him. As it was, if God did design to send me on this errand of mercy, it became necessary, I think, in this juncture of my history, that I should know it; and when it could be no longer concealed from me, without endangering the whole, the Lord then revealed his will. Here I must leave it for the present. The *present* I know; the *past* also; but the *future* is a dark unknown.

"If light attends the course I run,
'T is he provides these rays;
And 't is his hand that veils my sun,
If darkness clouds my days."

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST FRUITS.

Having made his arrangements to obey the heavenly call, Mr. Caughey started for Canada to test, by actual conflict, the genuineness of the impressions so touchingly described in the last chapter. We are sure the reader will follow him with growing and eager interest, in his descriptions of the scenes enacted during this tour in Canada. The following letter was written on board a steamer descending the river St. Lawrence: —

Dear Friend:—You will feel interested to hear, where I have been, and what I have been doing, since I last saw you. I obtained liberty from Conference to visit Europe, (June 24th, 1840,) but having some of my temporal affairs to arrange, I did not leave the United States till the 17th of September. On that evening I sailed from Burlington, Vt., in the steamer Burlington, Capt. Sherman; — walked the deck till midnight, agitated with a great variety of emotions, and distressed with many conflicts. My way seemed dark and mysterious. Rough weather setting in, drove me to my berth, sick. The next morning I landed at St. John's. I had been invited to visit that town, and an offer of accommodation had been made to me. Yet I thought it most prudent, all things considered, to go direct to the hotel.

The next day was rainy, and the weather continued wet for three days in succession. I found the place had been deserted by the Methodist preachers as hopeless. There was no chapel, and the little class had been broken up and scattered. A strong desire to remain a few days, and by God's help to do some good, induced me to make arrangements accordingly. Preaching was appointed in a private house, but very few attended; and for several nights little or no effect was produced, and no increase of congregation. I kept up good heart till Sabbath; when the enemy came in like a flood. My soul was sorely buffeted, and my prospects covered with gloom. Two ideas were continually before my mind. First. That I had done wrong in asking permission to take this tour. Second. It is going to be a total failure, as it respects the conversion of sinners.

The devil roared against me, and my heart sank within me. Providentially, I had in my possession a volume written by an old Scotch divine. I took it up and opened on his comment upon the second verse of the one hundredth Psalm, "Serve the Lord with gladness." "Your serving him doth not glorify him, unless it be with gladness. A Christian's cheerful looks glorify God. We glorify God by walking cheerfully. It is a glory to God, when the world sees a Christian hath that within him that can make him cheerful in the worst times. He can, with the nightingale, sing with a thorn at his breast. The people of God have ground of cheerfulness. They are justified, and instated into adoption, and this creates inward peace; it makes music within, whatever storms are without. If we consider what Christ hath wrought *for* us by his blood, and wrought *in* us by his Spirit, it is a ground of cheerfulness; and this cheerfulness glorifies God. It reflects upon a master, when the servant is always *drooping* and *sad;* sure he is kept at hard commons; his master does not give him what is fitting: so when God's people hang their harps on willows, sure they do not serve a good master, and repent of their choice; this reflects dishonour upon God. As the gross sins of the wicked bring scandal upon the gospel, so do the uncheerful lives of the godly. Religion doth not take away our joy, but refines and clarifies it. It doth not break our viol, but it tunes and makes our music sweeter." I need scarcely tell you that I felt ashamed of myself. My heart was much comforted. The dark cloud floated away, and sunshine spread its brightness over all the prospects of my tour, both in Canada and Europe.

Finding I could make no impression upon the population in a private house I looked around for another place. In a few hours an old deserted *tannery* building presented itself. It was almost filled with lumber and tan bark. Two good women, who washed for the steamboats, offered to help me to clean it out. They brought along with them two Canadian girls, their servants. I threw off my coat and went to work, hired a Canadian to cart some benches, and before night we had the place ready for preaching.

The report circulated, the population got interested, and the next night I had a good congregation. A few pointed appeals brought some of them to tears. I cannot give you all the particulars, but sinners were awakened daily and converted to God. A class was formed of fifty-three members. Myself and another brother went from house to house in order to raise a subscription to build a chapel, and succeeded to the amount of nearly seven hundred dollars. So, after spending three weeks, and preaching twenty-six sermons, I bade the little flock farewell on the 8th of October, leaving them in the care of two class-leaders. I had been only a few days in St. John's, when I was invited to another hotel, kept by Mrs. Watson. Upon offering to pay my bill, she would not accept a penny. May the Lord reward her in the resurrection! She also cheerfully and generously subscribed to the chapel.

On the night of the 8th of October, I preached at La Prairie, a village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal. There was a very gracious influence during the service, and I trust good was done. Next morning I crossed the river to Montreal. Here I received a hearty welcome from many of my old friends.

My first acquaintance with this people was formed in 1835, when about four hundred sinners were converted to God. I also revisited them in 1837, during another revival, and spent a month. I was kindly entertained during my stay this time, first at the house of John Mathewson, Esq., and then at the house of James Farrier, Esq. Precious families! I shall long remember with gratitude their kindness. Spent eighteen days, preached eighteen sermons, and about twenty souls were converted to God. There were for some time, strong and convincing signs of an extensive revival, as though God intended to shake the whole city, but the devil created *discord.* The people of God were not united. Some wished me to stay, while others greatly desired I should "depart out of their coasts." About this time the Lord stirred up the brethren at Quebec to cry to God for a revival. My kind friend, the Rev. William M. Harvard, being Superintendent, informed them that I was in Montreal; and, at his suggestion, they unanimously invited me to pay them a visit. My way being hedged up most singularly at Montreal, I quietly bade them farewell, and went aboard a steamer about nine o'clock on the night of the 27th October. My heart was deeply affected with the kindness of many of my friends; I could mention their names, but, as they are strangers to you, it is perhaps unnecessary. They are, however, very, very dear to my heart.

> "Ah! there are spirits in this fretful world,
> Which grow not old, and change not with the seasons."

When morning light came, I found I had mistaken the vessel, and had got aboard a *freight steamer*, which had three vessels in tow; a ship, a brig, and a barge. Everything indicated we were going to have a tedious passage. To help the matter, when we were near the centre of lake St. Peter's, the pilot got deceived by the lighthouse-ship, which had drifted from her moorings, by a heavy gale, a few hours before. So he steered by the *false guide*, as some Christians do by backslidden or unconverted ministers; and so get on the shallows, as we did. The ship we had in tow struck, and stuck fast. Finding her unmovable, we were compelled to remain in the lake all night, and lighten the ship.

The captain reproached the pilot, that in the blaze of day he should run so blindly out of the channel. The poor pilot laid the blame on the light-ship, as Adam did on Eve. Then I reflected thus:—

Ministers and old professors, may be compared to that light-ship. Two passages will confirm the application. Phil. iii. 17. "Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample." Phil. ii. 15, 16. "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, *among whom ye shine* as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain." An able writer comments upon "holding forth the word of life," thus: "An allusion, some think, to those towers which were built at the entrance of harbours, on which fires were kept during the night, to direct ships into port. Genuine Christians, by their holy lives and conversation, are the means of directing others, not only how to escape those dangers to which they are exposed on the tempestuous ocean of human life, but also of leading them into the *haven* of eternal *safety* and *rest*. 'That I have not run in vain.' This appears to be a part of the same metaphor; and alludes to the case of a weather-beaten mariner, who has been long tossed on a tempestuous sea, in hazy weather and dark nights; who has been obliged to run on different tacks, and labour intensely to keep his ship from foundering; but is, at last, by the assistance of a luminous fire on the top of the tower, directed safely into the port."

The meaning of these passages is evident. The word towers, in the above extract, is very expressive. I wish all the lovers of Christ were as permanent. I have often admired the lines,

> "Strong in thy strength I'll stand a *tower*,
> Impregnable to earth or hell."

Alas! they mostly resemble these floating lights; and, much as the event may jeopardize others, they are too often driven from their mooring.

Now, I thought, so long as they keep in the right channel of life, in the position designed them by God; their anchorage ground, the Bible and the atonement; their anchor, the hope of eternal life; faith their cable, reaching unto that which entereth within the vail; Heb. vi. 19; in the meantime holding up the light of profession, supported by a holy life and godly conversation; then, indeed, they are lights and guides which may be depended upon.

But should they be set adrift by the storms of temptation, break their cable, or drag their anchor into the regions of error, keeping up at the same time the old lamp of profession; then, if we depend upon and steer our course by them, we shall most assuredly get aground upon the shallows of lukewarmness and spiritual death, or upon the rocks of open sin, and make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.

Now, I continued to reflect, what these landmarks should have been to our pilot, the Bible is designed to be to all sincere Christians. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "is a lamp to my feet, and a light unto my path." And, says St. Peter, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." Our pilot should have tried the position of that light-ship, by the adjacent landmarks, before he had ventured to follow it; and we should endeavour to ascertain the scriptural character of the doctrines, lives, and experience, of all ministers and Christians, who offer to guide us, before we intrust our souls to their care. God will no more excuse us for having been led astray by any of them, than our captain would the unhappy pilot. "If the blind lead the blind," says Jesus, "they shall both fall into the ditch," that is, into hell! That vessel with her light was once, and only a few hours ago, in the best position she could occupy; but what shall we say of those professed ministers of Christ, and those nominal Christians, who, by their own confession, allow they have never been born again, and who positively deny that any man can know his sins forgiven; but who, at the same time, attempt to direct others in the way to heaven?

This deceitful light-ship occasioned the running two vessels aground; and the rest had to tarry beside them during a long and dark night, while we served as beacons to other vessels, which passed us in the darkness. Such clergymen and professors ruin thousands of immortal souls.

The night becoming cold and dark, I left the deck, and spent a few hours in the main cabin, reading and writing very comfortably.

Yesterday morning we again got under weigh, and continued our course down the river. Night brought on bad weather, with rain and deep darkness, so we crept towards the shore, and lay in a place of shelter till morning.

We are now moving forward, and hope to arrive at Quebec this afternoon. I have an elegant and spacious cabin almost to myself, for the passengers are few. My time is employed in writing, reading, and praying. This season of rest is most refreshing to my body, and God is deepening his work in my soul.

The narrative is continued in the following letter written from the city of Quebec, Lower Canada.

My last was dated aboard the steamer on my way to this city. I landed on the same day about three o'clock in the afternoon. The society had received imformation that I had left Montreal for Quebec, and were waiting for me in the large school-room adjoining the chapel. Brother Selley, the junior preacher, met me on the quay; we walked straight to the chapel, where I preached from, 1 John ii. 1—3. I received a most hearty welcome from my old friends, and from none more than from my warm friend Mr. Harvard.

Many changes have taken place since I was here last. You have heard me speak of my *Quebec home* at Mr. M'Leod's. He and his dear wife gave me a most cordial welcome. I felt at home the moment I entered their house. On retiring to my room, I found that the God of Jacob had not forsaken their dwelling. In a moment I was filled with love and joy. I came down stairs praising God. Mrs. M'L. looked at me, but said nothing. The Spirit of God was working most powerfully upon her soul. She had lost the blessing of entire sanctification; but a few days after this she obtained it again. She then told me, "When you came into our house, I was anxious to see whether you still retained the holiness and simplicity you had when here last. I was not quite sure about it; but when you came down stairs, praising God, I was then convinced that years had made no change in your religious character. I was greatly troubled at my own conscious loss. My spirit had no rest till I told you my unhappy state of mind. The Lord assisted you in spreading my case before him, and now I have regained all I had lost." I rejoice to tell you that there are many such heavenly-minded spirits in this city. We have a precious society here. I say WE, because the Methodist people are ONE the world over. The Quebec Methodists, however, are the most loving people I have ever met, and the most devoted to God.

We have had a severe conflict since my arrival. During the first few weeks the devil threatened to drive us from the field. Sinners were as hard as marble. It seemed as if we could make no impression whatever upon them. As this was no new scene to me, I felt confident, if the people of God would only stand by me in mighty prayer, the arm of God would be made bare in the conversion of sinners.

They did stand by me, nor did they flinch a moment till we had the victory. The weapons of our warfare were "not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that would exalt itself against the knowledge of Christ." Ten sermons a week, with many exhortations, were discharged against the dark works of the devil. Many sinners, who were awakened when I was here in 1835, remembered their old terrors, and avoided our meetings, and did what they could to hinder others. Wretched souls! I believe that some of them were kept out of hell all these years that they might have an opportunity to see and feel the power of a revival in 1840. The Lord, however, drove sinners under the word. The burning truths of God were thrown into their intrenchments incessantly. Day and night they were cannonaded. Many of the wicked were wounded, and fled in terror, crying out, "They are mad! they are mad!" but their places were filled up by others. Hard things were spoken against us; but they did not move us. The people of God carried victory in their very faces. It was a scene of awful grandeur. When their faith was at a climax, oh! how they sang,—

"We are soldiers, fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We 'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
For Christ to live and die.

"Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We 'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, let friends desert,
We 'll seize the crown, our due."

At last there arose a general cry among the wicked. Sinners were cut to pieces on every hand; and since then the revival has spread among the people with astonishing power. High and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young, are seen at the altar of God pleading for mercy. About the time of our hardest conflict, as I was standing within the communion rail, looking upwards to the gallery, I noticed two young men trifling. I learned afterwards that the cause was this: As I was looking up, one of the young men said to the other, "I should not be surprised if that chap," meaning me, "will come up here."

This caused the other sinner to burst into a laugh. Instantly it was suggested to my mind, "Go up, go up." I did so, and the one who had made the remark, looking over his shoulder, as I appeared on the gallery, exclaimed, "I say, if he is not coming!"

I advanced rapidly, and they could not get away. I put my hands upon them, and urged them to flee from the wrath to come. The one who had been the chief speaker was greatly agitated, and the next night was at the altar in great distress. He obtained mercy from God, and has joined the society. What the result will be with the other I know not.

I was informed the other day, that an officer of the garrison came to one of our meetings, to see what truth there was in the strange reports he had heard. There was a powerful influence from God upon the people that night. Poor fellow! he felt it also, but got frightened and fled from the chapel. He told a friend afterwards, "Why, Sir, I was sitting in the congregation, and I saw that man," meaning me, "coming. He put his two hands upon a man's head, and prayed over him, and then took him to the altar. Well, Sir, he came again and did the same to another; and then to another; and he was coming straight to do the same to me; but, Sir, I started from my seat, and ran out of the chapel, and along the street as hard as I could; a thing I have never yet done before an enemy." So true is that saying, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

The devil is losing his servants daily. A few nights ago a man of extensive business was present at the chapel. His wife, a few days before, had been converted to God. She had long been a member of the Church of England, but had never been "born again." He was very uneasy about his soul; but the devil would not let him come forward to be prayed for. When the meeting was over, and we were almost worn out, he came forward to the altar to tell me how *hard* his heart was. Now, thought I, the devil has kept this poor sinner in his seat all this time, because he knew that if he should come forward to be prayed for, he would never get out of our hands till he was converted to God; and now the devil has permitted him to come, because he thinks we are too tired to begin a second prayer meeting. I called to the brethren; they were on the spot immediately; the sinner was surrounded with praying men: "Now, down upon your knees, man, and cry for mercy." The second prayer meeting continued till late; the devil lost him. Next day he had some doubts, and he sent a message to me, saying, that he wanted to converse on the witness of the Spirit. I requested him to be present at the afternoon sermon, and, after which, I would converse with him. He attended; but when the sermon was over I found him happy. God had explained the doctrine to him during the discourse, by sending his Spirit into his heart, crying, Abba, Father.

I think about one hundred and fifty persons have passed from death unto life. I understand that about twenty-five believers have experienced the blessedness of those who are pure in heart.

A few evenings ago, I heard a holy woman sing the following lines, with heaven beaming on her countenance. I know not whether you have ever seen them, but they were quite new to me.

"*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*"—Heb. iv. 9.

TUNE—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near;
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below:
I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, but cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or gem.

Let doubt then and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God, will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand;
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I 'll smooth it with hope, and I 'll cheer it with song.

The above is my experience. My soul is happy.

CHAPTER VII.

REVIVAL SCENES IN LOWER CANADA.

In this chapter, we shall still see Mr. Caughey nobly fulfilling the objects of his spiritual mission in Lower Canada, with a success so peculiar and unbroken as to give full proof of the heavenly calling he had received. The letters now to be inserted were written from the city of Montreal.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 17th of January, 1841, I left Quebec for this city. Three sleighs, filled with our friends, accompanied me twelve miles out of the city, where we all took breakfast together. In February, 1835, when the Rev. Matthew Lang and I visited Quebec, for the first time, the brethren, hearing of our coming, in imitation of those at Rome, who met St. Paul at "the three taverns," came out twelve miles to meet us, and escorted us into their noble and beautiful city. You will not, therefore, wonder that my heart is warmly attached to the Quebec people. I only spent twenty-one days with them on my first visit, but twelve weeks with them this time; preached nearly one hundred sermons, besides exhorting, times innumerable. I also gave them a sermon on Temperance; and, in the hall of the Parliament House, I delivered an address on the *expediency* of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. The Governor General very politely granted us the hall for the occasion. Many at this time became members of the "Quebec Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," which is in a very flourishing condition; and thus it ever shall be with any Society, founded on *right principles*, if the members act *consistently*, and carry out those principles with vigor, to their legitimate results.

"Facts are stubborn things;" and many of the anti-temperance men found them so that night. I told them, first: A coroner's jury has lately been held in your city upon the body of a female, who has been disinterred for the purpose of an inquest, under a suspicion of murder; but death by intoxication was the final verdict. The matter, however, did not rest here; an inquest has been held in another quarter, namely, in the conscience of a liquor seller, a professor of religion, and what was the verdict there? That the woman came to her untimely death by liquor which she habitually got at his shop. The man came to me a few mornings since and inquired what he must do.

Secondly: A few weeks since a company of men were working on a building in the Lower Town. A dram dealer, close by, regardless of the danger to which the men were exposed, supplied them with drink. Toward night one of them, about half intoxicated, stumbled, and fell from the roof, and was a corpse in a few moments, leaving a widow and seven small children.

Thirdly: Several authorized reports have been placed in my hands within a few hours. One of them states that you have six hundred places in your city where intoxicating liquors are sold. Another (your coroner's report) informs us, that during four months of 1840, verdicts were given of thirty-nine deaths occasioned by intoxication.

Fourthly: An extract from the books of your jail, signed by the jailor, states, that from January to September (nine months) there were committed fourteen hundred criminals; and that eleven hundred and forty-eight of them had been committed for crimes which were clearly traceable to intemperance. It seems the other two hundred and fifty-two were put down upon the list of "unknown;" that is, the cause of their commitment could not be assigned to intoxication; but it was added, there could be little doubt, were their history as well known as the others, it would be found that their crimes originated from the same source.

The Lord enabled me to be very bold and faithful, as there were many of the liquor trade present. I cried, "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." Behold the doings of your six hundred dram shops and taverns. They have sent more than eleven hundred persons to prison in nine months and have killed thirty-nine. I then made a supposition, that a few individuals, for the sake of making money, should open a number of places for amusement, of a very fascinating kind; and that such establishments, while they were the means of sending eleven hundred and forty-eight men and women to prison in nine months, killed thirty-nine in the half of that time, how long would an outraged community suffer such horrible places to be open? Would not the strong arm of the law close them for ever? But what have I seen in your city papers lately? Oh, only this, that these wretched men are notified to attend upon a certain day to have their *licenses* renewed! I then related an amusing circumstance that happened in the legislature of Vermont, some time since, which showed that the minds of statesmen are beginning to awake to the horrible evils and inconsistencies of the license law. A bill had been brought into the house, and was taken up for the third reading. One section thereof enacted a penalty for drunkenness. A member arose, and moved a commitment of the bill for an amendment, by erasing the section against drunkards. He said, he objected to the punishing of drunkards by statute, and at the same time protecting the traffickers in ardent spirits by legislative enactments; that it seemed to him like holding out one arm of the law to present the cup, and the other to punish the acceptance of it. As much as to say, "Hold out the cup, and if it is accepted, it will, by a sure process, lead to drunkenness, and then punish the drunkards." The Vermont Legislators saw the dilemma, and it was thrown back into the hands of the original mover for an amendment.

There was an amusing, perhaps I should say, a *melancholy* circumstance occurred at the close of this meeting. If it was mournful, it was, however, to me an evidence that the man's conscience vibrated, in some degree, under the influence of that mighty principle which swayed the minds of the apostles and primitive Christians: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Rom. xiv. 21. A man, evidently under powerful convictions respecting the soul and body destroying evils of intoxicating drinks, arose from his seat, seemingly with a determination to join the teetotal ranks. He walked toward the table where the sheet was laid for signatures, but several persons were waiting to sign, and he had to pause a little. He was greatly agitated, and, I believe, felt himself on the very brink of a Rubicon that would decide his habits through life. A friend of mine stood near him, and heard the following soliloquy: "Well, I shall not join to-night. I have a bottle at home, and a little in it; I shall drink that before I sign the pledge; but I declare, had I drank it before I came to this meeting, I ——— I should have signed the pledge this night." So he darted out of the house, under the influence of quite a different principle from that which St. Paul felt; perhaps not unlike the Cainite one, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Small as the thing may appear, and simple as was that test of principle, yet it may be found hereafter, that the little that remained in that "bottle at home," stood connected with loss of character, a ruined constitution, a drunkard's grave, or his future wretchedness in hell. "Behold how great a matter, a little fire kindleth."

The last night I preached in Quebec was an affecting time. It was with much difficulty I could get out of the chapel, and away from the young converts. "How strong the affection of a new-born soul!" After breakfast I commended the little party, to which I have already alluded, to God, and rode on to St. Ann's, fifty miles. Here I was met by Mr. H., of Quebec, who carried me in his sleigh to his father's house. A singular ride it was. Part of the way ran over, and along, tremendous snow-drifts, till we descended upon the Batascou river, and scudded along on its ice-bound surface twelve miles. Here night overtook us, and we got bewildered. After wandering up and down, looking for a path to the shore and uplands, we espied some persons in the distance, and by hallooing we attracted their attention. By their assistance we ascended the bank, and through a wild country

"Of hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice-unbounded glazed."

We arrived at his father's house about nine o'clock at night. The motion of the sleigh at night, with nothing before my eyes but ice and snow, brought on something like sea-sickness. I was extremely ill when I alighted. The Lord gave me a good night's rest, and I awoke in the morning quite well and happy.

A messenger went out through the settlement announcing that a Methodist clergyman, from the United States, had arrived, and would preach within an hour. The poor people, who were hungry for the bread of life, were soon assembled, to whom I expounded the tenth chapter of the *Acts* of the Apostles. It was affecting to see with what eagerness they devoured every word. Within a few minutes of the conclusion of the discourse, an astonishing influence came down upon all present. Nothing was to be seen but weeping on every side. We fell upon our knees and poured out our souls to God. There was very little noise, but the sobbing and weeping were wonderful. I paced the floor on my knees, encouraging each trembling sinner to rely upon the atonement for the forgiveness of sins. Lord Jesus remember these sheep in the wilderness! We had hard parting; but farewells were interchanged, probably never to be repeated. We then rode on to Three Rivers, without any accident, other than a thorough summerset in a snow-drift. I threw out my left arm to break the fall, buried it for my pains deep in the snow, and we lay sprawling for a time in the shapeless drift. Our fine horse stood perfectly still till we got through our undulating motions; and after getting all "to rights," we started forward in good spirits, though in continual danger of another capsize. A previous upset of this kind was more disastrous. As I was riding along in my sleigh, wrapped in Buffalo skins, I came opposite a respectable looking man, standing by a fence. He asked liberty to ride with me a short distance, which I readily granted, hoping I might have an opportunity of talking to him about his soul. No sooner was he seated than I found I had a drunken man for a companion. On challenging his jug, he said, "My wife sent me to the store for molasses, but I have got more falls since I left the store than the molasses are worth." I could well believe him, poor fellow; but the fault was more in his head than in his treacherous feet.

I no sooner began to talk to him about his soul, and the day of judgment, than my mare undertook to show she could play a drunken trick without either rum or molasses. Away she went down the hill, tumbling head-foremost, till she lay stretched on the snow. In the meantime, the drunkard and myself had a comfortable summerset together; buffalo skins, portmanteaus, molasses and jug, whirled into the ditch along with us, the drunkard's voice grumbling out as we performed our evolutions, "The day of judgment, indeed!" The beast lay very quietly till we got out of the ditch. The sleigh was broken, and we were some distance from any house, so I had to harness myself to it, and endeavoured to drag it along slowly; the drunkard doing his best behind, pushing forward or pulling back, in strict accordance with the known laws of gravitation; but he was perfectly sincere in his endeavours to help me forward. At last we arrived at a house on a hill, which turned out to be his own, and a very respectable place it was. I found he was a farmer, in good circumstances. His wife was sorely ashamed of him. I tinkered up my sleigh, and got ready for a start. He ran into the house for my whip, but on coming back, the alcohol drove him along with such velocity that he lost his balance, and came down with a terrible crash on the ground, which was frozen as hard as metal. "Ah!" said I, "the way of the transgressor is hard." I gave him a few words of advice, which he seemed to feel, and departed. Who can tell but this event may be the means of his conversion to God?

We arrived at Three Rivers, where I preached from the second verse of the hundredth Psalm. After service, I was conducted to see a very aged minister of the Church of England, — a most venerable and patriarchal looking man. If I recollect aright, he is ninety years of age, but seems in full possession of all his faculties. He was sent out as a clergyman to New York, by one of the English bishops, when the United States were British Colonies. We had a very interesting conversation. "I spent," said he, "an evening with Mr. Wesley, before I sailed for America. On taking my leave that night, he presented me with his Notes on the New Testament, in two volumes." He showed me the books, which he had preserved with great care. When rising to depart, I asked his blessing. He arose, and with great dignity, placing his hands upon my head, with a faltering voice, prayed, "May the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, be with thee, henceforth, and for ever!"

An old Scotch divine has said, "It is one of the best sights to see an old disciple; to see silver hairs adorned with golden virtues." How much more, to see an aged minister of the Lord Jesus; one fairly worn out in his Master's cause!

Next morning I lost my passage in the stage, through the carelessness of the agent. After considerable trouble and loss of time, he was compelled to "*rig up*" a sleigh and send me off alone. I bade farewell to Mr. H., who seemed determined not to rest without "the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of sins." We started, and the driver was resolved to overtake the stage; but common sense should have forbidden the thought. Sometimes we had three horses running Indian file, one before the other, and they went at a tremendous rate, — now along huge snow-drifts, then down on the ice of the St. Lawrence, and again on the high lands, guided only in our course by small evergreens stuck down in the snow at regular distances. I expected every moment a complete upset; but no, we were often *very near it*, but the expert Canadian always contrived to throw his body so far on the opposite side as to maintain the balance of power; and I breathed freely again, muttering, "Oh! we were nearly gone that time; now for another hairbreadth escape."

At last I had so much confidence in the driver as to be perfectly easy; no matter how hazardous the enterprise in which he was involved, he always came off victorious. The Canadian cariole has two horns in front; and as the driver seldom sits, he is ready for any emergency. He is never involved in a dilemma between the two horns; he knows one must be right; that one is grasped in a moment, as if by instinct, and upon this he hangs with desperation. He eyes the danger from afar, and at the crisis, quick as lightning, he dexterously swings to windward, and, in spite of the most desperate circumstances, keeps the sleigh on its runners.

About eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Montreal, ninety miles from Three Rivers, and one hundred and eighty from Quebec. The dear brethren at Montreal, regretting some of the movements of last October, were now fully ready for a revival. The leaders' meeting had given me a unanimous invitation to revisit their city, which I accepted before leaving Quebec; promising, however, to remain only twelve days, and then proceed to Kingston, Upper Canada.

They had already commenced a protracted meeting, in the large school-room, underneath the chapel, and were in a fine state of feeling. I advised them to light up their chapel every night, and convince the public, they were not ashamed of a protracted meeting, nor of a real revival of the work of God. They did so, and our congregations increased every night. Soon the arm of God was revealed in the awakening of sinners; but the converting power was strangely withheld. We humbled ourselves before God, by fasting and prayer; and, at the same time, by preaching and exhortation, we endeavoured to storm the devil's camp. Our meetings grew better and better; at the close of each we could say, —

> "The little cloud increaseth still,
> The heavens are big with rain;
> We haste to catch the teeming shower,
> And all its moisture drain."

When we were fully convicted of our own utter helplessness, unless God should help us, then the Holy Ghost descended in copious effusions; and in a short time we were surrounded with scores of precious souls newly "born of God." Great unity prevails throughout the society; the preachers are exceedingly kind, and we labour together in great harmony.

Yesterday forenoon I was called upon, with a brother, to visit the house of mourning. When I entered, I was surprised to discern in the distressed widow, a mourning penitent whom I had seen come forward to be prayed for only a few nights before. She then told me that her husband was a wicked man, and had opposed her going among the Methodists, and that she dreaded his displeasure when she returned. It seems, however, the Lord took the matter into his own hands, as he was taken suddenly sick the night previous, and expired before morning.

You wish to know the names of the preachers who are stationed in this city. They are as follows: Rev. William Squire, Superintendent; Rev. John P. Hetherington, and Rev. Robert L. Lusher, editor of "The Wesleyan;" a paper calculated to do much good in Canada, and I do hope the Methodists will support it liberally.

I fear I shall not be able to visit Kingston, and it will be a great disappointment. The ice is already very dangerous, and the roads are in a wretched state between here and Kingston. My time, you are aware, is far spent. I must visit New York before I sail. Within a few weeks past, I have changed my intended route, and shall sail, if God permit, from Quebec to Halifax, N. S., thence to Liverpool.

There were more than two hundred sinners converted in Quebec, and since my arrival, about one hundred and seventy in this city; but we are looking for greater things than these, as many are praying,—

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But send the mighty flood;
O shake the nations, sweep the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God."

I have lately received a most affecting letter from Quebec, giving an account of a dreadful fire, and the loss of four lives. As I knew one of the sufferers, I feel the more deeply affected. One night, during the revival in Quebec, as I was walking up the aisle, one of the brethren said to me, with great earnestness, "Do you see that old gentleman with the bald head?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sir, he was once a member of our society, but has long since left us, and what is worse, he is a miserable backslider; go and speak to him."

His words came with power to my mind, and with some difficulty I got to him. He seemed very attentive to what was going on, but without any apparent concern about his soul. I was struck with his respectable and venerable appearance. After a few words were spoken to him, a remarkable influence came upon my soul. Words were given me such as I cannot repeat. For a time he remained firm; at last the word came as fire, and as a hammer to break the rock in pieces. He became greatly agitated. My inmost soul yearned over him. I felt such a burning love to his soul, that I could have taken him in my arms, and have carried him to the altar. But he would not move, although he trembled in every limb. I told him I could not leave; go to be prayed for he must. I urged, entreated, conjured.

Had some polite and fashionable Christians been there, I am sure they would have charged me with overstepping the bounds of propriety, in attempting to drive the man to be saved. Ah! there is much in that advice of Jude: "And of some have compassion, making a difference: And others save with fear, *pulling them* out of the fire." At last God helped me to prevail. With a faltering step, and almost overpowing emotion, he walked to the altar. It was full of penitents, but he fell down near it, and in about one hour God had mercy upon him, and healed all his backslidings. At the close of the meeting, there were great rejoicings over him, and many others; among whom was one of his own apprentices, who obtained salvation the same evening.

A letter brought me the sad intelligence, that one night, about ten days after I had left Quebec, he, his wife, servant girl, and two apprentices, having retired to rest, towards morning a fire broke out in one of the lower apartments of the house; and, although an alarm was given, such was the fury of the flames, that before an attempt could be made to rescue the inmates, all had perished except the elder apprentice. "The fumes of their burning bodies made a part of the awful column of smoke which spread itself, like the pall of death, over our deeply-excited city." The youth who was saved, is a member of our church. His escape was truly miraculous. He was awakened out of a deep sleep by the smoke, and some indistinct cries of fire; he tried to awaken his companion, but the heat increasing, he rushed to the window, almost suffocated. Just then the fire blazed all around the room, and he sprang from the fourth story, and alighted on the frozen street; yet not a bone was broken, and he sustained but very little injury. He says, that a little before he leaped from the window, he heard the voices of the old couple in another part of the house. Alas! they must then have been surrounded with smoke and flame.

I was informed that on Christmas morning, very early, the old lady attended the Methodist chapel, in deep anxiety about her soul. She said afterwards, "I went to the chapel with the intention of going forward to be prayed for, but there was no invitation." Oh! how necessary to be "in season, out of season," in our efforts to save assembled sinners. She did not come again to the chapel while I remained in Quebec. Perhaps God, who had begun a good work in her soul, completed it before that dreadful night. Here I leave it; but, with a grateful heart, I adore that God who enabled me, on the night referred to, faithfully and perseveringly to attempt to save the soul of her husband from the fires of the second death. Had he left the chapel that night without decision, or converting grace, he might have been eternally lost. Now, I believe, he is among the redeemed in heaven. None of the millions who know him there, will refuse to say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" The eternal salvation, even of these two souls, (for the young apprentice who lost his life, had been converted also during the revival,) is worth the labour and expense of my whole tour, although it should not result in the salvation of any others.

An awful event, which lately transpired in this city, has also made a deep impression upon my mind. I have just received the facts from one of our leaders. A young man who landed in this country from England, last summer, was spending part of Sabbath, the 14th inst., in a house in * * * street, in company with a person who came out with him in the same ship. While there he took offence at something, and, in his passion, wished that God might strike him *blind*, and *dumb*, and *dead*, if he ever entered into that house again. He and another companion then proceeded to a dram shop, and had something to drink. Under the influence of liquor and the devil, he returned to the house, where only one hour before he had uttered the dreadful imprecation. On Tuesday, the 23d inst., while employed in front of a house in St. Paul's street, a heavy body of snow came down from the roof, fell upon him, and knocked him down with such violence, that before they could get him from under it, he was dead. "Thus," says the leader, "his impious wish was granted; he was struck blind and dumb, so that he could neither see nor call for assistance, and he was dead before he could be released." The Psalmist might well say of him who ruleth in the heavens, "Verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth." St. Peter also tells us of a certain class of sinners, who "bring upon themselves swift destruction."

About the time of my arrival here from Quebec, there was another death, in which I was deeply interested. The following is the history of the case: When I was here in 1837, there was a powerful revival. One Sabbath night I was led to take that text, Rev. xx. 11—13. During the reading of the text a man began to tremble in a manner he could not well control. He attracted the attention of two or three praying men, and they kept their eyes upon him, hoping to to have him forward for prayer; but as soon as the sermon was over, he made an effort to get out, and succeeded. He gathered strength in the fresh air, and ran for his life. These swift-footed servants of Christ started in pursuit of the wounded sinner. At length he reached his house, and darted in, not without having been observed by his pursuers. In a few moments they knocked at his door, and were admitted; but he had disappeared. They inquired of the wife for her husband. "He is in that room," was her reply. "We must see him." She conducted them into the room, where he had thrown himself upon a bed. When he saw them he burst into tears. They pressed the truth of Jehovah upon his conscience, at the same time urging him to arise and call upon God. He did so, and they wrestled in prayer till midnight, when he professed to have found salvation. Alas! he did not long walk in the way to heaven. His old besetment, intoxicating drink, got the better of him, and he fell from God.

When I was here last autumn he avoided the chapel with great precaution, but, before I returned, a fatal disease had seized upon him. His distress of mind and body was very great. Some hopes, I believe, were entertained of his salvation, before he breathed his last. The previous New Year's Day was a "high day" with him and his wicked companions, but before it was over he laid the foundation of his speedy death.

We find a still *further* account of his labors during this tour in Lower Canada in a letter to a friend, written from St. John's, with which we close the present chapter.

I did not think of writing to you again before I had sailed for Europe; but having a few moments to spare, I snatch them to address to you a few lines. I have abandoned the idea of visiting Kingston at this time. Having still a deep interest in the welfare of the little society in this place, I gathered, from my feelings, that the Lord might have something for me to do, either in strengthening the young converts of last autumn, or laying hold of some of the devil's children, who were then wounded by the arrows of the gospel.

I found the little society standing fast, and doing well; but the wicked are afraid of me. They remember the arrows of the last battle, and are better prepared to avoid them. So true is that saying of an elegant writer, "If the sinner is not recalled by the invitations of the gospel, he will be riveted by that gospel into more helpless condemnation." I fear I made a mistake in leaving St. John's so early; and have some suspicions that was the reason why my way was so hedged up in Montreal last autumn.

I preached eighty-six sermons in Montreal, one temperance sermon, and delivered five lectures on total-abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. More than two hundred sinners were converted to God, and one thousand persons united with the Montreal "Young Men's Total Abstinence Society." A deputation from the above society visited me before I left the city, with a request that I would give them a few months of my time, previous to my sailing for Europe, in order to visit a few of the towns of Upper Canada, for the purpose of promoting the cause of temperance. A liberal sum had been raised for the purpose, with an offer of more, if necessary, should I undertake the mission. Although I felt myself honoured by the flattering offer, I durst not accept it. I reflected, If my commission to visit Canada and Europe is from God, then I am not at liberty to be an agent of this kind; because, in no part of it, is a temperance agency (in the proper sense of the term) written. On the same principle, I rejected the proposition of some of my friends, to procure an agency for the promotion of the objects of the "American Bible Society." True, this would lessen my personal expenses; but, at the same time, greatly entangle me in my revival designs.

But, you will ask, "How could you then consistently deliver so many temperance lectures in Quebec and Montreal?"

I answer, on the same principles that I could give an address at a Missionary or Bible Society meeting; when I could make such addresses subservient to the revival; when I could mingle with my remarks those eternal truths of the gospel which awaken and convert men; thus affording myself an opportunity of proclaiming the verities, and pressing the claims, of Christianity upon minds which otherwise I could not have reached; and the very next night preach the gospel to these awakened sinners, and thus lead them not only to be temperance men and philanthropists but real Christians, and all this without infringing upon the rights of any particular society, or without entanglements from claims connected with any special agency.

Under these circumstances I cheerfully embraced such opportunities, and thus enjoyed the double gratification of helping forward the interests of associations, good in themselves, while I carried forward, at the same time, conscientiously, the grand design intended by God in thrusting me out from my ordinary sphere of labour. I intend to spend only a few days here, and then return to Montreal; and from thence shall proceed into the United States.

Finding myself quite unsuccessful here, it was impressed upon my mind to preach *restitution.* This has created quite a stir. I plead for the rights of government, as for those of an individual; and insist that it is just as sinful to defraud the customs, as to cheat in trade. The smugglers are in great trouble. One was so powerfully wrought upon, that he was on the point of presenting his watch to a custom-house officer during the sermon. So he confessed afterwards, but congratulated himself that he had had strength of mind enough to conquer his superstitious weakness. I think the devil will have his difficulties in keeping some of them quiet.

In Montreal the effects were more evident and general. Numerous cases of restitution came to my knowledge; from the small sum of one dollar, ranging upwards to two hundred dollars. The history of some of the cases, though melancholy, was really amusing. The conscience of a barber flew in his face, accusing him of repeatedly charging two-pence more for a certain article than its real value; and keener than the razor's edge was that conscience in its operations upon his soul.

Another had acted the rogue, a few years ago, in denying possession of a bank note to a certain amount, which he had picked up on the street, although challenged by the owner a few minutes after; now it was burning his soul like a coal of a fire.

Another was the case of a young man in a mercantile house, who had charge of the cash book. In 1839, his employer one day made a wrong entry, by mistake, which was to the young man's advantage. On balancing his cash account at night, a sum of money remained in his hands, for which he could not account, nor was he anxious to do so. Some time after, however, he discovered the error of his master, but said nothing, having expended the sum in a certain article. The doctrine of restitution fell upon his ears like peals of thunder; he became deeply concerned about his soul; but this stood between him and salvation like a gate of iron. At last these words came to his soul with awful power, "Will you sell your soul to hell for the sum of ——— ?" His conscience recoiled and staggered under the influence, and he cried out, "No, I will restore it!"

Another had defrauded a widow, and he sent the amount to Mr. Squire, that it might be restored. But I cannot go over all the cases. Excuse this very hastily written letter, and believe me, your most affectionate friend, and brother in Jesus Christ.

After closing these labors in Lower Canada, Mr. Caughey visited New York for the purpose of making a final settlement of his pecuniary affairs, preparatory to his European voyage. In reviewing his tour, he wrote to a friend, "The result has been the conversion of between FOUR AND FIVE HUNDRED sinners to God. I cannot help receiving this as a convincing proof that I have not mistaken the will of God." Truly this was proof amounting to a demonstration. Nearly five hundred souls saved in a few months! Thousands of ministers would be inexpressibly happy could they have as many "*seals*" in a life time. An "impression" so fruitful as this can hardly be deemed fanciful.

CHAPTER VIII.

HALIFAX AND THE VOYAGE THITHER.

In the following chapter, we shall enjoy the pleasure of a sea voyage with our indefatigable revivalist. We shall be charmed with the innocent cheerfulness of his spirit, when out of the din of spiritual battle, and with the readiness of his ardent mind to improve every opportunity for doing good, whether in the walks of social life, or before the great congregation. Viewed merely as a Christian traveller, Mr. Caughey is an object of interest; but there is a high moral sublimity in his movements when seen in their relation to his divine call. His voyage was a voyage of faith. Like ancient Abraham, he "went out not knowing whither he went," and, for the same reason, because "he was called." It is this fact that gives his conduct its peculiar colorings, and fills the Christian observer with admiration and even wonder at the man whose simplicity of heart and action is equalled only by his astonishing labors.

But notwithstanding his *call* from above, Mr. Caughey omitted no personal attention to his temporal affairs, that was necessary to enable him to stand before the world in the aspect of an honest man. Before starting for Halifax, we are pleased to hear him saying to a correspondent, "My temporal affairs are now nearly all settled, so that I do not owe a single shilling on the continent of America. Help me to praise God, for this mercy also." Praiseworthy consideration! How judicious was this care for shillings! It was wise in this devoted laborer, when engaging in his lofty and ennobling mission, to keep himself unspotted, even from a shilling debt, before a world whose delight it is to gainsay and to injure the children of God.

The letters, from which this chapter is compiled, were written from Halifax during the month of July, 1841. He says:

I have travelled many hundreds of miles since I last wrote to you from St. John's, the 21st of last April. I have visited the cities of New York, Albany, and Troy. The Lord gave me an opportunity of preaching in several towns on my route, so that I hope some good was done. I spent Sabbath, the 23d of May, in Whitehall, N. Y., (where I received the call to visit Europe,) and preached three times on that day. I had a most refreshing time among the dear souls who were converted to God when I was stationed here. They had lost none of their affection.

On Monday, the 24th, I visited the retired spot where God allowed me to plead, Exodus xxxiv. 5 — 7, on the 11th of July, 1839. After that memorable period, I always named it *Providence Path;* and so noted it in my private journal. Here I had a gracious season alone, and dedicated body, soul, and spirit to God, who enabled me to plead, with great sweetness and power, that the blessing of the Holy Ghost might attend my labors in distant lands. Although nearly two years had fled into eternity since I prevailed with God to unfold his designs, the impression to cross the Atlantic remained as strong as ever. I left the hallowed ground rejoicing in God. It is possible I may see it no more; yet it was impressed upon my mind that I should be brought back again to praise him in that place for his abounding mercies.

About one o'clock I left Whitehall, in the steamer Whitehall, Captain Lyon, for Burlington, Vt., where I arrived in the evening. My soul was deeply engaged in prayer all the day, many times repeating, as I walked the deck: —

> "Till glad I lay this body down,
> Thy servant, Lord, attend;
> And O, my life of mercies crown
> With a triumphant end!"

On the evening of the 28th of May I bade farewell to my Burlington friends. Several of them accompanied me on board the steamer. We had a very solemn time in parting. Some thought they should see my face no more: others had confidence that I should be spared to return, whether they should live to see me or not. As to my own feelings, they were too deep and various for utterance. The friends went ashore, and our steamer, like an arrow, darted forward on that fine expanse of water. I walked the deck till midnight engaged in prayer; and, after taking a last look at the United States, retired to my berth. Next morning I landed at St. John's. I was rejoiced to find they had raised the chapel subscription to seventeen hundred dollars.

I spent a few days in Montreal, and then sailed for Quebec, where I arrived on the 5th of June; I spent about twenty-four days in that city. It was not my intention to stay so long, but conscientious scruples detained me. The The Unicorn steamer was announced to sail on Sabbath, the 13th June. This involved my conscience. I could not see it to be right for me to sail on the Sabbath; and yet I could not feel resigned to postpone my departure till the return of the vessel in two weeks. I was greatly perplexed. The eyes of thousands were upon me; and if my own conscience had been satisfied, I durst not give that Sabbath-breaking city a bad example. On conversing with the captain, and finding him immovable, I concluded to wait two weeks; when he would sail positively on a week-day. My mind had been much cast down for a few days, with many sore exercises and buffetings from the devil; but shortly after I gave my decision, the gloom was totally dispersed, and peace and joy overspread my soul. Since then my peace has been like a river. Isaiah xlviii. 18.

The Quebec friends were greatly rejoiced when they learned I would spend a couple of weeks with them. The chapel was opened for preaching every night, and the power of God was displayed among his people. Sinners were converted to God daily, and the young converts of last winter were greatly strengthened. Never shall I forget the kindness of that dear people; every thing was done that human beings could do to render my stay pleasant to myself. I had several delightful excursions, sometimes with the most agreeable company; often on horseback alone.

As you intend to visit Quebec, you must not fail to see the Falls of Montmorency; they are only a few miles from the city. The ride is charming, and the Falls will afford you some sublime sensations. You will not be overwhelmed with those indescribable emotions, which you felt when gazing upon the terrific majesty and overpowering grandeur of Niagara; but you will be conscious of feelings quite as gracious and pleasurable. Here you will see a river of considerable magnitude, gathered into a comparatively narrow channel, moving on under a placid surface towards a cataract of two hundred and forty-six feet perpendicular! Be cautious!

> "Swift shrinking back,
> I check my steps and view the broken scene.
> Smooth to the shelving banks a copious flood
> Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,

In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls;
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured waves here find repose;
But raging still, amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashing o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed,"

and steals away into the bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence. I know you love the grand and beautiful in nature, and I am sure you will retire from it, saying with your friend,—

"My full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored."

It is not likely you will visit Quebec in the winter; but if you should, Montmorency is even then more grand than at this season of the year. You can then walk on the ice below the falls, very close to the descending mass of waters. Then it is you may see it with an accompaniment, which it never has in the summer, an immense ice-cone, formed by the spray, one or two hundred feet in circumference, standing in the centre of the basin, and ascending as if to overlook the surface of the river above the falls. I thought it a grand sight when I was here in the winter of 1835.

If you ascend the river a short distance you will light upon a place well worth seeing, the Natural Steps. These are formed on a large scale by successive layers of shelving rocks, and modified into a great variety of figures by the action of the waters in times of heavy freshets. Here, in company with a gentleman from the city, I spent an hour very agreeably; and, kneeling upon one of the steps, we had a most delightful time in prayer.

The celebrated plains of Abraham must not escape your attention. These lie south and west of the city. Here the famous battle was fought between the English, under General Wolfe, and the French, commanded by General Montcalm, September 13th, 1759. A broken column of black marble marks the place where the English commander died. It bears this inscription:—

"Here died Wolfe, victorious."

Quebec was then surrendered to the English, who have held peaceable possession of it since, with the exception of an ineffectual effort during the first war between England and the United States. Here your General Montgomery was killed, in a desperate struggle to scale the walls. The place where he fell was pointed out to me below Prescott Gate. Any intelligent person can show you the place where the English army ascended from the brink of the St. Lawrence, on the night previous to the battle. All visiters stand amazed when they look at this precipice, not less than two hundred feet high from the river, and reflect that the cannon and munitions of war, necessary for a great battle, were dragged up these steeps in one short night, almost in the very teeth of an enemy; and that these wearied soldiers should have gained a complete victory the next day over a vigorous and powerful army.

Quebec is built upon a lofty promontory, formed by the St. Lawrence and river St. Charles. The city looks best from the river St. Lawrence. You are aware this is the only regularly fortified city on the continent of America. The walls are nearly three miles in circuit, of great thickness, from twenty to thirty feet high, surrounded by deep ditches of great width, and surmounted by batteries at regular distances. Every where, outside the walls, the cannon, like large black dogs, are peeping from their threatening ramparts. The city is entered by four or five massive gates of plain architecture. The citadel crowns the whole. It is built upon the highest part of the promontory, called Cape Diamond, and is considered impregnable. The walls are forty feet thick, with a ditch fifty feet wide. The whole includes between five and six acres. There it stands in dark magnificence; its lofty ramparts frowning down upon the river and lower town, from the dizzy height of four hundred feet. It has been well called the Gibraltar of America.

Time will not allow me to describe the buildings, some of which are elegant in design, and generally built of stone. A few days before I left, I visited the Marine Hospital, an excellent institution, and well ordered. The situation, however, is too low. I found therein one hundred and fifty patients, belonging to different nations; one dear sailor boy, fourteen years of age, deeply affected me; in the dead hour of the night, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he had been ordered aloft, and, missing his hold, he fell from the rigging of a large ship, struck on the deck, and fractured his thigh in three places; poor boy, how I did feel for him! Lockjaw had commenced, but he was able to speak a little; he was quite sensible, and very intelligent. His little heart was drawn out in prayer for mercy, while I was pouring out my soul to God for him. He told me he was born in England, that his parents lived there, and that he had had a religious education. His lips the next day were closed forever; and he obtained a lonely grave on a foreign shore, without a relation to drop a tear over his little coffin, or to raise a stone to his memory.

I am sorry I did not learn his name, as I may possibly visit the place where his parents reside. It would be a great comfort for them to know that their lovely child died praying to the God of his fathers, and that strangers were kind to him; that his tears were not unnoticed, nor his dying groans unheeded; that the sympathies of heaven and earth encircled him; that, while angel bands were conveying his wondering soul to heaven, stranger hands were decently attiring his unconscious body for the grave in which they laid him.

A few days before I sailed from Quebec, I crossed the river to Point Levy, and spent a few hours very pleasantly with Mr. Johnson. We had a charming ride in his carriage. The scenery is very beautiful; and the harbor, shipping, city, citadel, and adjoining country are seen to great advantage from that side of the river. We visited a party of Indians who were encamped on the sand by the side of the St. Lawrence, some of whom we found busily employed in making very nice baskets of the bark of trees. One old squaw was asleep by the side of her husband, while he was engaged in preparing materials; another aged Indian was slumbering by the door of his wigwam. They received us kindly, and were quite willing to talk about the Great Spirit. A child lay stretched on the burning sand, panting under the intense heat of a scorching sun. We inquired why they permitted the child to sleep there. They replied, "It is sick." Perhaps their Indian medicine required such an exposure. Their wigwams were made of the bark of trees; and altogether there was the appearance of much poverty and degradation.

As the heavens became suddenly darkened with clouds we hurried back, but had to quicken our pace, as the big drops of the coming deluge began to thicken around us. No sooner had we got into the house than the storm came down in fury. I had now an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, a Canadian thunder storm. Nature, from a perfect calm, was thrown into a tremendous uproar. Tempest rolled on tempest. The clouds in black sheets seemed flying to either pole. The bursts of thunder were appalling. Waves of fire rolled across the sky. The peals succeeded each other with fearful rapidity. The earth trembled. The heavens resembled the ocean in a storm, billow rolling on billow, broken here and there into fragments of fire. Although we could say,—

> "This awful God is ours,
> Our father and our love,"—

yet it required a full conviction of God as reconciled in Christ, to keep our minds calm amidst these contending elements. We were in a state of mind fully to appreciate the sentiments of one who said, "What speaks the thunder in its cry through heaven's clouded palaces? There is one God. And when the fierce tempest has lifted the billows to mingle with the tumult of the heavens, what voice is it that rises higher than their loudest outcry? There is one God. What is the voice of those tall pine trees and time-defying oaks, royally waving their hands on high as they battle with the tempest, till the hurricane bends them to sweep the ground they have so long shadowed? There is one God. Is not heaven's artillery ringing it through the air, while the red lightnings are writing it on the troubled sky in letters of flame, There is one God." We all said in our hearts, "There is one God." We did indeed stand in awe of him, as a God of majesty and power; but we thought of Jesus Christ, and saw there the majesty of love. This we could not doubt. Jesus was precious, very precious. But had not the character of God been unfolded in Christ Jesus our Lord, who took upon him our nature, and by his miracles, invitations and tears, his life, his sufferings, and his death, proclaimed what otherwise we never could have known, the love of God to us men and for us sinners, we might indeed have believed in his existence, but we should have trembled before his dreadful presence, and have been terrified by the manifested power of the invisible God. At the end of an hour the storm came to a crisis, the raging winds subsided, and the electric fires were extinguished with torrents of rain.

Soon after the rain ceased, and we had a calm and beautiful evening. A few friends put me across the harbor in a sail-boat. As we glided over slowly, the citadel and city, with the immense forest of shipping, appeared to great advantage. I went straight to the chapel, and entered into a gracious prayer meeting. The Lord was present, and several poor sinners were converted to God. Returning home my soul was very happy, musing most feelingly on the language of one of our poets: —

"How sweet at such a time as this to moralize,
And think how soon the storm of life
Shall pass, and leave this frail and earth-born
Part to seek a shelter in the grave's sweet
Solitude; and this imprisoned spirit,
Thus set free, to plume her wings, and
Soar aloft, to gaze upon the universe; and
When her circuit's done, to fold her weary
Wings fast by the foot of God's eternal throne."

You will be pleased to know, that in my voyage to this city, I had the agreeable company of two Wesleyan clergymen from Quebec, the Rev. Matthew Richey, A. M., and the Rev. Ephraim Evans, missionaries from Upper Canada, on their way to England. The particulars of this voyage I must defer till another time; but, before I conclude, I ought to state the reason why I am not now on the broad Atlantic, as silence on this point might cause you some uneasiness. When I arrived in this city the Columbia steamship was alongside the quay, with her full compliment of passengers. We went aboard and found the crew clearing out the forecastle for the convenience of additional passengers. The agent offered us our passage for one hundred dollars each, instead of one hundred and twenty-five. I considered the matter over, and knowing that I should suffer enough by sea-sickness in the best part of the ship, I recoiled from the prospect of an augmentation of it in such accommodations; so I refused to proceed, saying, I would wait two weeks for the next steamer. My clerical friends said they could not do so, as they had business of importance at the English Conference. It was quite easy to see from our looks, that we had learned a lesson now, which ought to have been known weeks before, that we should have either sailed from Boston, or have had our berths engaged there, if we intended to go aboard at Halifax. Although several hundreds of miles nearer England than at Boston, they demanded the same fare for passage.

The vessel is gone, and here I am in a strange city. My soul is very happy in God. Sweet peace and a glow of divine love reign throughout my soul. Glory be to God in the highest!

"Within his circling power I stand;
On every side I find his hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God."

On the 29th of June, about noon, I bade adieu to Quebec. During my stay there, I preached nineteen sermons, and delivered two temperance lectures. About twenty persons were converted to God. A large number of kind friends accompanied me to the steamer, each vieing with the other in manifestations of Christian love. My heart was deeply affected. Many were the tokens of their friendship. I thought of Acts xxviii. 10. It was so in this case. Not that I needed any thing; their kindness last winter, together with that of the Montreal friends, had anticipated my wants for some time to come. It seems, however, they were not yet satisfied. A few moments before the Unicorn started from the dock, a person came aboard and put a letter into my hand, and went ashore. My tearful eyes were fixed upon my precious friends on the wharves as long as I could see them. It is impossible to express my feelings. I restrained them as long as I could, but when Quebec and those I loved had disappeared, * * * *

After my emotions were subsided, I opened the letter, and, lo! a check on a bank in London for more than sufficient to pay my entire expenses from Quebec to England. The accompanying letter informed me that the gift had originated with a few ladies, followers of our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot withhold from you a copy of a note which I found folded in the check. It is from a precious servant of Christ, one who is an honor to her sex, and an ornament to the church of God in that city. Her kind husband and herself have ever shown toward me the affection of parents, and in all my visits to Quebec their hospitable house has been my happy home. May the Holy Ghost ever bless them and their interesting family!

"DEAR BROTHER CAUGHEY: This is but a small mark of our regard for yourself, and love for our adorable Jesus. May God add his richest blessing! Perhaps in some leisure moment you may find time to look at this list, and here you will see the names of those whose hearts the love of Jesus has moulded to beat in unison with your own; and who feel a sweet confidence, that if we meet no more on earth, we shall meet around the eternal throne.

"Your obliged and attached sister in Christ,

"MARY M'LEOD."

Our beautiful steamer dashed down the St. Lawrence in noble style. The ministers I mentioned in my last were most agreeable companions. We had, indeed,

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

As our vessel flew along the waters, her white canvas wings filled with the propitious breeze, that delightful verse rolled many times over my mind with the greatest sweetness —

"Press forward, press forward,
The prize is in view;
A crown of bright glory,
Is waiting for you."

Thirty-four hours brought us to Gaspe, four hundred miles from Quebec. On the evening of the 30th of June, Mr. Richey preached us an excellent sermon. We had about thirty passengers aboard, and they were very attentive to the word.

The St. Lawrence is a beautiful river. From the east end of Lake Ontario, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the Atlantic, is seven hundred miles, which is considered, I believe, the length of this river; but the whole extent of water communication, by the great lakes and this river, cannot be less than two thousand miles. Besides, it is not only the outlet to that great chain of western lakes I have referred to, it also receives the waters of Lake Champlain, the Ottawa, or Grand River, and a great variety of tributary streams. The scenery from Quebec to Gaspe is as diversified and picturesque as you could well imagine. From Quebec, one hundred miles, we had almost a continuous chain of little Canadian houses, with here and there a small village, and the spire of a church "pointing like a silent finger into heaven." When these are past, all is one vast scene of desolation. Forests, rocks, precipices, and mountains, arise in awful and singular profusion. On approaching the Gulf, the grandeur and exceeding boldness of the widely separated shores are quite befitting the mouth of such a mighty river. The scene must be appalling in the depth of winter. We found ourselves in the Gulf on the morning of July the 1st, and were out of sight of land during several hours. The weather was very fine, and scarcely a ripple ruffled that vast expanse of waters. What a contrast between its then placid and silvery bosom, and the terrific uproar observable here late in the autumn or early in the spring!

Many a fine vessel has been ingulfed here; and the bones of vast multitudes line the shores of this dangerous region. Only a few weeks since, the brig Minstrel, Captain Outerbridge, struck a dangerous reef in a heavy sea, went down, and nearly all on board perished. The vessel sailed from Limerick, Ireland, last April, with one hundred and forty-one passengers, emigrants intending to settle in Canada. It seems they had a tolerable passage; but when full of joy at hailing the land of their destination, and supposing all their hazards and hardships were over, in a moment the full cup of misery was placed in their hands, nor was it long ere they drank it to the very dregs. At four o'clock in the morning the vessel struck on the reef. The boats were launched and made fast to the fore chains; upwards of one hundred passengers embarked in them, but their doom was quickly sealed; the brig "heeled off" into deep water, and went down stern foremost, and so suddenly that the ropes of the boats could not be cast off, and all followed the ship to the bottom. Out of upwards of one hundred and fifty souls only eight remained to tell the sad tale. These eight had got into the gig, which was towing astern; providentially, the rope which attached it to the vessel broke when she went down, and they escaped from the yawning whirlpool.

But, ah! their souls. What became of their souls. How sudden the transition from time to eternity! So many accountable beings forced, prepared or not, into the presence of the Judge of all. The captain, poor fellow! behaved most gallantly during the awful scene, declaring that he would not leave the vessel till all his passengers were saved, and he perished with the rest.

There was another event happened farther up the river last November, which I used to great advantage at Quebec, at a temperance meeting. Two of Her Britannic Majesty's soldiers went on board a vessel on business; one of them took with him a bottle of liquor; they got drunk, quarrelled, and, seizing each other in mortal conflict, carried their vengeance even unto the death. A gentleman came on deck just as they went overboard. They continued their murderous grapple in the water till they went down to rise no more alive. But the matter did not end here; the man who let that soldier have the liquor had a little harbor near his house, where he kept a small boat. One morning, a few weeks after the event, on going down to his boat, lo! the victim of his rum, the corpse of that unfortunate soldier lay beside his boat. It had floated seven miles from where the catastrophe happened. A physician told me the effects upon the man were awful. But to return to our voyage in the Gulf.

I felt grateful to God for the calm, not on account of our safety merely, but I did not want to have a foretaste of my sea-sickness before I had it in good earnest on the Atlantic. The passengers were in fine spirits; but, at the dinner table, some appeared to think that such spirits could not last long unless recruited by the spirits beneath the cork. Your friend, being of quite a different opinion, was drawn into a temperance debate. The bottles, of course anti-temperance characters, were powerful advocates on the other side. After we had been contending some time, a gentleman from St. John's, New Brunswick, observing a bloated son of the cups deliberately depriving the corks of all authority, and liberating most freely, for a moment, the spirits imprisoned there, then incarcerating them in as hopeless and objectionable a prison as ever poor alcohol had the misfortune to fall into, whispered in my ear, "How horrible a thing it is to see a man make such a steam engine of his stomach!" This brought him out, and a few strokes like the following put an end to the debate: "I have been to Montreal, and also to Quebec. My business to these cities has called me frequently to the cab depots. When looking among them for a suitable conveyance, I saw poor horses whose hides presented a very wide contrast when compared with others. In a short time I could always tell what horse belonged to a temperance man, and what to an opposite character. When I saw a good looking horse, and in excellent order, I concluded, *that* belongs to a teetotaller; and when I saw a poor animal that the crows might be ready to fall upon, I exclaimed, The owner of this takes the oats himself; and nothing that occurred afterwards convinced me I had come to an erroneous conclusion."

We had only been a few hours out of sight of land when we hailed Prince Edward's Island, and the Island of Cape Breton. The latter island is separated from Nova Scotia by an arm of the sea, called the Gut of Canso. Both islands belong to Great Britain.

As we neared land, Prince Edward's Island looked exceedingly beautiful. And now I saw what I had long desired to see, that strange optical illusion, "The Mirage." It is formed by a state of the atmosphere so highly transparent that objects beneath are reflected as in a mirror. Prince

Edward's Island seemed like a scene of enchantment, or some fairy land. The shores arose in bold and lofty grandeur twice their natural height; and every object more than doubled its size. The little white houses along the shores were transformed into high towers, and some of them looked like splendid waterfalls, equal to Montmorency or Niagara. The whole was a complete illusion. About ten miles eastward, there was another on a parallel with the sun. It was formed by the action of the sun's rays upon the water, the atmosphere being at the same time in a state of peculiar transparency. This was entirely a water illusion. The little waves appeared like a swamp of tall reeds, and again like an immense sheet of water falling over the side of a dam.

Prince Edward's Island, I understand, contains a population of eighty thousand souls. Cape Breton was first discovered by the French, and called by them L'Isle Royale. It contains a population of thirty thousand, and sends two members to the provincial Assembly of Nova Scotia. The island, as I said before, belongs to England; and her naval power in possession of it, easily commands the whole St. Lawrence.

We cast anchor in the harbor of Pictou, about dark. It is a spacious basin formed by an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, three miles from its mouth. The small boats were launched, and, after some difficulty with our baggage, we were safely put on shore. We made the voyage from Quebec to Pictou, six hundred and fifty miles, in fifty-seven hours. I was up next morning in good time in order to get a good view of the town. It has several churches, a court-house, and an academy. Population, eighteen thousand souls. Timber, coal, oil, and fish, form the principal articles of trade. The town is pleasantly situated. I understand there is a high probability that it will yet be the great emporium of the Gulf. The harbor is often frozen in the winter. The coaches were ready by noon, and, after bargaining as we could with men who seemed determined to make the most of us, we started for Halifax. The sky had a very threatening aspect, and the inside being quite full I was compelled to take my seat with the coachman, which, however, afforded me the advantage of seeing the country. Shortly the clouds dispersed and we had a lovely day. As our route lay many miles through an almost uninhabited desert I expected miserable roads; but, to my surprise, they were excellent, equal to any of your *Macadamized* roads in the United States.

Some parts of the country were very thinly settled; others a wilderness of trees and brushwood. There was nothing, throughout our whole journey across Nova Scotia, looked so dreary to me as the desolate and abandoned hovels of the new settlers. These mournful objects meet the eye in different directions, and fill the mind with a variety of melancholy sensations. Ah! there is a spot that pleased the inexperienced eye of a poor exile. There he built his hut of rough logs, and thither he conducted the partner of his joys and sorrows with the little ones. Yonder, with his brawny arm, he felled the lofty trees, and opened a path for the sunshine to the long neglected bosom of the earth. Here was his first cleared field, still full of black stumps; the marks of the spade and the plough, with the appearance of a scanty harvest, are still visible. But the winter came upon him, and the produce of his two small fields, which he had stored so carefully in a corner of his log house, was exhausted before the long and severe winter was over. He had no money to buy provisions, nor could he and his family by any means subsist till a coming harvest. A council was held, and he and his wife, with weeping eyes, bade farewell to their home in the wilderness, and they never had courage to make a second trial of the unkind soil.

We travelled all night, and, as morning opened upon us, the country greatly improved, and continued to do so to Halifax, where we arrived on the 3d instant, in the afternoon.

As I related the cause of my detention in my last, I need not repeat it here. The Columbia sailed the evening I arrived. As soon as the Wesleyan ministers knew I was in town they showed me every mark of kindness and respect. Here I met my old acquaintance, the Rev. William Crosscombe, who is Superintendent of the Halifax Circuit. He and his excellent wife were glad to see me. I found them both as ardent in the cause of Christ, and as deeply devoted to God as when I parted with them in 1835 at Montreal. Mr. C. introduced me to his colleague, the Rev. Charles de Wolfe. We had not been long together before I found in him a kindred spirit. We have had some delightful rides over the peninsula, and have taken the sweetest counsel on the things of God. He is a most intelligent person, and possesses talent which will, I have no doubt, enable him, if spared, to take the first rank among the able ministers of the New Testament.

A home was provided for me at the house of Mr. Billings, a merchant of the city. He, with his two daughters, had just sailed for England; but Mrs. B., notwithstanding all her cares in the absence of her husband, seemed delighted to show me every kindness that hospitality could devise; dear woman, she was greatly troubled at a little incident which I know will amuse you. Mrs. B. was inquired of whether she could accommodate a stranger for a few days at her house; her mind being troubled about the departure of her husband and daughters for England, and worn down with the fatigue of getting them in readiness, she shrank from any additional trouble ; so, casting a glance at the stranger, who by the way was far from presenting a tidy appearance, being in his travelling dress, unshaven, and covered with the dust of a long journey, she gave a positive refusal ; and, indeed, I could not blame her. This was Saturday, and I obtained lodgings elsewhere.

Next day she was in her place in the house of God, and, hearing your friend in one of his happiest hours unfolding the wonders of redemption, she became sorely troubled, exclaiming to herself, " Oh ! what is this that I have done ? I have turned away from my house a servant of God, I have turned away from my door a minister of Jesus Christ." The following morning she applied to Mr. Crosscombe, and insisted I should make her house my home. I did so, and in her I found a mother indeed.

I am now preaching every night to good congregations. A few have been converted to God. Will you believe me if I tell you that I visited the *theatre* while in Quebec, "The Theatre Royal," and that I was on the stage and took part in what was going on ; that I had authority to order the necessary scenery ; that the theatre filled well, and that I received great applause for my performances ? Well, so it was ! But it was a temperance meeting. I chose a dark *prison scene* for the drapery behind the stage, and brought forward two prisoners to be tried before a judge and jury. The names of the prisoners were the Devil and Alcohol. The chairman was the judge, and all who had not signed the total abstinence pledge were the jury, and the verdict against Alcohol was to be given by the act of signing the pledge. On commencing my address, I told them it was proper, before I preferred my charges against the prisoners, or called forth my witnesses, to apprize them that I never had had the honor of being a lawyer, nor had I ever had a lawsuit with man, woman, or child, all the days of my life; and, therefore, that they must not expect me to adorn my speech with legal phrases, nor cramp myself with the technicalities of that profession. We had a stirring time, and a noble verdict against Alcohol.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Booth, of whom I think you have heard me speak when in * * * *, and who is the father of the temperance society in Quebec, came forward on the stage, and taking from his breast his own splendid medal presented it to me, with a very neat speech, in the midst of tremendous applause.

I arose and returned thanks to Mr. B., and acknowledged the kindness of the audience, as well as I was capable; but, really, I had no command of my feelings; the thing was so unexpected and so unmerited that it almost unmanned me.

A few days ago, in company with Mr. De Wolfe, I visited the ruins of Prince William's Lodge. (Afterwards William IV. of England.) It is situated about two and a half miles from the isthmus, on the western banks of Bedford Basin. Here, about thirty-five years ago, the young prince careered in all the dissipation which wealth and luxury could afford. The building has been rather elegant in its day, but, unlike the ancient castles of Europe, it is not likely long to perpetuate the memory of him whose name it bears. It is of wood, but neglect and the extreme rigor of the climate have conspired to render it a complete wreck, so much so that it is dangerous to enter it. The front is much torn away; this, and the hanging ceilings, tottering floors and empty chambers, exposed to the gaze of the visitor, render it an object of mournful desolation.

We wandered over the grounds, once laid out in handsome walks, but now totally neglected, and overgrown with grass and weeds. Here and there we espied little summer-houses painted white, and surrounded with

> "The leafy labyrinth of embowering trees."

But the fingers of desolation are busy upon these also, while human fingers have been writing epitaphs in a great variety of poetic fancies. Several of the verses penciled upon the walls are not without merit, principally on the vanity of earthly things; all tending to confirm that important sentiment,

> "He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies."

We had not time to copy any of them; but, after glancing at the circular wine-house, standing lonely and decaying upon a jutting promontory on the brink of the basin, we came away mournfully reflecting, Here is the place where the prince revelled in all the luxuriance of English living; but he has gone to the grave, and a singular frown of desolation seems to hang over the scenes of his former pleasures.

God has a good, a lovely people in Halifax. Our meetings are delightful. There is a move among sinners, and one now and again converted to God. Here, as in most places, I met with a little prejudice against the adoption of extraordinary means for the revival of the work of God; but, I doubt not, could I remain here two or three months longer, all feeling of this kind would vanish, and we should have a warm and general co-operation from all who love Christ and the souls of men. But I cannot stay. To-morrow, if God permit, I shall sail for England. If his providence conduct me safely over the great deep, you may expect to hear of me from some part of that country.

The other night I gave a lecture on temperance. The audience was very large, and for a time appeared passionless; but when I got fairly into my subject, the cool-tempered Nova Scotians gave ample proof that they were capable of the highest excitement. Every man, woman, and child, seemed resolved they would never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. Two dogs, which had followed their masters to the meeting, got full as much excited as any of the rationals, and gave their full-mouthed applause in their own way. So we had what Thomas describes so nervously,

> "The clamor roars of men and boys and dogs."

Success to the Nova Scotians. If they are not as hearty as they should be in religion, I am glad to see them at least whole-souled on the temperance subject. Perhaps the following anecdote may not be unacceptable: —

Previous to the above meeting, a committee of the city temperance society waited upon me, and brought with them an old gentleman, who is a member of our church and a warm advocate of temperance, to introduce them. In the course of the conversation he said, "This morning I was sitting in the barber's shop, and my large dog was waiting for me near the door. A man came in who is an habitual drunkard. He has made efforts several times at reformation, but has again and again fallen into his intemperate habits. This morning he was sober and thoughtful. I said to him,

"'Do you see that dog?'

"'Yes, I do,' said he, 'and a fine one he is too.'

"I then ordered the barber's boy to hand me an empty glass, and I held it toward the dog's mouth; but the poor animal sneaked away with his tail between his legs, as if he were ashamed, or was about to receive a severe chastisement. The poor fellow expressing some surprise, I asked him if he knew the reason why that dog sneaked away so. ‘No, Sir; why does he that?’

“‘Well, friend, that dog was once made drunk, and ever since, if a glass is held out to him thus, he acts just so. This is a Newfoundland dog. Several years ago some fishermen of that country made him drunk; and such is his hatred, on that account, toward any of the craft, that if a fisherman or fisherman’s boy should hold out the glass to him he would capsize him in a moment. He would bite him.’

“My hearer felt the reproof, and made his exit, not without receiving a lesson which I trust may be made a lasting blessing.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

As the reflective reader peruses this chapter, he will not fail to notice the inflexible adhesion of our traveller to the grand object of his mission. In the friendly outpouring of his soul in this characteristic correspondence, he has, with manifest unconsciousness, revealed its devotion to its chosen work of soul-saving. Amidst the mixed society of the steamship he maintains the character of the Christian laborer, and is ready to grapple in argument with the sceptic, to utter an adroit and cutting rebuke to the gambler, to preach the gospel alike to the purse-proud voyager in the cabin, and to the poor sailor in the forecastle. This is as it should be. The Christian, and more especially the Christian minister, should see his field of labor every where; and seize upon every opportunity to work for his master. Not only should he be heroic,

> " In the world's broad field of battle,"

but also

> " In the *bivouac* of life."

In house, shop, street, ship, every where he should keep diligently at his master's work.

It is in this devoted spirit we find our revivalist traversing the "boundless sea." But why is he found there at all?

Why is he not moving in the quiet sphere of a village or city pastor? Why does he encounter the dreary storm?—The dangers and unpleasantness of the ocean waste? Why goes he to another land? Does he expect to be greeted by the open hands and burning hearts of affectionate friends? Nay! His friends are behind him. None but strangers will he meet on the shores to which be hastes. Why then does he go at all?

Reader! Our traveller believes God has a work for him to do in the British Islands. He travels as a *special* ambassador for Christ! Faith in his call to this high mission is his only support. Inspired by this faith alone, he approaches a land already filled with ministers, many of whom rank far above him in position, influence, talent, learning, and skill! How Quixotic and fanatical if self-inspired! How sublime in his faith!—how simple in his obedience if called of God! But let us join him on this ocean voyage.

On the 19th of July, 1841, I went aboard the steamer Britannia, Captain Clellan, and sailed about seven, P. M. I spent fifteen days in Halifax, preached eighteen sermons; several sinners were converted to God, and one class-leader professed to have received the blessing of entire sanctification. I formed an acquaintance with some of the excellent of the earth in that city, several of whom accompanied me to the ship. No sooner had we cleared the harbor, than I began to be sick. The Lord favored us with fine weather till Saturday morning. That was a bleak morning to me. Nothing was to be seen but sky and water. Our ship was tossed about upon the angry waves like a feather. We could well believe the sentiment of a poet:

> "The wave behind impels the wave before;
> The waves that rise would drown the highest hill."

Now the vessel was lying across the deep trough of two foaming billows, and again hanging on the dreadful steeps of a mountain wave. Sometimes both wheels were out of the water; at others, one wheel would be buried deep in the troubled sea, while the other was several feet from the surface. It was astonishing to see under what perfect command our engineer had the steam and machinery. The surgeon told me the greatest caution and vigilance were required to regulate the power in proportion to the dip of the wheels; as error or neglect would, in a few moments, be attended with the most fatal consequences to the machinery.

To lie in my berth I could not, to sit still when out of it was impossible; so, with a few other determined spirits, I clambered to the hurricane deck. Here we walked, or ran, or staggered, or sprawled, according to the force of circumstances; and if some of these poor sinners had never read Psalm cvii. 23—28, they did at this time receive a most striking comment upon the passage. While some of us were battling with the tremendous motion, resolving to keep on our legs in spite of all the laws of gravitation, we amused ourselves with the reflection, if the sea does not succeed in finding us pleasure, we are quite sure it affords us employment.

I thought of the man who, when asked what were the first principles and principal parts of eloquence, replied, "Action! action! action!" If so, the deck of a ship in a storm is the place to learn action. There is not a gesture peculiar to the eloquent orator that he will not be forced to imitate, unless he cling to the bulwarks with his head over the side; like some timid preachers I have seen, who seemed determined not to lose the pulpit although they might their argument. Head and arms, and legs and feet, are all in motion; sometimes, indeed, not the most graceful, as, in "the storm and passion of the soul," it is diffiult to avoid "overstepping the modesty of nature;" but some are the most graceful imaginable. Nor should we forget the expression of the countenance at particular seasons, nor the eye in "fine frenzy rolling," all indicative of the strongest emotions in the region of the heart. If a man have acquired an awkward method of walking, this is the place to get clear of it, for here he is put through all the varieties of gait poor human nature is capable of. If he choose to indulge in soliloquies, and he will be much inclined to do so, he can relieve himself most pathetically without disturbing any body, as the most of those around him are as prone to the same indulgence as himself; and the nimble winds will carry away his voice with the roar of the waves and rigging he knows not whither. Here he is "alone 'midst busy multitudes."

And this is the spot to exercise the lungs, and give compass to the voice. Only let our *soi-disant* orator have an audience of two or three, and resolve to be heard; if he succeed, he need never have any misgivings about making the most distant persons of thousands hear. I wondered that Demosthenes should have stood by the sea shore to exercise himself in oratory, amidst the roar of the waves; had he only put out from the land when the storm was abroad upon the deep, he might have studied at one and the same time gesture and elocution. The promenade, or what some call the hurricane deck, is the place to exercise one's judgment, I mean during a gale. For instance, two or three dozen waves are coming on with the swiftness of race horses. Now the question is, what part of the vessel will they strike first? On the starboard or larboard? The head or stern? In what direction is it likely the groaning ship will lurch? What degree of inclination in the opposite direction will be safest and most necessary to neutralize these "eccentric laws of gravitation?" Shall I incline to the north or south, east or west? At an angle of how many degrees? Quick! alas! I am flat on the deck, or clinging to the bulwarks, holding on in desperation, while I am greatly at a loss whether to show my displeasure at the outrageous laughter of my more fortunate companions, or at the fickle ship and unsteady elements, or retreat at once from the scene of my humiliation. The wisest way, however, is to do neither. Every mishap of this kind must be taken in good part; and it is generally thought no small mark of talent and good breeding, when a man can gather himself up without embarrassment, and rejoin the company in a manner the most graceful and easy. I assure you many have found it very difficult to avoid the indulgence of a secret wish, that the good ship would try an experiment upon some of the rest, especially the merry ones. Then here a man may learn how to treat the world, and it is a fine opportunity. If many are walking to and fro we must always be willing to go out of the straight line of an intended course, in order to avoid concussions with our fellow-travellers. We must bear and forbear, live and let live, and join hands sometimes to keep a poor fellow on his feet. If a lurch of the vessel has sent a fellow-passenger adrift, so that he has lost all authority over his limbs, do as you would be done by, catch him if you can, but if not without a violent collision, let him go,

> "To run, or walk, or swing, or tumble;
> As matter and as motion jumble."

This is the place to learn forbearance. If a friend crosses my path, and treats me to an upset, I must not get out of humor; the enemies outside are to blame, and they don't care a farthing for our wrath. It is hard to feel quite right sometimes. For instance, a stupid fellow is *gawking* around, and not minding what he is about; a sudden jerk, and away he comes like an avalanche, and "at one fell swoop" you are level with the deck; and, if you keep your temper, you may reason with philosophic Locke, "If a greater force than mine holds me fast, or tumbles me down, I am no longer free." And if you have the good fortune to get clear of the grappling limbs of your vulgar companion, and have the privilege of shifting for yourself as you roll along, whether you will or not, you may experiment upon another plain principle of philosophy, laid down by a thinking man; and if you are too busy in other matters I am sure the spectators will think for you: "When a man tumbles a roller down a hill, the man is the violent enforcer of the first motion; but when it is once tumbling, the property of the thing itself continues the motion."

Well, the day passed away slowly. I am sure it was the most bleak and tedious day of my existence; a day never to be forgotten. But the motion outside was nothing when compared with the "dread commotion of my interior self." Milton somewhere talks about

> "Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes."

I wonder if the poet was ever sea-sick. No one who has ever felt this "prodigious motion," and these "rueful throes," will ever wonder at the strong expressions of another poet:—

> "Cease, cease, thou foaming ocean,
> For what's thy troubled motion,
> To that within my breast?"

As night approached the wind lulled considerably, but strong necessity kept me on my feet till eleven o'clock.

As I was pacing the deck with tolerable steadiness, a little man stepped up to me, and entered into conversation upon religious subjects. Perceiving that he loved to talk, and quite preferred to be the principal speaker, and not being much in the talking mood myself, his "ruling passion" had free scope. Finding me so teachable, he began to open his mind upon all subjects which he thought a man of my age should have long since understood. The character of his mind assumed a mongrel complexion, part Quaker and part Deist. War he abhorred, and all kinds of priestcraft; and all priests were brimful of war and priestcraft, priests of every denomination. All denominations of Christians were wrong; the Quakers were the nearest right, but somewhat astray also. I told him I entertained a very high respect for pious clergymen of all denominations. This aroused him, and he recapitulated his arguments, as he thought, in a most convincing manner. I then began to put the little man on the defensive, by proposing questions and starting objections, but carefully avoided affirming any thing. For a time, as I still retained the character of a learner, he retained his good humor; but finding, what I before suspected, that it was much easier to ask questions than to answer them, he became very boisterous. His voice, not by any means pleasing, arose in shrillness to a squeak; so if one storm had subsided, here was the beginning of another. It was very gratifying to him that I should be the humble pupil, but it became rather hazardous for the pupil to confound the tutor. The dilemma was sometimes most humiliating. After laboring hard upon some plain question, and that too with the generous prolixity of one who said on another occasion, "I know your mind, and I will satisfy it; neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no further than the bounds of the question." Poor fellow, going beyond "the bounds of the question" involved him again in other questions, until he found himself in such a labyrinth that he lost all patience, and called me a "blockhead," "a most ignorant man," "exceedingly weak-minded," "incapable of understanding or appreciating an argument," etc.

I told him all that might be very true; but, as I had placed myself in the capacity of a learner, he must not get out of humor with me, but have patience. Then, in great pity, he would again condescend to my weakness of intellect, and would try to make the thing appear as plain as A B C; but this gave rise to other objections, and he was driven to his wit's end to explain and defend some palpable contradictions. At last he exclaimed, "You are either a knave or a fool."

I replied, in the height of good humor, "I do not feel greatly desirous of setting you right as to what I am, but I do assure you your self-conceit, to say the least, has involved you in the fog; so that I will venture to say, you don't know to which point of the compass to steer for the rest of your argument."

But I was quite mistaken. After calling me some hard names he steered for the stairway of the promenade deck and disappeared, to the no small amusement of one or two passengers who had kept close to our heels during the conversation. I happened to be wrapped in my cloak that night, and concluded he would not know me in the day-time; but he did, and was exceedingly shy for several days; but, before our voyage was over, he became very sociable, and never once recurred to our first acquaintance on the promenade deck.

Another incident occurred one night, either before or after, I am not sure which. I was sitting in the saloon reading. A number of gentlemen had commenced on my right hand playing cards. I concluded not to retire, and continued reading. The author suggested a few thoughts, and as I was in the act of noting them down in my pocket-book, one of the party turned round from his cards and said, "You are making extracts, eh?"

I answered, Yes, and turned his attention to the lxxiii. Psalm. I told him there was great beauty and majesty in the whole Psalm; but the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th verses were very significant: "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors."

It appears, Sir, the Psalmist was pained, if not bewildered, on beholding the prosperity, apparent happiness and security, of ungodly men. He had been viewing them from various points of observation, but never could find his mind other than in a state of confusion respecting them, till he took his position in the sanctuary of God. You know, Sir, I continued, that landscape painters have to change their position often before they are satisfied as to the best and most commanding view of the scenery. One of these will wander up and down, from rock to rock, and from one jutting promontory to another, until he lights upon a spot which, above all others, affords the most superior view. So it was with the Psalmist, when his post of observation was "the sanctuary of God," where he had a commanding view of eternity; heaven and hell were now spread before the eye of his faith; then it was he saw the dreadful precipice, upon the slippery steeps of which the sinners of his day were sporting; and he exclaimed, in a way he never could before, "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors."

The card player was very uneasy, and, as soon as I had closed my remarks, his head turned the other way, and he took good care not to ask me any more questions. He neither liked the position I occupied, nor was he satisfied with his own. Who knows but even this seed sown upon the waters of the broad Atlantic may yet spring up and bring forth fruit unto eternal life?

But to return. That stormy Saturday and its night passed away, as other days and nights have done, and a pleasant Sabbath succeeded. The captain requested me to preach to the passengers, which I did about eleven o'clock, to as many as the large saloon would hold. Text, Hebrews vii. 25. All were very attentive, God was there, and a very gracious influence seemed to rest upon every mind. I described Christ as the only acceptable medium of access to God: "Come unto God by him." Two ways of approach unto God were then pointed out. First. To *come* unto God for pardon and salvation. Second. To *wait* till we are *driven* to be judged and damned. I insisted that God and the sinner must meet in this world or the next. That the man who will not come unto God to be pardoned must at last suffer the driving process. He must be driven to God for judgment, and from thence into hell. Again: That it was just as possible to be damned in coming to God in a forbidden manner, as in not coming at all; and commented upon the sixteenth chapter of Numbers.

My second proposition was the encouragement we have to come unto God by Christ. First. His ability to save, "He is able," etc. Second. His willingness, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." An interceding Jesus proves he is a willing Saviour. Third. The extent to which his ability and willingness can go to save us, "To the uttermost." Concluded with an exhortation.

I did not intend it, but I have scribbled away till, lo! you have the outline of my first sermon on the Atlantic. At the close of the service the captain invited me to preach to the crew, which I did after dinner. It was very sweet and solemn to hear the tolling of the ship's bell. Many of the passengers mingled with the sailors. The vessel rolled about, but I contrived to stand pretty firmly, while discussing Hebrews xi. 7. Thus ended the feeble labors of another blessed Sabbath of my existence.

On Monday the waves ran very high, but I had become quite a sailor; had some pleasant conversations with several of the passengers, and spent part of the day in assisting a German to the right pronunciation of some English words with which he had great difficulty.

The weather continued rough, and the restless sea, oh! what shall I say?

> "Wave rolling after wave in torrent rapture!"

But day and night our fine steamer never paused. Onward she pressed to her port amidst a thousand insults. The prophet Habakkuk speaks of the "deep uttering his voice, and lifting up his hands on high." Many-fisted waves were lifted up, and thousands of them would come rushing on in rapid succession, like so many giants, each more eager than the other to strike and overwhelm her; some would fetch her a blow right in the face, and half a dozen on the side of the head; while others threw themselves entire upon her; but rolling and staggering, she mounted upon their backs and "ran through a troop," while thousands of her enemies fell beneath

> "Those fleshless arms, whose pulses beat
> With floods of living fire!"

In the midnight hour or at the morning dawn we could hear

> "The beating of her restless heart,
> Still sounding through the storm!"

As we were flying along the face of the waters, reflecting that seven days had nearly passed away since we lost sight of the American continent, we were cheered with the exclamation, "Land! land!" and "land! land!" was re-echoed from every part of the ship. In a short time we were close upon the northern coast of Ireland; and about dark we ran down between Torry Island and Ireland, in the midst of an angry sea. The moment we lost our hold upon any part of the vessel we were dashed about like footballs. Next morning we were still close upon the shores of Ireland; and in the course of a few hours we found ourselves running along the coast of Wales. The pleasant hills of old England rapidly opened to our view, with Liverpool in the distance. After a pause of a few minutes, in order to receive a pilot, we entered the river Mersey, and landed about seven o'clock on the evening of the 29th of July. We made the passage from Halifax to Liverpool in not quite ten days; the quickest, I have been informed, on record.

CHAPTER X.

THE DENOUEMENT.

There is something exquisitely touching in the simple and natural narration, which Mr. Caughey has given below, of his mental exercises on arriving at Liverpool. Guided by an impression, which worldly men and formal professors would treat with positive contempt, and which even truly spiritual minds would regard with a degree of suspicion, he had left his quiet pastorate in Vermont, buffeted the violence of the ocean's storms, and arrived in the land which was divinely designated as the theatre of his future successes. But, who would believe in his mission? Who would put faith in an *impression*, which, however potent and authoritative to his own mind, *could* have little weight with others, especially with strangers. Indeed, to confess the cause of his coming would certainly render him obnoxious to the charge of enthusiasm. Knowing all this, is it wonderful that a spirit of sadness took possession of his heart? Can we feel surprised to read that a sense of loneliness, a feeling of perplexity, an apprehension of evil disturbed his spirit? Nay! All this was perfectly in accordance with human nature; while, the degree of serenity he did retain, the patience with which he waited for God to open an effectual door, and, above all, the tenacity with which his heart clung to the reality of his call, and the certainty of his final success, exhibit him in an aspect of true moral sublimity; of holy heroism; of a man whose convictions of duty are intelligent, sincere, enduring, and any thing but the offspring of fanaticism. But we must let him relate his own interesting story of his emotions, as he walked the streets of Liverpool and followed the guiding hand of God. He says:—

All are strangers, and every thing is strange. I have walked from street to street, and from place to place, unknowing and unknown. Although I have prayed without ceasing, it is no easy matter to keep my heart from sinking into despondency; but, as I have experienced this state of mind so frequently before some remarkable success in my ministry, it does not much discourage me, although it is painful. I have not, as yet, formed a single acquaintance in Liverpool, if I except my good landlord of the Saracen's Head Hotel; who, by the way, is an excellent man, and keeps a very good house, as good as any Christian traveller could require. I have found his family prayer very profitable to my soul. I enjoyed sweet communion with God during the voyage, with a very deep sense of my entire nothingness. Often did I think when walking the deck, If God did not intend to make the weak things of the world confound the things which are mighty; and base things, and things which are despised, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; he never would have chosen and called me, nor have sent me forth on this solemn and important tour.

What is before me I know not, but I deeply feel there are sore trials approaching. My mind is very unsettled as to what course I ought to take, or where I should open my commission; but my soul is calmly awaiting orders from above. Several times to-day I have had thoughts of going immediately into France and Italy, as this is the best season of the year to see those countries; but a voice in my solitary heart seems to say, "No, if you go there now, you must go alone, for God will not go with you." My heart constantly replies, Then if God will not go with me there, God forbid I should attempt it. As it is written, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." I have some confidence that God is by this method controlling and ordering my steps; but he commands me no where, and I am doing nothing for God here. There is nothing to be seen that would afford me any comfort so long as I do not see lost sinners coming home to God.

The English Conference is now sitting in Manchester; I am undecided whether to visit it or not. The preachers, no doubt, will be all engaged; and, as I have no particular business there, I should be as much alone as here. I must close this letter in a state of entire uncertainty respecting my providential path. My soul is sitting at God's footstool, having no will, but referring all to him, saying, "Lord, God, if thou hast sent me forth, direct my goings."

These statements open his heart to our inspection at a most interesting period of his movements. And this is one of Mr. C.'s peculiarities. Not only in his writings, but also in social life and in the pulpit, he is remarkable for the transparency of his character. He seems to have nothing to conceal, and is willing you should look into the secret workings of his soul. How delightful, too, is the place and position of his soul at this trying period, "*Sitting at God's footstool, having no will.*" He did not have to sit thus a great while. A faint light guided him to Manchester. He describes his visit thither in the following language: —

On the afternoon, after much prayer, I started for Manchester by railroad, arrived there about dark, and put up at the Star Hotel. Next day, Sabbath, I heard the Rev. Dr. Bunting. High as were my expectations, I was not disappointed. His sermon was a clear and beautiful exposition of that striking text, Hebrews ii. 10. It was just such a discourse as only a master in Israel could preach. The Doctor appeared in excellent health, and was listened to with breathless attention. In the evening, at another chapel, I heard the Rév. John M'Lean, on Romans x. 4, and was highly delighted. I was exceedingly pleased with the man, his manner, and his language. There was a gracious unction in every part of the sermon. I am sure much good was done, and could he have stayed at the prayer-meeting which followed the sermon, and assisted the brethren by his presence and influence "to draw the net ashore," I am persuaded a multitude would have been entangled within its ample sweep. As it was, a few came forward to be prayed for, but none appeared to have the influence of Mr. M'Lean. The people gradually left the house, and, I think, none were converted to God. I mourned about it, still I believe it did not return unto the Lord void; but the frequent failures of such powerful discourses, as it regards the immediate gathering in of awakened sinners, have made me suspicious.

I formerly cast out the net in this way and retired, without taking the trouble to see whether any soul had got entangled therein; and for months together I was not aware of a single seal to my ministry. The brethren would often say, "We are on the eve of a powerful revival," but when next Sabbath came, sinners were as far from God as ever, and were once more ready to play around and inside my harmless net. At last I came to the determination that I would stand by my net with tears and many prayers, and that I would not leave the fishing-place till I had seen what success. Then it was I began to see, more abundantly, the positive fruit of my labors. Sometimes, indeed, we have "toiled all night," and have "caught nothing;" but then we had this satisfaction, The net has been drawn ashore, and we have done the best we could; the fish have escaped this time, but next Sabbath, by the help of the Holy Ghost, I will endeavor to have my net ready to let down "on the right side of the ship," so constructed, and of such materials, that sinners will find it difficult to run through it or get disentangled from it. There is much meaning in that invitation and promise which Jesus gave to Simon, and Andrew his brother, as they were casting their net into the sea of Galilee, "Come ye after me, and I will make you to be fishers of men."

Is there not also an important lesson in that singular illustration used by our Lord, in the thirteenth of Matthew: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away?" When a minister's health will allow him, and suitable persons are willing to assist, a lively prayer meeting after the evening sermon greatly promotes the design of the Christian ministry.

On Monday I heard the Rev. Robert Newton preach what is called the "Conference sermon," text, 1 Cor. i. 23. The chapel was literally crammed. He carried us along on the majestic stream of his eloquence during an hour, and closed amidst hearty expressions of satisfaction and joy, especially from his admiring brethren in the ministry. Mr. Newton looked quite as well as when I saw him in New York, in 1839. In the evening, the candidates for ordination related their conversion and call to the work of the ministry, before a very crowded audience.

Next day I sent my ordination parchments into Conference, with the recommendatory letter of my Conference, when a ticket of admittance was sent me, signed by the President, the Rev James Dixon. Here I became acquainted with several of the preachers. The Rev. William Lord, of Hull, showed me great kindness, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit that town. I was introduced to the Rev. Thomas Waugh, and the Rev. William Stewart, representatives from the Irish Conference. Mr. Waugh received me with all that full-toned ardor which is so peculiarly Irish. His heart was open to me in a moment; and learning that I intended to visit Ireland, he took his pen, and wrote me a letter of introduction to all the Wesleyan Methodist ministers in Ireland. Mr. Stewart is the most agreeable and entertaining companion I have ever met. It would be impossible for you to be in his company five minutes without thinking of Proverbs iii. 17.

After the pleasure of dining with several members of Conference, among whom was Dr. Hannah, once, you will remember, the representative to the American general Conference, I stepped into a railway carriage, and arrived once more in Liverpool. It was then strongly impressed upon my mind to sail for Dublin, although I did not know a human being there. After much prayer I felt fully persuaded that this was the path of Providence. When walking towards the docks, I noticed that two steamers were to sail that evening; and as the charge for a cabin passage in one was only half as much as the other, I chose the cheapest, and for once in my life I paid dearly for my economy. We encountered a very heavy gale during the night; some of the passengers were much alarmed, but I slept most profoundly till morning. A gentleman came down into the cabin before I arose, and said, "We have a heavy gale, and it is right in our teeth. The wind says to our steamer, *No*, and the engine says, *Yes*, faintly. We are making about two miles an hour." On going upon deck, to my surprise, we were only creeping along the coast of Wales; our progress had been very slow during the night, as we were only a few miles from Liverpool. Now I found out my mistake; instead of taking the mail steamer I had gone aboard a heavy freight-boat. During the gale I resorted to my old method of deck walking, but a few steps convinced me this must be abandoned.

Well, if I could not use my feet, I held on with my hands, and gave employment to my eyes, in scanning the mountainous scenery of Wales. We had terrible tossings along the coast of the Isle of Anglesea.

After gaining Holyhead we steered with a straight course for Dublin, at which place we landed about midnight. I put up at the hotel of the Northumberland Buildings. Next morning I arose in good health, but with great mournfulness of spirit. Throughout the day my mind was sorely depressed. I thought of what the Lord said to the Israelites: "Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." The day was wet, the streets extremely dirty, and wherever I went I was surrounded with swarms of the most importunate beggars. Their pleadings for help against hunger and distress were the most doleful you could imagine. After some difficulty, I found the preacher's house in Whitefriar's street. On presenting Mr. Waugh's letter of introduction, I was received with great kindness by the Rev. Robinson Scott. A few moments in his company convinced me, this man is entirely devoted to God; and an acquaintance of several weeks has confirmed and deepened the impression. After a short conversation, which greatly cheered my mind, he conducted me to Lower

Abbey street, and introduced me to the junior preacher, the Rev. George Vance. With him my heart was united in a few moments. Thus, in the same day, I formed an acquaintance with two servants of God, which every day's intercourse endears, and for which, I believe, I shall praise God throughout eternity. A few days after, I had the pleasure of being introduced to their excellent colleague, the Rev. Henry Price. On Saturday night, after I had retired to rest, Mr. Vance called at the hotel, and requested me to preach the next day at the Henderick street chapel, to which I agreed.

Next morning my soul was sorely buffeted by Satan. "Your adversary the devil," says St. Peter, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." He roared against my soul. The forty-second Psalm, and the following lines, express what I then felt: —

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
  That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
  So thirsts to reach thy secret resting place.

On briny tears my famished soul hath fed,
  While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
Say, where is now thy Great Deliverer,
  Thy mighty God, deserted wanderer, where?

Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddened soul?
  Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
  And joy be yet an inmate of my breast.

I know this experience will not surprise you, for our blessed Lord said to his disciples, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." I had no doubt of the favor of God, nor that the blood of Christ had cleansed me from all sin, but my soul was like the grapes in the wine-press. Have you ever read those beautiful lines of Rev. Charles

Wesley, descriptive of the mental conflicts of Thomas Walsh, who died in this city many years ago?

Impatient to be truly great,
  Ambitious of a crown above;
He coveted the highest seat,
  He asked the gift of perfect love.

He asked, alas! but knew not then,
  The purport of his own desire,
How deep that cup of sacred pain,
  How searching that baptismal fire.

The Lord allowed his bold request,
  The servant is called forth to share
That anguish of a wounded breast,
  Those pangs, which only God could bear.

Who drank in his sad days of flesh,
  The potion by his Father given,
And bids his members feel afresh,
  The fierceness of the wrath of Heaven.

A taste of that mysterious cup,
  His faithful follower now received,
And filled his Lord's afflictions up,
  While grief beyond description grieved.

The above is perhaps too strong for my experience at this time, but my soul was amazed and sorely tried.

After taking breakfast with a few pious persons, at Mr. Vance's lodgings in Abbey street, a young brother conducted me to Henderick street. The congregation was small. To them, for the first time in Europe, I opened my commission, from John xvii. 1: "Father! the hour is come." The Lord touched the hearts of several, and a gracious influence rested on the whole congregation. At the conclusion of the service I quietly retired through a door under the pulpit, and regained the street, little imagining the stir which had been excited among the dear people in the chapel. Some were saying, "Who is he?" others, "What is his name?" One little party were inquiring, "Who sent him here?" and another, were fully of opinion that "this stranger should be invited to preach again at night."

In the mean time I and my guide were hastening back again to Abbey street chapel, to receive the sacrament. Two brethren, William Fielding and Richard Craig, who have since been very valuable friends to me, were dispatched after us, and when they overtook us they presented the wish of the people. I consented on condition it should be agreeable to the preachers. They soon obtained permission, and that night I preached to a large congregation with a good degree of liberty. An influence from heaven rested upon the leaders; and, after a consultation with their ministers, it was resolved to hold "special services" during the week, "to promote a revival of the work of God." I agreed to preach four nights, but with the secret determination to leave the following week. I left the hotel on receiving a pressing invitation from Mr. Fielding to make his house my home. Towards the latter part of the week we found ourselves surrounded with weeping penitents. The glory of the Lord filled the house, and sinners were daily converted to God. We continued these services in this chapel during four weeks. A select meeting was then appointed for the young converts, and one hundred and thirty persons came forward to testify that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all their sins.

All the young converts were very clear as to the distinct manner in which they had been awakened, as well as in the time and place of their conversion. This will be of no small assistance to them in their future conflicts, if they prove faithful. A Christian has great advantage over the enemy of his soul, when he can confidently refer to the precise place and exact time of his adoption into the family of God. My soul was much comforted in beholding such an affecting scene. The language of my heart was,—

> "Who, I ask, in amaze,
> Hath begotten me these ?
> And inquire from what quarter they came :
> My full heart it replies,
> They are born from the skies,
> And gives glory to God and the Lamb."

It would be impossible, my dear friend, to tell you how severe were my mental trials during the four weeks I spent in this chapel. Sometimes it did appear as though the devil would have torn me to pieces. Fiery darts were cast at me as thick as hail. My soul was almost continually pressed down by a weight that was scarcely supportable ; and yet the adversary could not touch either my justification or sanctification. His evident design was to drive me out of the city. He constantly insisted, "You shall not be permitted to enjoy any comfort in Dublin, so you had better be off." The Lord, I believe, on the other hand, showed me, if I would leave before he gave me liberty, I should be no better off in any other place. I therefore determined to fight it out, and bear patiently the grievous curses of this infernal *Shimei*, 2 Samuel xvi. ; and curse me he did, by day and night, from street to street, in the pulpit and out of it ; but I continued, with all my might, to win sinners to Christ. He never insinuated that he would have me in hell, nor that I was a hypocrite, nor any thing of the kind ; but, that if I would injure his kingdom, he would injure me ; that, if I should keep up hostilities, he would do the same ; and, at least, deprive me of all comfort. Allow me, however, my dear friend, to say, that I was often compelled to acknowledge : —

> "Calm amidst tremendous motion,
> Knowing that my Lord is nigh ;
> Waves obey him,
> And the storms before him fly."

At a particular time, I opened on Ezekiel xlvii. 3—5, which gave me great encouragement. The first real check the devil received from God was when I was walking in the Phœnix Park, near the city. God then came down upon my soul in mighty power. The enemy was silenced, and I rejoiced "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Satan returned again with more caution and less confidence. God then put a hook in his jaws, and said, "Thus far thou shalt go, but no farther." There were other particular seasons of divine visitations to my soul, in which God "half revealed his face." The consciousness of the immediate presence of God to my soul was deep and unutterable.

You will remember that I related to you some gracious revealings of a spiritual nature, before I left America, in which I thought God condescended to converse with my spirit, and gave me many special directions for the guidance both of my present and future movements. It was in the same manner, though far clearer, and with greater power and unction, an invisible agent seemed to hold conversation with my soul; in which promises, directions, and encouragements, were given in quick succession. My spirit was often as still as the midnight hour, and the communings of an active agent were as perceptible as any conversation I ever had with a visible friend. More I cannot venture to say at present. Of this I am persuaded, I shall see some striking displays of the power of God in the conversion of sinners. The following came with uncommon force: "I will be with thee whithersoever thou shalt go, to deliver thee." Also the passage, John xiv. 21—23.

The state of my soul during these divine visitations was that of deep self-abasement. A solemn and an oppressive awe rested upon my whole nature; yet, strange as it may appear, my soul was weaker than a bruised reed. The more firmly I believed and rested upon the divine promises and counsels, the more I gained strength; and when such manifestations in a great measure ceased, I received in their place a larger measure of the perfect love of God. But you are ready to inquire, "Had you no doubts whether such communications came from God?" No, I cannot say I had, they came in such a way, and with such an holy unction, as to leave no room for doubts. I may also add there was nothing in them to excite my suspicion, nothing contrary to the written word of God; if so, I should have rejected them with horror; nothing that did not lead to purity and entire devotedness to God.

When the Rev. Thomas Waugh, the Superintendent of this Circuit, returned from England, he was made acquainted with the amazing work of God going on. He immediately sanctioned my movements, placed the fullest confidence in me, and told me to go on in my own way. From then till now he has been ever ready to open any door of usefulness to me within his power; I thank God for such a friend. This long communication, which I know will rejoice your heart, as well as many of my other dear friends in America, I must now close. The revival is going on in another chapel with great power. Between two and three hundred sinners have been converted to God. Glory, eternal glory, be to that God, who

* * * "Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;"

and who, adored be his name! can,—

"Though hell weaves snares a thousand ways,
Place *mercy* central in the maze!"

My friends may make themselves perfectly easy respecting my temporal circumstances; I have all and abound.

The Dublin people are proverbial for their hospitality to strangers; but I can say of them, as the queen of Sheba said of the wisdom of Solomon, "Behold, the half was not told me."

* * * * * * * * *

Yesterday was a gracious day to my soul in the Abbey street chapel. The interior is spacious and elegant, has a fine organ, and the congregation is second to none I have ever seen, either in respectability or intelligence. My morning text was Deut. viii. 2. Many acknowledged, with streaming eyes, the mercies of God, and the designs of his providence. In the afternoon fifty persons, who had been converted lately in this chapel, came forward to give public thanks to God for his pardoning love. At night, to a congregation of not less than two thousand, I cried, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" &c. 1 Kings xviii. 21. It was an awful time; seventy persons came forward as penitents, and many found mercy.

In the midst of these successful labors Mr. Caughey's mind was subjected to an unusually severe temptation from Satan. He viewed this assault as a part of the tactics of the Great Enemy of all good to hinder the revival in Dublin. He therefore met the adversary with boldness; he endured hardness like a good soldier until he won a victory. To the editor, these spiritual traits are among the most interesting portions of his letters. They illustrate so encouragingly the sameness of ministerial experience, and furnish a fine example of fidelity and endurance. Who can behold Mr. Caughey, amidst these Satanic floods, rising as they did in furious waves, standing firmly on the "Rock of ages," steadily keeping his great work in view, and laboring with a zeal which increased with the magnitude of the storm, without being stimulated to a corresponding boldness? But let us listen to his own descriptions of his mental state under this trial. He says of it: —

God has in a great measure silenced the enemy. Satan found it of no use; out of Dublin I would not go while God was converting souls. He pressed me very sore, but this goaded me to greater ardor in the cause of God. The more he harassed me with temptations, the more I was enabled to prevail against his kingdom. His file was very rough, but by it my soul became the brighter, and obtained a keener edge and livelier sensibilities. His fire was very intense, trying and searching the inmost of the soul. What one said of the old blacksmith, my poor soul could say of the adversary, "Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil;" but this only nerved me for "my turn," and made me more resolute in attempting to overthrow his strongholds. Oh, help me to praise the Lord! for he could say to angels, and men, and devils, when pointing to Dublin, "Is not my word like as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Jer. xxiii. 29.

I am far mistaken if the devil has not considered Dublin the *pass* to the three kingdoms; and, perhaps, of as much importance to his kingdom, as Thermopylæ was to the Grecians. How then could I expect him to

"Give quiet pass
Through his dominions for this enterprize?"

Glory be to God! we have got possession of the pass. God has fought for us, and the slain of the Lord are many. The revival is going on with power, but I cannot tell you the exact number converted to God since the date of my last letter to you; but I think not less than one hundred and fifty. I am sorry to inform you that the work of entire sanctification advances very slowly. Many seem to be earnestly seeking purity of heart, but I do not remember that any person has, as yet, distinctly professed its attainment during the revival. I greatly fear there must be something grievously deficient in my method of preaching it, else God would surely raise up his witnesses for this doctrine as well as for that of justification. The one is as much a New Testament privilege as the other.

Yesterday, (Sabbath,) after taking breakfast with the "Strangers' Friend Society," I walked over to the Hendrick street chapel to preach. On my arrival, every countenance wore the hues of sorrow. One of their old leaders, Mr. William Haughton, had just departed for heaven, and their hearts were oppressed with grief. I could not well chide them, as his gain was indeed a loss to them, which, in the first shock of the news, they knew not how to sustain. All seemed to feel that his place could never be supplied. During thirty years he had been a father to that society. The excitement was increased by the presence of the members of his six classes, mingling their tears and sighs together, as children for the death of a most beloved parent.

Instead of taking the subject I had intended, I chose Rev. vi. 13—17; and never, *never* have I seen such a weeping congregation. Their tears and sobs would have softened a heart of stone. Suddenly, like a burst of sunshine on a summer's afternoon, when the rains have ceased, an influence, evidently from God, came down upon the people. The Lord seemed to open heaven to the view of his saints; at least, the veil became so transparent that hundreds felt, during thirty or forty minutes, as if they were surrounded with the glories of the celestial world. The church militant and the church triumphant appeared to unite in a manner it is not possible to describe. I cannot, I dare not attempt it, not even the language given me in that hour. Oh, what views of God and heaven filled my amazed soul! It was what one has elsewhere called, "A vision of glory;" such as, perhaps, none of us ever had before, nor may ever have again, till "mortality is swallowed up of life."

The service was closed, and every countenance wore a calm, heavenly expression, as if each was saying in his or her heart,—

"There is a world where winter comes not,
Where a farewell enters never,
Where no clouds the atmosphere blot,
And, no changes our friendship sever.
That world is the home of the soul,
And Oh! how swiftly it flies to the goal.
There sorrow's note is never heard,
No storm a rose-leaf ever stirred,
But strains on harps of heavenly sound,
And songs ecstatic breathe around."

The last Sabbath night this holy man spent upon earth was in Abbey street chapel. The crowd was great, and he stood with his eyes fixed upon me during the whole sermon. At the close of the prayer meeting he stood upon a bench, and gave the people his last exhortation, and sung that verse, which I believe was his favorite,—

"When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

Next Sabbath night, about that time, he was in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I visited him a day or two before he died. On approaching his bed, such an influence came upon me as melted me into tears in a moment. I felt God was there, and that a warrior of our Israel had entered upon his last battle with the enemy. He reached out his hand and said, "Tell the congregation the following is my experience: —

"'He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.'"

One day, when sitting together in his little parlor, a few weeks before he was taken with his last sickness, he said to me, "I have often stood upon yonder bridge, and looked at the figure of Hope, on the dome of the Custom House, leaning upon her anchor, with her face turned towards the troubled sea, as if in anxious but confident expectation of the lingering ship; soon after, I have seen the weather-beaten vessel entering the harbor, badly shattered by the storm, rigging disordered, and sails riven into shreds; and it is thus, I have thought, that hope cheers the soul on the stormy ocean of life, and calmly encourages the billow-tossed Christian to hasten into the harbor of glory; when, lo! the weather-beaten servant of God, shattered by time and storms, dashes into the port, where hope had so long had her anchor cast within the vail." He little thought he was just then sailing so near the coast of heaven, nor that he should so suddenly dart into the harbor of eternal rest. Mr. Haughton also informed me, that in the little parlor alluded to, Mr. Wesley had often taken breakfast with the Dublin preachers; and that, when a boy, in the same place, he had often swung upon the knees of that venerable saint.

It will be interesting to my American friends to know that this is the famous little room where the Rev. John Summerfield was converted to God. The spot where he obtained remission of sins, and the hearth-stone upon which he stood, when giving his first exhortation, were pointed out to me by Mrs. Haughton, who was one of the praying company to whom the address was delivered. Ah! I thought, in this humble room arose that "burning and shining light," who became the wonder of America, the glory of Christ, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hundreds of thousands were enraptured by his eloquence; and many, very many, were the seals of his ministry.

I had an awful time the other night in one of the chapels, on this text, Rev. xiv. 9—11, and, just as we were singing that verse,—

> "Ye virgin souls arise,
>
> * * *
>
> Oil in your vessels take,"—

the whole of the lights went out, with the exception of a couple of candles on the side of the pulpit. Twelve brilliant gas lights extinguished *unaccountably* in a moment! The effect was really awful, as the minds of sinners were predisposed to strong sensations by the text, sermon, and hymn. Many trembled, but there was no confusion. Afterwards nine or ten sinners were converted to God in the prayer meeting.

A very remarkable conversion, in answer to prayer, has lately taken place, which I know will interest you. A young lady, a few weeks since, arrived in this city from England, on a visit to her friends. Shortly after she was induced to attend the services; the word reached her heart, and, after a severe and deep repentance, God spoke peace to her soul. In the simplicity of her heart she wrote an account of her conversion to her mother, in Liverpool, and desired liberty to unite herself with the Methodist church, little suspecting the natural enmity of the unrenewed heart. Her mother, a high-spirited, unconverted woman, felt an instant indignation against her daughter; wrote to her immediately, ridiculed the revival, forbade her joining the Methodists, reproached her for her weakness of mind, and ordered her home. The young lady, alarmed at the tone of the letter, sent a note to the pulpit, stating the case in a delicate way, and requesting my prayers, and those of the congregation, for the conversion of her mother. We fell down before God; faithful and united prayer was offered, in which, I believe, every pious soul joined.

A few days after, a letter arrived from Liverpool, giving an account of the mother's conversion. On the night "the prayer of faith" was offered to God, she was awakened to see herself a sinner on the brink of hell. "During the night," said she, "I felt as if I was in a furnace of fire." The next morning God converted her soul. In that letter she humbly asked forgiveness of her daughter, and the same from me, although she had never seen me; but it was on account of what she had said against the revival; and concluded by giving her liberty to join the Methodists as soon as she pleased, as she intended to do the same herself.

On the 17th of last month, (November, 1841,) I visited, with a few friends, the castle of Dublin. It happened to be the day of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland's levee. It was held at the Castle. We had to make our way through two companies of sentinels; and, after much difficulty, were permitted to stand in the hall of the grand entrance, where we had a fine view of the visiters. About thirteen hundred of the aristocracy of Ireland paid their respects to his lordship. They were all arrayed in rich court dresses, distinctive of their rank and station; whether officers of state, bishops, archbishops, or inferior clergy; private gentlemen, officers of the army, members of the city university, or of other institutions of the country. The scene was very animated and imposing. The band of the Royal Hussars was stationed in the Upper Castle Yard, and

"Discoursed sweet music."

A party of the 45th regiment lined the hall, and a variety of inferior officers were stationed at the different entrances. We waited, with some interest, to see the newly-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. His carriage drove up, tastefully ornamented with green and yellow. He ascended the grand stairway, followed by the new members of the Corporation, dressed in scarlet cloaks. We had a good view of O'Connell, as he stood upon one of the landings, waiting his turn to be presented. He was dressed in his civic robe, in his hand the wand of office, and on his left stood the bearer of the mace. Health, happiness, good humor, and independence, appeared as if holding a levee upon what a poet calls "the temper of his face." He seemed well pleased with himself, and perfectly so with every body and every thing around him.

After leaving the hall we got entangled in a net, which cost us much trouble before we were liberated. No sooner had we passed the castle gate than we were inclosed in the midst of thousands; many of them the lowest of human society. Nothing was heard but the cheering and shouting of the multitude, cracking of whips, prancing of horses, bawling of coachmen, and jambing and crashing of carriages; some of them two or three deep, struggling which should first enter the gate. The scene was frightful. It was often doubtful whether we should be crushed by a coach and horses, or trampled down by the mob. To retreat, was impossible; to go forward, equally so. At last a providential way opened and we escaped. When walking home we found the line of coaches yet to enter, a mile in length.

* * * * *

The Wesleyan Methodists, have three very respectable chapels in Dublin, and several smaller ones in the vicinity; but, as there is nothing particularly interesting in their architecture, I shall forbear description. The Methodists in this country seem more anxious to provide accommodations for the greatest possible number of hearers, than to expend their money on costly decorations, which sometimes leave the multitude unprovided for. The chapel in Whitefriar street should not, however, pass unnoticed. It was erected by Mr. Wesley, ten or twelve years after the first Methodist society was formed, and a venerable building it is; quite in the old style, very plain, and without any communion place. The lobby overhead is furnished on either side with a suite of convenient rooms, in one of which died that eminent minister of Jesus Christ, Thomas Walsh. After a long and severe conflict with the powers of darkness, while a few of his brethren were praying for him in an adjoining room, he burst into a transport of joy, exclaiming, "He is come! He is come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his, his for ever!" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Last night I assisted Mr. Waugh in holding what I think he called the ninetieth watch-night meeting held in this chapel. My sensations were peculiarly humbling, when reflecting, "I am now standing in a pulpit, once so effectually occupied by the Wesleys, and the seraphic Fletcher." The Lord has lately honored this consecrated place by the con-conversion of many sinners.

* * * * *

On the night of Thursday, the 6th of January, 1842, I preached my last sermon in Abbey street chapel. That large house was crowded in every part. I had taken my farewell at two of the other chapels, and affecting seasons they were, but the scene at Abbey street surpassed any thing of the kind I had ever beheld. After sermon, about thirteen hundred persons remained to bid me farewell, and they intimated most significantly, that out of the house they would not go until they had shaken hands with me. I bore up under the excitement till I thus parted with two hundred of them, chiefly young converts; but their tears and cries so affected me, that I could not bear it, and excused myself from proceeding, saying, I would imitate the converted Indian chief, "Shake hands with them in my heart," by singing,

"Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now, here's my heart, and here my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more."

When this was over, matters became worse and worse; I was hemmed in on every side. At last two or three brethren, in mercy, undertook to set me free, and they had a task. With much trouble they opened a small path, and through a forest of hands, I gained the street; when, lo! it was lined to my home, at Mr. M'Comas's. The door was surrounded with people, but some friends succeeded in pulling me into the house; but, even here, there was little relief, as many were inside. The sorrowful hearts of the people at my departure, and a deep sense of my own unworthiness and utter insignificancy, crushed my spirit to the very dust. Never, in all my travels, have I met with a people equal to those of Dublin. Their affection knew no bounds: I cannot tell you all, my dear sister; but their many acts of kindness and generous friendship are too deeply engraven upon the heart of your unworthy brother ever to be obliterated.

I preached one hundred and twenty-nine sermons in Dublin, and about seven hundred persons professed to have received pardoning mercy. Many of these were members of society who had never before obtained salvation. Some were backsliders. Several from other churches, but a large proportion were from the world.

To give the reader a just conception of the genuineness of these numerous conversions, we insert a letter written by Richard Craig, Esq., of Dublin, in March, 1847. This letter will show how sacred and how lasting was the influence communicated from God through Mr. Caughey's labors in that city: it also presents his labors there in a deeply interesting point of view:—

"Dublin, March 9th, 1847.

"Dear Sir,—After the Conference of 1841, the Society connected with Henderick street Chapel was looking forward, with no small degree of anxiety to the expected ministrations of the Rev. Robinson Scott, who had been appointed to this city, and whose reported love for revivals had made his appointment an exceedingly popular one. On Sunday, 8th August, the day on which Mr. Scott was expected to preach for the first time in that chapel, Mr. Caughey delivered his first message on this side of the Atlantic. His method of reading the Psalms and Lessons for the day, and his passing remarks, seemed to make a most favorable impression on the congregation: and he preached a sermon, in his own peculiarly tender, heart-searching, and affecting manner which will not soon be forgotton. Its effect was astonishing. The people were delighted with their new preacher; but behold! on inquiry, it was discovered not to be Mr. Scott, but "a stranger from America." In less time than I have been writing, it was decided that another brother (Fielding) and myself, should hasten after, and endeavor to prevail on him to preach again. * * * * *

"So much for his first sermon. His last in Dublin was preached in Abby street Chapel on a week evening. I had frequently gone there to hear other great men preach occasional sermons on the Sabbath, but never before did I see that large chapel, the most spacious we had in the city, so densely crowded: such a mass of human beings in such a space I had never before seen. Although many of his hearers, from the immense pressure, must have been exceedingly uncomfortable, his sermon was heard with the deepest attention. Sorrow "that they should see his face no more," seemed to be depicted on almost every countenance. At the conclusion, he earnestly requested all present, but especially the young converts, to be attentive to the means of grace, more especially those for Christian communion; and urged upon them the necessity of exercising liberality in the the cause of God. He then spoke of the kindly bearing of the preachers towards him, and of their brotherly love; and with a delicacy of feeling which did him honor, he expressed his fears that, from the way he had been laboring amongst them, they might expect too much from their ministers. To guard against this he informed them, that if he was stationed among them, as his brethren around him were, it would be utterly impossible for him to fulfil the duties of the circuit, and at the same time carry on the meetings, evening after evening, as he had done. He then bade those near him farewell, and with great difficulty got home.

"I think that the number brought to God during his ministry in Dublin was about 700, nearly half of whom were from the world. During the five years prior to his visit, the average number of members in the Dublin Society was 1267; and the average annual number of emigrations, during the same period, was 39. During the five years which have elapsed since Mr. Caughey's visit, the average number of members has been 1592, and of emigrations, 52 annually for four years, no return of emigrations having been made for the year 1846. This shows a clear average increase of 325, besides making up the deficiencies caused by emigration.

Formerly the society was only able to pay three preachers; within a few years of Mr. Caughey's visit, by much exertion, the expense of four was met; but in consequence of the blessing of the Most High on his labors, we are now able, from having such an increase of members, to support six. Thus, even in a financial point of view, his services in Dublin were invaluable, and, as it appears, produced lasting good. The amount of money subscribed to some of the most important funds of the Society has also increased considerably, as the following statement shows:—

	Average of five years prior to Mr. Caughey's visit.	Average of five years subsequent to Mr. Caughey's visit.
Yearly Collection . .	£156 1 11	£174 11 11
Education Fund	48 16 0	55 11 0
Chapel Fund	58 0 2	64 13 10
Missions	585 0 0	615 15 2
	846 18 1	910 11 11

So that to these four funds there has been a gross average annual increase of about £63.

"Here, then, we have from the Minutes of Conference, a demonstrative proof, whether reference be made to the eternal or temporal interests of the society, that the work which was wrought through Mr. Caughey's instrumentality, was indeed of God, and not the effect of mere animal excitement or fanaticism; and the results have been such as I am able to prove are unequalled in the entire history of Methodism in Dublin.

"The secret of Mr. Caughey's success in Dublin was, that he always acknowledged the necessity of the Spirit's influence to make his ministrations profitable to the people, Hence he spent many hours of each day on his knees, with his Bible spread open before him, asking wisdom from on high, and beseeching a blessing from God on the preaching of his word. This, while at Mr. Fielding's, (and I believe Mr. McComas's,) was his almost constant employment between breakfast and dinner. Whenever he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to spend an evening out, he usually retired an hour before the commencement of the evening's service, in order again to cry to God for a blessing on the people. I have, on more than one occasion, accompained him from my own or from a friend's house to the house of God, and during the whole of our walk he scarcely ever exhanged a word with me, — seemingly lost in contemplation of the importance of the work in which he was about to be engaged. What a contrast to the bearing of some ministers in similar circumstances. He showed that he felt it to be his one business to be made instrumental in the salvation of sinners.

"At a tea-meeting in Henderick street Chapel, which took place a few days before he left Dublin, Mr, Waugh, the Superintendent, in the presence of the preachers and leaders, and on behalf of the Society, returned him thanks for his labors amongst us ; and promised that, as far as in him lay, every facility should be afforded Mr. Caughey for his visits to the different Societies in this land. Such a statement, from such an order-loving man as Mr. Waugh, speaks trumpet-tongued as to the high opinion he then entertained of his piety, usefulness, and obedience. I have no reason to think that his opinion has undergone the slightest change.

"I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

"R. Craig."

CHAPTER XI.

TEN WEEKS IN LIMERICK.

Among the many evidences, which Mr. Caughey's movements furnish to demonstrate the reality and divinity of his mission to Europe, is the facility with which the Providence of God opened doors of access for him to the people. Considering the extraordinary method of holding protracted public services which he was led to adopt, it is surprising that his way was opened without any direct effort of his own. Indeed, nothing is more apparent than that Mr. Caughey *had no plan*, preconceived, and subsequently carried out by persevering labor. He acted in simple, believing obedience to the call of God, leaving his heavenly director to prepare a way for his willing feet. How he should move, after his arrival in Liverpool, he did not know; where he should commence his labors, he could not conceive. But he stood ready for the conflict at any point. This was precisely the attitude proper to his views and situation. And how naturally he moved. The Conference is in session at Manchester. There, the heart of the great Methodist body is to be seen, and there he modestly appears. An invitation to Ireland decides his mind to visit Dublin. In that place, an invitation to preach brings him before the people. God owns his first sermon, by causing it to produce a deep impression on the leading men present, that the stranger is sent to them from

God. They invite him to preach again. He does so, and with mighty effect, for a great revival commences at once. They insist on his stay. He remains, until an army of souls is raised up. His fame in Dublin procures him an invitation to Limerick, and thus he proceeds from place to place blessing and being blessed. What stronger demonstration, than these facts, can be demanded in proof of the genuineness of his astonishing impression ? We know of none. But let us hear his somewhat versatile statements concerning the ten weeks he spent in Limerick. He says : —

I had a very pleasant ride, though rather cold, from Dublin to Limerick. Our route lay through several towns and villages, among which were Maryborough and Boscrea. I had a glance at a round tower, the first of the kind I had ever seen. I am agreeably entertained at the house of Mr. Keys. He and his sister are very intelligent persons, exceedingly kind, and deeply devoted to God. Several precious souls have been converted since my arrival.

On the 13th inst., (January, 1842,) I received the following letter from an intelligent and excellent brother in Dublin : —

" My very dear Sir,—

" On last Sabbath I was informed of an awful circumstance, which occurred on the Sabbath evening you preached in Whitefriar street, from this text, ' This year thou shalt die.' You may probably recollect that, in your prayer, you earnestly besought God to spare that man for three weeks, whom he had decided on calling soon into eternity, in order that, before death, he might seek the salvation of his soul. On that night, a man who lived in the neighborhood had wandered into the chapel, was deeply affected under the prayer, and went home convinced of sin. For years he had had a swelling upon the side of his neck, which, however, gave him little if any annoyance. On the next day, Monday, it became sore and inflamed, and continued so bad that at last he was under the necessity of giving up work, and taking to his bed. A physician was called in, and, on examining the sore, pronounced it a cancer. The poor man sank speedily under it, and in a short time the entire inside of his throat was exposed. He continued, during all his sufferings, to cry for mercy, and at length God spoke peace to his soul; and exactly in three weeks from that Sabbath evening, and at the same hour in which you had been engaged in prayer, he exchanged time for eternity, with a hope blooming with immortality."

I had a delightful walk this afternoon, along the bank of a branch of the river Shannon, east of the city. My promenade was a wide embankment, a mile and a half in length, with water on both sides. My soul was engaged in earnest pleading with God for an outpouring of his Holy Spirit on Limerick. I told the Lord, with deep emotion and reverential awe, that if he had called me from America to preach the gospel in these kingdoms, and if I was still permitted to retain my commission, he would condescend to own and attend me in all my ministrations of his truth. I then drew nearer to God, and represented the smallness of my congregations, and the comparative want of success which had, as yet, attended my ministry in Limerick. O, my dear sister, God came near to my soul; I felt great sweetness, and a strong assurance that God would bring out the people, and awaken and convert many sinners, before he would call me out of this city. The day before yesterday we were visited with a most terrific hurricane. Several vessels in the harbor were much injured. The roofs of many houses were seriously damaged; one house was demolished, and two or three lives lost. The beautiful stone bridge across the Shannon was greatly injured, by vessels which had broken loose from their moorings, and drifted against it. Two ships were upset below the bridge. The scene was awful. We are expecting sad tidings from the coast. Last night I improved the dreadful visitation from that passage, 1 Kings xix. 11—13.

Limerick has more than once been smitten by the rod of God's providence. A short time since, I was taking tea with one of our most influential friends here. In the course of our conversation, he related an awful event which happened a few years ago, by a terrible explosion of gunpowder. A number of houses were blown to atoms, and eighteen or twenty persons killed. His house stood next to one that was thrown down, and was badly shattered. He pointed to the wall of the room in which we were sitting, and said the shock dashed it in nearly a foot, but it sprang back to its place immediately. He and his family had a most miraculous escape. The house was filled with the smoke of gunpowder, and when the neighbors gathered around his door, supposing they were all killed, they made their appearance as monuments of mercy, uninjured, but covered with the dust of bricks and mortar. I was amused with the account of the old family clock, which stood at the head of the stairs at the time of the explosion; notwithstanding the wall was torn to pieces close by, and the stairs demolished, the old time-piece kept its footing, having just enough left to stand upon; and a few minutes after the catastrophe, struck the proper hour, eleven o'clock, and continued its motions with the same regularity as if nothing had happened. And thus, I thought, it is with time; whatever disasters may occur beneath the sun, time still goes on.

"Who shall contend with
Time? Unvanquished time?
The Conqueror of Conquerors, and Lord
Of desolation."

Since the sun first

"Burst into birth,
And dashed from off his altitude sublime,
The first dread ray that marked commencing time,"

it has never paused. Although our globe was once nearly depopulated, and often since has it been rent and torn by earthquakes, and devastated by fire and storm; while revolutions have convulsed the nations dwelling upon its surface, and myriads of immortal beings have been incarcerated in hell, or blessed with the liberty and joys of an eternal heaven; through all the vicissitudes to which our planet has been subject, Time, dread Time, has never for a moment rested his pinion to sigh over the wreck and the desolations both of the works and the hopes of man. How truly sublime is the poet's description: —

Remorseless time;
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe, what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity!
On, still on he presses, and for ever.
The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depth, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wing at night-fall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag;
But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep, or weariness;
And night's deep darkness has no chains to bind
His rushing pinion!
On, still on he presses, and for ever.

I had a refreshing season the other night, while preaching on that encouraging text, Luke xv. 10, "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." What a broad and glorious charter is this for revival efforts. Is it not sufficient to kindle an inextinguishable flame of zeal in the breast of a minister of Christ? How clearly does it reveal the intimate connection existing between the world of mind in heaven, and the world of mind upon earth. Does it not show that God has linked his great family, above and below, by the strong and powerful ties of brotherhood?

* * *

The Wesleyan Methodists in this country have a beautiful hymn in their collection, which I do not recollect to have seen in our American hymn-book. It was quite new to me, and has become a favorite; perhaps it may gratify you and some other friends.

Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

A few hours ago, a beautiful flag was seen waving from a neighboring flag-staff; and, upon inquiry, it was found that the wife and servant of a pious captain, whose ship is in port, had been converted to God. The noble-hearted son of the ocean was so full of joy, that he commemorated the glorious event before heaven, and earth, and hell, by thus hoisting his ship's colors, "That it might announce *victory*," to use his own language, "through the blood of the Lamb," as it waved in the morning breezes.

The Lord is reviving his work in Limerick by converting souls daily. The meetings are characterized with much solemnity, sometimes the stillness is oppressive. I often feel afraid it is the result of lukewarmness or stupidity; but, on going from seat to seat, and finding the people universally on their knees, pleading with God for mercy, or for a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit, I return, very often, ashamed of my suspicions.

The following case is an exception; but the results were so glorious we could not regret the circumstance: A woman, whose husband is a Roman Catholic, was induced to attend the services. God powerfully awakened her to a sense of her wretched condition as a sinner; she came again and again; at last her distress became so great that she began to agonize for salvation, when a strange scene ensued. She sprang upon her feet, began to jump up and down, howling in a most horrible manner; her head at the same time flying from side to side, as if it would leave her body. Some fled in horror; others fainted; many stood in solemn awe before God. It was a terrible conflict. I had seen such things before, but the dear people were appalled. It seemed as if two contending powers were rending her in pieces. I believe the devil was then making his last effort to keep possession of her soul; nor can I doubt that the Holy Ghost was then in the act of casting him out. The devil "rent her sore" and departed. Mark ix. 26. I saw her in the congregation a few nights afterwards, "Clothed, and in her right mind," as peaceful as a lamb, and happy in God.

We are now distributing the following circular: —

TO THAT MAN WHO FEARS GOD IN THE CITY OF LIMERICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

YOU believe the Bible to be the word of God, a revelation of the will of the Most High to man. When you look into that holy book, when you read its sacred pages, when your heart is deeply impressed with its solemn truths; and when you compare the general conduct and acknowledged experience of multitudes around you with that book, and with the gospel you hear preached from Sabbath to Sabbath, can you for a moment doubt the jeopardy to which their poor souls are every hour exposed? With this book in your hand, you have a right to make an estimate, not only of your own prospects for eternity, but also of the eternal prospects of those around you.

You *must* do this in order to feel for your own soul, and for the souls of your fellow-men. How can your heart bleed for poor impenitent sinners? How can you weep and cry to God for their salvation until you thus realize their dreadful condition?

This language is not new to you; your Christian heart has often sighed over the abominations practiced around you; you have often trembled for the eternal ruin you have seen a little ahead of the giddy throng; and as one and another of them have been cut down by the justice of God, your soul has been troubled within you, and your cry has been, "O Lord, revive thy work;" and you have long expected that God would defend his own cause in Limerick, and that he would raise up many witnesses to that great truth, "Jesus Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins."

Long have you waited for an outpouring of his Holy Spirit. I address you as a friend of God; as one who fears his holy name. Will you recognize that revival of the work of God for which you have so long sighed and prayed, and for which you have been so long in expectation? But will you recognize it among a people with whom you are not in the habit of worshipping God; perhaps a people against whom you have been prejudiced in past years? If so, we can assure you, brother, the revival of God's work has begun. A few souls have lately experienced the great truth referred to above, and are now rejoicing in the salvation of God, experimentally felt.

In the Wesley chapel, George street, a few of God's people have resolved to follow the directions given in Isaiah lxii. 6, 7: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord keep not silence; and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth;" and among them are a few whose language is, "A dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me, and woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;" and the cry of their heart is, as recorded in the first verse of that same chapter of Isaiah, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth; and they are resolved to make full proof of their ministry by wielding, to the very utmost of their strength, those great and tremendous truths of God which are believed by Christians of different denominations. Among those who are thus resolved to do all they can to bring sinners home to God, is the writer of this paper.

When in North America, surrounded by the happy people of his own charge, as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that country, he received an impression which he believed then, and does yet believe, came from God, that it was his duty to take a tour through these kingdoms and call sinners to repentance; and, after fulfilling his mission, return to America and re-enter upon his regular work. After having obtained leave of absence from the authorities of that church, and being duly recommended to the confidence of his brethren on this side of the Atlantic, by his Bishop and Conference, he has come as far as Limerick, preaching the gospel of the Son of God. Will you, my dear friend, help us in this work by your prayers, presence, and influence? May be God will at this time give a general revival of true religion in this city. Perhaps your own soul is far from being happy in the love of God. That with all your good-will to the religion of the Saviour, you yourself have never been converted. That you can neither tell the time, nor place, nor circumstances of your having passed from death unto life; so that our Lord's discourse to Nicodemus, John iii., on the subject of the "new birth," is as great a mystery to your unhappy soul as it was to the Jewish ruler. Although you do know what "the spirit of bondage again to fear" meaneth, yet Romans viii. 16, is yet to your heart an unexplained mystery.

Look up to God, O thou who art waiting for the "consolation of Israel." "The time to favor Zion is come;" and the time to favor thy poor soul is come also. "The Lord, whom thou seekest, shall suddenly come to his temple."

Perhaps there may stand by your side, a poor, wicked, wretched sinner, over whose head the sword of eternal justice has long been suspended. Let me speak a word to him. Ah! poor sinner! thou unhappy wanderer from God, and from the path to heaven, what a mercy thou art not in hell! God has spared thee for a number of years, though

"Thou hast long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face."

Thou hast long been a transgressor against God, and an enemy to thine own soul. O, sin no more! Turn, man, woman, turn! O, turn to God before he involve thy poor soul among the wretched and hopeless outcasts of a miserable eternity! May the Holy Spirit help you, through Jesus Christ! Amen.

JAMES CAUGHEY.

Wesley Chapel, Limerick,
Jan. 14*th*, 1842.

Hundreds of the above are already in circulation. I trust the effects will be good.

The next paragraphs, which treat of the history of Limerick, although a digression from the main topic of the work, are inserted both on account of their intrinsic excellence, and as a specimen of Mr. Caughey's descriptive powers. They will be both novel and interesting to the intelligent reader:

Limerick is seated on the noble river Shannon, about sixty miles from the ocean and ninety-four from Dublin. The river is navigable for ships of a large size to the city wharves. Situated in the heart of a rich and fertile country, it is a place of considerable commerce. The city annals are full of stirring incident. Some have supposed its foundations were laid before the birth of Christ. Ptolemy gave it the name of Regia; and in other ancient documents it is called Rosse de Naileagh. Its earliest name is allowed to have been Lum-neach, an Irish word, signifying a place made bare by the grazing of horses. It seems, that at a very early period, the island upon which part of the city stands, was the resort of a set of outlaws and vagabonds, who subsisted by plundering the neighboring counties, on both sides of the river:

(think of ancient Rome.) Here they drove their stolen horses. Hence the name. The island was at that time accessible only by a ford; now, two majestic stone bridges span the river, uniting the county Clare with the town. Its present modification of name was by the English.

The place was taken and plundered by the Danes, in the year of our Lord, 812, and soon after they constituted it one of their principal maritime stations. They encompassed it with walls and towers; and for more than a century maintained it as a place of great importance to their interests in Ireland. At the time, denominated in history, "The English Invasion," A. D. 1169, it fell into the hands of the English; and soon after the Danes were banished from the kingdom. Previous to this time, much blood had been shed within and outside its walls. There is an account of a successful siege against it, by Brien Boroimhe, (can you get your American tongue around this?) King of Munster. It became the residence of the King of Thomond, or North Munster, and arrived at such dignity as to be called in history, "The Kingdom of Limerick." I find that during a few centuries it suffered no less than eight bloody sieges. The last two were the most important, as they resulted in its complete subjugation to the Protestant British throne. These sieges took place, A. D. 1690—1.

On the accession of James II., the inhabitants proclaimed the event with great rejoicings. The same year, King William, the antagonist of James, laid siege to the city. It was then a walled town, three miles in circumference, with a castle, citadel, various towers, and seventeen gates, the whole strongly fortified. William approached the walls with twenty thousand veteran troops, and commenced the siege. The place was well garrisoned with Irish and Danish troops, largely supplied with munitions of war, with the advantage of a free access to the ocean. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, together with the lateness of the season, this monarch pressed the siege with great vigor. A breach was made, and through it did his valiant soldiers several times penetrate into the city, but as often were they driven back. This desperate contest lasted four hours, when William was forced to retreat, leaving behind him sixteen hundred men, principally slain. A few months afterwards, King William sent General Ginkell against the place with a large army. The siege was bloody and desperate. I stood near the place yesterday, at the Thomond Bridge, where six hundred Irish troops were cut to pieces, and one hundred and fifty drowned. It seems the Irish had made a sally, but meeting with a hot reception, and being severely pressed by the English, they retreated in great disorder. The officer in charge of the gate, fearing the English might gain an entrance with the fugitives, ordered the bridge to be drawn and the gate shut; thus the poor fellows were left to be butchered like so many cattle. On the first of October the city surrendered, under certain articles of capitulation. The treaty was signed on a large stone, on the Clare side of the Shannon, close to the bridge. This stone is an object of interest to the inhabitants, as well as a curiosity to visiters. About this time the city was declared to be no longer a fortress, and the dismantling of its walls immediately took place.

The other day I walked upon fifty yards of the old wall. It is about twenty-five feet high. The effects of the cannonading are still visible in the shattered and broken stones of the front. A gentleman who accompanied me, pointed out the place where King William made the first breach, and the spot where the Irish and Danes played off a small battery which did terrible execution among those who were pressing in. Here was the place, too, where the good ladies of Limerick came up to the help of their valiant husbands. Strong affection for those they loved drew them to the scene of conflict, weaponless of course; but seeing the dreadful crisis they resolved to go into action; so, pulling off their stockings and putting a few stones therein, they rushed into the ranks and assisted in turning the tide of battle. The heavy-footed stockings were seen swinging in all directions; with these they hammered the heads of the wounded, or those who had fallen in the pell-mell of retreat. Oh, the horrors of war; into what demons does it transform our race!

Pardon the digression. But Limerick, wall-less as it is, is once more besieged by a small army under the command of Jesus Christ. Several skirmishes have already taken place, and more than thirty sinners have been wounded by the sword of the Spirit; but the Captain of our salvation has healed them again, as he did poor Malchus, who had been deprived of his ear by the keen sword of Peter. We are expecting a general engagement one of these days; but it is not necessary to contrast the consequences; I mean with those bloody conflicts I have been just describing. Should we have the victory, it will be a bloodless one; and the effects so much more glorious that they cannot be brought into comparison; but if we are unsuccessful, the results to many hundreds of the enemies of the Lord may be as awfully terrific as the horrors of hell surpass those of the bloodiest battle that has ever stained our globe.

The ancient Cathedral of St. Mary is a venerable and noble structure, in plain Gothic. The walls are surmounted by a line of graduated battlements, and the whole finished off with a square tower one hundred and twenty feet high, singularly castellated at the top, besides four turrets, twenty feet high, which adorn the angles. The interior is ornamented with a variety of monuments and inscriptions. The sculpture, however, possesses but little interest beyond being very ancient. The figures, with one or two exceptions, are very coarse. I was amused and surprised to find the following inscription upon a plain slab in this church; especially as it dates the latter part of the seventeenth century: —

MEMENTO MORY
HERE LIETH LITTEL
SAMVELL BARINGTON THAT
GREAT VNDERTAKER OF
FAMOVS CITTIS CLOCK AND
CHIME MAKER HE MADE
HIS OWN TIME GOE EAR-
LY AND LATTER BVT
NOW HE IS RETVRNED TO
GOD HIS CREATOR
THE 19 NOVEMBER THEN
HE SEEST AND FOR HIS
MEMORY THIS HERE IS
PLEAST BY HIS SON BEN
1693.

Was not Ben a genius?

Will your taste be shocked, if I tell you, that encompassed as I was with many remnants of antiquity, my eyes rested on no spot with such interest as upon the ruins of an old Methodist chapel? A few moments after leaving the cathedral, we found ourselves standing before its venerable walls. It is nearly unroofed. The front is supported by four pillars of the Tuscan order, resting upon neat pedestals, and finished with plain capitals. The recess is well flagged, protected by a substantial balustrade. To the left are the stairs to the lobby, entirely above the chapel. These we ascended, but durst not proceed, as the floors were bad. We could see the long range of class-rooms, and chambers for the preachers, according to the custom of early Methodism. The interior of the chapel is a mournful desolation; the pulpit is gone, and the whole seatless and floorless. The frame-work of the galleries and the stairs remain. Ah! I thought, this place has often been vocal with the praises of God. Multitudes, now in heaven, were "born of the Spirit" within these walls. Here Mr. Wesley often preached the gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." In this place he often met the society, and instructed them in the deep things of God; but they are all long since gone to the eternal world.

The following remarks on this chapel are given by Mr. Wesley, in his journal, 1765: "Friday, 8th June, I rode to Limerick, and found the preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom; being neat, yea, elegant, yet not gaudy."

The Wesleyan Methodists have, at present, a large and handsome chapel in another part of the city. Limerick has the usual number of benevolent institutions which honor other cities; the same variety also of Christian denominations and places of worship that we have generally in America. You are aware, that all who do not belong to the Established Church in this country, are called Dissenters or Roman Catholics. The dissenting churches in Limerick are very respectable and flourishing, although they are living amidst the frowns of Papists on the one hand, and, very generally, the contempt of the Establishment on the other.

That popery should frown upon protestant churches, and persecute them, is not to be wondered at; but that the ministers of one protestant church should endeavor to unchurch all others, and anathematize their ministers, as intruders into the pastoral office, is mournful indeed. It is not unlikely that a church establishment is best for these kingdoms; inasmuch as it has been, for centuries, interwoven with their civil and religious constitution. The fact, however, is notorious, that in whatsoever nation under heaven, one branch of the church is elevated by law above the others, in honors, privileges, and emoluments, that that section becomes, and continues overbearing, dogmatical, and exclusive; and thus it has been from time immemorial. You will ask, "But have they meddled with the validity of your ministry?" Certainly; am I not found among the Dissenters? It is therefore thought impossible your friend can be in the succession. I usually answer the attack with a smile, or a pointed reply, thus: I have no sympathy whatever with your exclusive claims. Your high church notions may do well enough for this country, but as we have no state church in America, you cannot imagine I should have any respect for such claims. Christian churches are there on an equal footing in all respects; and the consequence is, they escape that humiliating persecution to which your sister churches are subjected, in most places in Ireland. As to the constitution and government of the church of which I am a member, it is an Episcopacy. We have our bishops, elders, and deacons; and allow me to say, however you may be dissatisfied with us, we are perfectly contented, as a church, with our ecclesiastical position in America. But I would have you understand, we lay no claim to any such superiority over other churches, as would go to invalidate the ordination of their pastors. "I am become a fool in glorying; ye have compelled me." 2 Cor. xii. 11. "Yet as a fool receive me, that I may boast myself a little." 2 Cor. xi. 16. Although the hands of two bishops have been upon my head; first, in my ordination as deacon; and, lastly, as an elder in the church of God; yet, neither do I on this account disesteem or undervalue the ordination of the Wesleyan Methodist ministers, nor that of other Dissenting clergymen of these kingdoms; nor will I allow you to go on with your unwarrantable denunciations against my ministry and ordination, without administering the rebuke your pride and arrogance have so justly merited.

As to the aspect of Limerick generally, you would not be pleased with it, accustomed as you have been to the clean streets, tastefully painted houses, and lively, brilliant appearance of American cities and villages. The streets are narrow and dirty; buildings, principally of brick, old, and very dark and sooty, owing probably to the moisture of the climate, and the abundance of coal consumed. These remarks will only apply to those parts of the city named English and Irish Towns. The new city is quite of a different character. The streets are wide and clean; the houses handsome; and, taken altogether, the city of New York would be honored by a transfer of this part of the city of Limerick.

I have not been here a sufficient length of time to form an opinion respecting the inhabitants. My acquaintance is, as yet, limited to the Methodists; and a most loving, hospitable people they are; intelligent, influential, united, and deeply devoted to God. I think if Mr. Wesley were alive, he would have the same opinion of them now, that he had when he penned the character of the Limerick society in 1771: "Feb. 25th, I spoke severally to the members of the society in Limerick. I have found no society in Ireland, number for number, so rooted and grounded in love." They have two excellent men of God stationed among them this year, the Rev. John F. Mathews, and the Rev. William F. Applebe, with whom I feel my soul strongly united in love. They are every thing I could desire, and enter most heartily into the revival.

As to the congregation, although we have had divine service every night since my arrival, there is, as yet, no falling off. This looks like an improvement since Mr. Wesley's day. It seems they had given him trouble on this head, and drove him to certain measures which proved successful. The following entry in his journal for the year 1771, is rather amusing: "Tuesday, 14th, I rode on to Limerick, and told them plainly, 'If, as is your manner, you attend three days, and then fall off, I can bestow my time better elsewhere. But if you continue to come, I will stay with you longer.' They took me at my word, and continued to increase, both morning and evening, as long as I stayed in the city."

Mr. Mathews and I have been engaged lately in visiting from house to house, praying with the families and exhorting sinners to turn to God. I preach every night in the week, except Monday and Saturday. There is a gracious move among the people. Sixty persons came foward, night before last, to testify, that, during the last few weeks, they had found "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" and afterwards eighty awakened sinners came forward for the prayers of God's people; five or six of whom were converted before they departed. Glory be to God in the highest!

The following passages are taken from a letter written from Cork, and contain several matters of interest concerning the results of his labors in Limerick:—

Yesterday morning, March 18, 1842, I left Limerick by stage coach, and arrived in this city (Cork) a little past five, P. M. Thirty miles of our route lay through an interesting country, but the remainder of the way was exceedingly dull, and the weather bleak.

We had a very gracious work of God in Limerick. One hundred and thirty persons professed the salvation of the gospel, and about ninety united with the Methodist church. I was informed that other churches had received some benefit from the revival; to what extent I am not able to say.

A few days before I departed, I was invited to take breakfast with a number of the friends in the vestry. There were about forty present. When the cloth was removed, the Rev. J. F. Mathews, Superintendent of the Circuit, rose, and after a short speech, a copy of which was given to me afterwards, he presented me with a valuable patent lever watch, together with an address, signed by the chairman and secretary of the meeting. I rose, and returned Mr. M. and the friends my hearty thanks, stating, that I should be most happy to receive the beautiful timepiece, did I not possess a good one already; that *one* watch was quite enough for a Methodist preacher; that if they would consent to receive mine, and do what they pleased with it, I would gratefully accept their elegant present; but only on these terms. It was then resolved that the Rev. John F. Mathews should be presented with my watch. I accompanied it with a short address; but I felt so unworthy, and was so overcome with the unexpected kindness shown me, that I could scarcely proceed. Mr. M. received it with such expressions of brotherly love, as have left an indelible impression upon my heart. The following are the copies of the addresses on the occasion: —

"REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,

"At the request of a few of our brethren of the Wesleyan society, some of whom, through you, have been led to the Saviour, and united to his people, we address you a few lines, now on the eve of your departure from us, to another field of labor and usefulness.

"We feel inadequate to give expression to our feelings of respect and regard to you, for your great and unwearied exertions during your visit to this city. The results have greatly exceeded our highest anticipations. When we consider the large attendance of deeply attentive congregations, that from night to night sat under your ministry, the numbers who have been awakened and brought to believe in the Lord Jesus, and the encouraging circumstances in which the society has been placed by this revival of the work of God, we are led, with adoring gratitude to *Him*, the source of every blessing, to acknowledge what, through your instrumentality, has been effected.

"We trust, dear Sir, that your valuable life will long be preserved to the world and the church; that you may live to publish the gospel of the grace of God, which, we earnestly pray, may to many thousands be his power to their salvation, who shall be your 'joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.' We do cherish the delightful expectation of meeting you in that day, in our Father's kingdom, where there is 'fulness of joy,' and 'pleasures for evermore.' Now that you are about to leave us, we cannot let you depart without a small testimony of our fraternal regard for you, and trust you will be pleased to accept the accompanying token as an expression of gratitude to God, for the blessings he has been pleased to confer on us through your instrumentality.

"We remain, dear Sir, yours most truly and affectionately; by order,

"ROBT. KEAYS.
"MICHL. SWITZER."

"*March* 15*th*, 1842."

The secretary put into my hands the following, as the summary of the Rev. Mr. Mathew's address: —

"He congratulated the meeting upon the very cheering circumstances in which the society was placed. A few months ago it was greatly depressed, but now the scene was considerably altered. Many, during the revival, had been converted to God, had given themselves to him and to his people according to his will.

"He spoke of Methodism in terms of high admiration with regard to its doctrines, privileges, and discipline, and of its adaptation to the great designs of God in the salvation of the world. The Lord had signally owned the labors of his servant. His word had been 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' The gospel, by his ministry, had indeed come 'in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' It was their earnest prayer that the Lord would still be with him; and, in every place, crown his labors with abundant success.

"In conclusion, he observed, this token of affection and gratitude is *a watch.* The friends presenting it are fully aware, dear Sir, that you deeply feel the value of *time;* else you would not have preached with that yearning compassion for the souls of sinners, which has characterized your labors since you came to this city; that its unspeakable importance, as the period allotted to prepare for eternity, is a subject which fills your mind in all your ministrations.

"The *vibrations* of this watch, wherever the providence of God may lead you, in Ireland, England, the continent of Europe, the mighty deep, or far away beyond the great Atlantic, will be a fit memento of the constant affectionate vibrations of the hearts of your Limerick friends; and we are led, in joyful anticipation, to look beyond the periodical revolutions of hours and days, months and years, terms belonging to limited duration; to that glorious period when there shall be duration without measure, without limit, and without end; and we expect, dear Sir, to meet you in that kingdom, where our friendship shall be perpetuated forever."

I received many other tokens of the strong affection of this lovely people, and left their city with feelings of strong attachment and gratitude not easily expressed. An acquaintance has been formed there with some of the excellent of the earth which, I believe, shall be renewed in heaven. I do praise God also, that I ever became acquainted with the Rev. J. F. Mathews, and his colleague, Mr. Applebe, and with their amiable wives and families.

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO CORK.

Having finished his work in Limerick, Mr. Caughey found "an open door" in the city of Cork. With the incidents of his visit there, the reader will be greatly pleased. Perhaps he will wish that Mr. Caughey had given a more *regular* and *detailed* account of his revival movements. But it must be recollected that, in a former chapter, he has entered fully into his mode of assaulting the kingdom of Satan. To describe minutely his labors in each place, would be only a repetition of that chapter, since his mode of procedure was substantially the same every where. He has, therefore, very wisely, as we think, left the reader to apply the descriptions of that thrilling chapter* to Limerick, Cork, &c., and has given us the incidents only which were extraordinary and peculiar.

The succeeding chapter derives its chief interest and value from its description of the veteran soldier, a truly unique character. There is a singular beauty in the picture it presents of the wearied warrior, laying down his sword before the door of the Wesleyan Chapel, and offering his services to the Captain of his salvation: and in the subsequent history of this bold old soldier we have the character and duty of a MODEL CLASS-LEADER distinctly drawn. We hope this character will be profoundly studied by every class-leader in the connection. But we must let Mr. Caughey speak for himself. In his usual and somewhat abrupt manner he thus begins his account of his visit to Cork:—

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* Vide Chapter IV.

To-morrow morning, March 20, 1842, please God, I open my commission in Cork. This morning I walked out of the city, and ascended one of the neighboring hills, and had a fine view of the place. It blew a gale at the time, with occasional bursts of sunshine through careering clouds. I spent some time here in fervent prayer for the town, which lay beneath; near access to God was vouchsafed me; and, after pleading deeply in the Spirit for the inhabitants, I arose from my knees with the fullest conviction that God was just as willing to visit Cork with an outpouring of the Spirit, as he was to send the purifying breeze, and the warming and cheering beams of the sun, through the streets and lanes of the city.

On the Sabbath morning following I addressed a large congregation from Isaiah xl. 31; many received the word in faith and gladness, but some were prejudiced, and resisted. I had many conflicting emotions during the sermon; such as light, gloom, joy, sadness, freedom, restraint, softness, hardness. Do you understand such a paradoxical experience? I felt deeply humbled, and resolved to cleave to God. At night I opened my commission more fully, from Jeremiah xxiii. 19, 20. God enabled me to bear down on sinners with the following proposition: There are a few great principles which every sinner should consider perfectly before he enters the eternal world.

It was a very solemn time, especially at the close of the sermon. I insisted that a period must arrive in the history of all men who die in sin, when God Almighty will compel them, by all the arguments of hell-fire, to consider perfectly those subjects which during life they had neglected; that perfect consideration now would be attended with the most delightful consequences, but that the same exercise of mind in hell will only sink them deeper in its tormenting flames. I then threw down the gauntlet of defiance against the devil and all his works, and rallied my officers around the banners of the cross. There was a shaking, but the devil raised his signal of determined opposition. The night was spent in hard fighting, without any great advantage on either side. Hostilities ceased about ten o'clock at night. We called off our troops and so did Satan. He had some wounded, but he carried them off the battle-ground. Since then we have had a hard tug of war; several of our praying men have been so exhausted that they could not engage in active service.

A few nights ago one of the worthiest officers in Jesus Christ's army was beaten from his post; I found him in the congregation with his head down in great dejection, and surrounded with many in a similar state of soul. I went to him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He had just strength enough to reply, "There is too much noise; I can do nothing in the midst of it."

"My brother, I am astonished at you! It is a temptation of the devil. I have just been mourning over the death-like stillness which is prevailing, suspecting it to arise from lukewarmness and spiritual death, and I have been urging the brethren to get into a state of soul in which they could shout for battle and for victory."

He saw it was a device of Satan, and escaped out of the hand of the enemy. The leaders complain of great hardness of heart, but they are good men and true—

> "Valiant hearted men,
> Who will not their colors fly."

The preachers, Rev. Fossey Tackaberry, (brother to the Rev. Mr. Tackaberry, of the New York Conference,) and Rev. John Greer, are possessed of an excellent spirit, fine talents, and active zeal for the salvation of sinners, and are highly esteemed by their people They manifest a lively interest in the present conflict, and seem delighted to open every door of usefulness which would be likely to promote the great end of my visit.

The principal chapel is a large and substantial building. Its exterior is quite pretentionless; the interior, however, is spacious and exceedingly neat. There is an elegant and dignified simplicity in the fitting up which I admire. In few places of worship has my mind enjoyed such a soothing sense of religious quiet and seclusion from the world as in this. The regular congregation is large and highly respectable; equal to that in Abbey street, Dublin, in every respect. The preachers insist I shall occupy the pulpit twice on the Sabbath while I stay. My mind has been uneasy about this, knowing the superior talents of these servants of God; but they say, "Let God send by whom he will send; we have been preaching to our people for several months, and we shall have many opportunities after you are gone; we wish you to do all the good you can while you remain with us."

A touching scene once took place in front of the above chapel, which will please you. It was related to me by an old and successful class-leader of the Wesleyan Methodist Society in this city, as a part of his religious experience. He is one of the holiest and most devoted men of God I have ever met. Although between seventy and eighty years of age, his mind seems to have all the freshness and vigor of youth. He has been the instrument of the conversion of a great number of sinners; not so much, I believe, by public exhortations as by his private efforts for their salvation; by this I mean his close, pungent, and untiring application of divine truth to individual sinners, in private conversation. The whole of his time is now taken up in watching over and visiting the members of several large classes committed by the church to his care. Indeed he is a father to the entire society. The prime of his life was spent in the British army. He endured the hardships and hazards of several bloody campaigns in the Peninsular war. It was on his return from fighting the battles of his country that the circumstance alluded to occurred. I will give it you in nearly his own words:—

"On the 21st September, 1809, I arrived in Cork by the mail, about three o'clock in the morning. I had been discharged from the Royal Artillery, my health having suffered much in Spain. The morning was fine, the streets still and solitary; I knew my wife and children were asleep, and concluded not to disturb them so early. I went to the front of the Wesley chapel, laid down my pack, and placed my sword across the iron gate, kneeled on the flags, and praised my gracious God with all my heart and soul for his providential care, in not suffering a bone to be broken nor a drop of my blood to be shed, in all the sieges and battles in which I had been engaged under the Duke of York and Sir J. Moore; saving me by sea and land, and for bringing me to my family in peace.

"And now, my God and King, I praise thee for all thy mercies; and as thou hast enabled me, by thy grace, to serve faithfully my earthly sovereign, and hast provided for me an honorable discharge from this bloody service, I drop, I lay down my carnal sword at the gate of thy house, determined by divine grace to put on more heartily the whole armor of God; the breast-plate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the gospel shoes, the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith. O Lord Jesus Christ, enable me now to take the sword of the Spirit; for I am fully resolved, by thy assistance, to serve thee as faithfully as I have served King George. O God, teach me to be expert in the use of these my spiritual weapons; teach my hands to war and my fingers to fight, that I may crucify the flesh, overcome the spirit of the world, and vanquish all the powers of darkness; serve my generation, glorify thy name, and be made meet, through rich and abounding mercy, to enjoy thee in glory, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen."

"I have no doubt," continued the old Christian warrior, "after thirty-two years' experience, this prayer was heard and answered. Glory, eternal glory be ascribed to God! Within a few minutes of six o'clock I went home to my joyful, weeping wife and children. As I now had enlisted more immediately in the service of Jesus Christ, I plainly saw it was my duty to win as many souls for my Lord as I possibly could. I made an effort, rough as it was, to grapple with the servants of the devil, and God blessed my humble endeavors. My class soon became too large, and had to be divided; then multiplying in numbers, it was again divided and sub-divided. In a few years I had six large classes."

Is there not something morally grand thrown around the above simple story? It is not every hero, returning from the field of battle, who thus lays his honors at the feet of Christ and enlists for life under the command of the Captain of our salvation. I have another circumstance to relate, connected with this excellent man, told me by a friend the other day. It may be a blessing to yourself and other leaders in America, many of whom need to be *stirred up* as well as those in Cork. At a meeting, several years ago, the leaders were presenting their class-books for the inspection of the minister. One good brother had but a very small class, and it had continued stationary for years. Our friend whispered in his ear, "Brother, for a long time you have had but a few names at the head of that paper; why don't you get some of Satan's servants brought down to the foot of the cross? He has too many of them; get some of them converted, and fill your paper with their names."

The good man thought it reflected on his efficiency as a leader, and exclaimed aloud, "All persons are not such good recruiting sergeants as you are."

This drew the attention of the meeting; and some, who had been troubled upon the subject in their own case, were aroused; and, lest he should come down upon them once more, several eloquent speeches were made, with convincing arguments, showing why he was more successful than themselves. One very strong reason was suggested, "That he had a talent peculiar to himself; and that neither God nor reasonable men would require them to do what he did."

For some time he endeavored to prove that they were wrong, but to no purpose; at length he could keep his seat no longer, and claimed the floor for a few minutes.

"Brethren," he said, "let us look at and inspect this man of 'peculiar talent,' and see how or wherein he differs from, or has advantages over, the leaders of this meeting.

"First: Is it in his *riches?* No; he is as poor a man as any among you. Then it is not in his wealth.

"Second: Is it in his *influence*, flowing from high connections, or having been born and bred in your city? No; he has no natural relations here; and, moreover, he is a stranger from the north of Ireland; who, after being worn out in the army, came to your city with a shattered constitution. Therefore it is not in his connections nor in his health.

"Third: Is it in his *beauty?* No; he is as course a looking man as any of you.

"Fourth: Is it in his *learning?* No; for he has never been at school to learn to read or write; but he has good reason to suppose many of you have been favored with expensive educations. Here you have the advantage of him.

"Fifth: Is it in being *master of his time* that enables him to do what you suppose yourselves incapable of doing? No; he must attend to his business from six in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, and he has no time to visit till late at night. Here he stands on no vantage ground.

"Sixth: Does his success arise from his *eloquence?* No; for want of learning he has barely words to express his ideas. Here he is inferior to his brethren.

"Seventh: Is it his *talents* that do the work? No; he has just one talent; and as I hope you are all converted men, you have, at least, one also; for as God commands every soul he converts to 'go work in my vineyard,' and always gives them a talent to occupy till their Lord calls them to an account, blessed be God, he has given me one also. Neither in this has he any advantage.

"Eighth: Well, is it in his *holiness?* No; it would be pride to suppose he has as much grace as most of you.

"But, notwithstanding, there is a great difference between him and you; will you allow me to tell you wherein it lies?

"Well, when you are toasting yourselves at your parlor fires on winter nights, or indolently lounging at home on summer evenings, he is scampering from Blackpool to Evergreen, from the Custom House to Dyke Gate, from north to south, from east to west of the city; in the darkness of the night, in all weathers,—hail, rain, wind, or snow; from cellar to garret, to rich and to poor, to see who he can get to lend an ear to his counsels. He patiently listens to their complaints, he has a shoulder for all their crosses, he lets them feel he loves them by taking a kind interest in what concerns them, and gives the best advice he can for both worlds; in this way he convinces them of his disinterested love, he gains influence, he prevails upon them to attend the preaching of God's word, to read it at home, and pray for the Holy Spirit. By these means they are brought under a concern for their souls; he gets them into his classes, and they are soon converted to God. This is the way, my brethren, he fills his ranks, and his classes overflow. Has he made a secret of his plans? Has he not over and over again urged you to adopt the same measures, insisting that equal causes will produce equal effects the world over? and he now, in the name of God, humbly presses the same upon your consciences. If you will go and do likewise, the same results will surely follow. It is not in the man, but in the manner in which his talent is occupied."

All the leaders dropped their heads and were silent, with the exception of one very clever local preacher, whose feelings were not unlike young Elihu's, when he saw that Job had confounded his three counsellors, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, and said, "Behold, there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words. Now he hath not directed his words against me; neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more; they left off speaking. When I had waited, (for they spake not, but stood still, and answered no more;) I said, I will answer also my part, I will also shew mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak, that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer." Job xxxii. 12—20.

Thus it was, probably, with this good brother. He threw his soul into it, and reasoned powerfully. Men will make speeches, lay down rules, and discuss principles; yea, do any thing and every thing but the "real matter-of-fact work;" hard, patient, steady, humiliating, and painful drudgery of saving souls from hell; in the shop, as in the parlor; in the cellar, garret, street, or field, as in the house of God. When he had refreshed himself the venerable man rose and asked the brother, "Don't you keep a shop?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Well, suppose I could tell you of an article, by dealing in which, on fair and honest principles, you could clear five hundred pounds per annum, would you not come to me to learn the secret?"

"I would."

"I believe you; and what does this prove in your case, but that you love money better than the souls bought with Jesus Christ's most precious blood, else you would have come to me to learn this wonderful charm you conceive I possess for converting souls."

The person who related the above, concluded by remarking: "That local preacher entered eternity soon after, and he now knows whether he won as many souls for Christ as was possible in his state of probation."

Conversing with this "good soldier of Jesus Christ," the other day, he remarked, "Once, only, these thirty-two years have I been obliged to part with one from my class, whom I thought a true penitent, without obtaining pardon;" adding, "I let not a penitent rest till he has obtained this blessing, for the following reasons: —

"First: It would grieve the Holy Spirit.

"Second: It would prove my want of love to souls, and faith in the truth and power of God. The Samaritan not only touched the man who had been robbed and wounded by the thieves, and left half dead, but, after binding up his wounds, he lifted him on his beast, and brought him to safe lodgings.

"Third: It would give Satan many advantages in perplexing and distracting the mind.

"Fourth: It would set a bad example to all who may be present, as well as to those who should hear of the circumstance.

"Fifth: It would tend to weaken my own faith; but I want it strengthened both in myself and others.

"Sixth: As unbelief is the awful, damning sin under the gospel, he who can be the means of accelerating its destruction in the heart of another, and does not; neither loves his neighbor as he ought, nor is he a loyal subject of his heavenly King; nor ought he to be very confident of his own adoption into the family of God."

I know you will excuse me for writing so much about this dear man; I love him, and have derived much benefit to my own soul from his conversation.

The 9th instant was my birth-day. As usual, I observed the 8th as a private watch-night, and had a most solemn time in dedicating myself anew to God. A review of the past year was attended with deep humiliation and gratitude. Since then I have enjoyed more abiding peace, and sweeter communion with my heavenly Father, than at any time since my arrival in Ireland. About thirty sinners have been converted. I wish I could have stated a larger number. My soul is much humbled. We are resolved, by the help of God, to push our principles to the utmost for an extensive revival. Hammer on a rock long enough, and it must break in pieces. This is true, to some extent, with mind. God's word is as a hammer to break the rocky hearts in pieces before the Lord.

I met with the following sentiments of an old writer, the other day: "Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but live for it." I can say, in behalf of the preachers and leaders in Cork, that they seem not only willing to fight with spiritual weapons for a revival, to die, if it be God's will, in the tremendous conflict, but to live for a revival in the most spiritual sense of that term. I do believe, with my whole soul, God will not disappoint them.

In a letter dated May 9, 1842, we find a continuance of his descriptions of the work of God and of his personal movements while he remained in Cork. He there says: —

I have been in this city nearly two months, engaged in my beloved work of calling sinners to repentance. As I take exercise every day, for an hour or two, either in riding or walking, an opportunity has been afforded me for making a few observations which may perhaps gratify and amuse you. Cork is seated on the river Lee, about fifteen miles from the ocean; is the capital of the county bearing the same name, and the second city in the kingdom. It has long been considered "the metropolis, and the grand emporium" of the south of Ireland. The ancient city originally covered an island, formed by two branches of the Lee, which divided above and joined again below the island. Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene," describes it thus,—

> "The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
> Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

The united Lee and the salt water mix below the city and form a commodious harbor. Ancient Cork partook of the shape of the island, which resembled an egg. It was walled and fortified by the Danes, about the middle of the ninth century, but in consequence of the lowness of its position, could never have been a place of much strength.

Modern Cork has spread herself over a cluster of little marshy islands, separated by small branches of the river. The channels, however, are now arched over, and wide streets occupy their places. The two main branches which encompass the city are still open, and are called the north and south channels, and afford a fine harbor for the shipping. I understand there is a resemblance, in this respect, between Cork and most of the cities in Holland. Although its position seems to be unfavorable to health, I am not aware that it is any more unhealthy than other cities in Ireland. Many years ago it was visited by severe epidemics, but in consequence of valuable improvements, such as arching the various canals, and raising, though at an immense expense, vast portions of the marshy ground, such visitations have been rare for many years. Besides, the tides of the ocean have free access, daily, through all these covered channels. Their ebbs and flows, together with the current of a swift river, give such a brisk circulation of pure water through these concealed arteries and veins as keep them perfectly clean. Were it not for the cleanliness of Cork, (I speak of its covered channels and sewers of different kinds, for some of the streets are very narrow and dirty, especially in the ancient part of the city,) I should judge it could not escape epidemics. The marshy ground upon which it is built, the heavy fogs which settle upon it, and the immense quantities of rain which descend in the course of a year, not less, I am informed, than an average of thirty-eight inches, would lead a stranger to this conclusion. Since my arrival I have had excellent health; but, could you see the elevated and lovely spot where I reside, and which I am requested, by the most convincing and substantial forms of Irish hospitality, to call my home, and the beautiful prospects spread around me on every side, with elegant grounds, and walks shaded with lofty trees,—

> "Where meditation
> Might think down hours to minutes, where the
> Heart might give a useful lesson to the head,
> And learning, wiser grow, without her books,"—

you would not wonder that I enjoy the "full tide of health," and of what the world calls "good spirits." So much for "Hayfield;" but it is in the pleasant society of Mr. Perrot's excellent and intelligent family I enjoy that which, "Whilst by numbers sought, is realized by few,"—real happiness. There is just one drawback, and it belongs to all things of an earthly nature, I must soon bid these pleasant scenes farewell; and once more "a stranger stand, unknowing and unknown;" so that the sentiment can only be realized in heaven, "A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss." I know these items of my personal comforts will not be uninteresting to you; and I would add another, which an excellent author says is "a main article of human happiness,—the exercise of our faculties, whether of body or mind, in the pursuit of some engaging end." What that "engaging end" is, which absorbs my whole being, you very well know,—the conversion of sinners to God.

As I have digressed so far, allow me to tell you something better than all. My soul enjoys deep and almost uninterrupted communion with God. This throws a brightening charm upon every thing around me, and imparts a relish for all that is beautiful and grand in the works of nature and art, or whatever is engaging and pleasant in human society. For, as Bishop Horne says, "He who hath his thoughts about him, can enjoy no bodily pleasure while he thinks his soul is in danger of hell-fire; but the reflection, that all is right with respect to another world, doubles every joy that he can taste in this."

"The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees."

But I have more glorious news to tell you; the revival is still going forward with power. Yesterday, (Sabbath,) a glorious day! ten converted and two backsliders restored; one of the latter had wandered from God sixteen years, the other seven.

I think it scarcely necessary to occupy your time with a description of the public buildings, and other interesting objects of this kind, as they are so similar to those which are peculiar to all large and commercial cities. The Cathedral is respectable, but not ancient. There are also several handsome parish churches. I think the St. Ann's, Shandon, has a more imposing aspect than the Cathedral. It has a tower one hundred and seventy feet high, two sides of which are limestone, and two of brown stone, which give it a singular appearance; and a good chime of bells, as you may learn from an old Cork poet, in exile:

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think on
Those Shandon bells;
Whose sound so wild, would
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There are also the usual number of churches belonging to the existing denominations of Christendom. The Roman Catholics are the most numerous. The Wesleyan Methodists have another handsome chapel, besides the one I have already described, but much smaller.

I have not ascertained the exact population of Cork, but I should judge it nearly twice as large as that of the city of Albany, N. Y.; and the population of Limerick double that of Troy, N. Y. Are you aware that a tomb in this city contains the dust of our beloved Boardman? I say *our* Boardman, because his name shall be for ever identified with American Methodism. Upon an early and prominent page of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church is enshrined, among a few others, the name of Richard Boardman. It is also recognized by hundreds of thousands in our book of discipline. He died in Cork, A. D. 1783. On referring to the minutes of the English Conference for 1769, which was that year held in Leeds, Yorkshire, I find the following record. Mr. Wesley proposed the question: —

"We have a pressing call from our brethren in New York, (who have built a preaching-house,) to come over and help them. Who is willing to go?

"Answer: Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor."

These were the first regular Methodist preachers in America. Mr. Boardman remained long enough in the western world to have his ministry blessed to many thousands; but the revolutionary war breaking out, circumstances obliged him to sail for England, and he never returned. Mr. Wesley appointed him to this city in 1782. The following account of his death I extract from the Methodist Magazine for 1783: —

"On the 29th September, 1782, Mr. Richard Boardman, having been about eleven days in Cork, when walking, was suddenly struck blind, so that he could not find his way, till one of our friends met him and took him by the hand. Soon after, he recovered himself, and sat down to dinner. Upon doing so he was immediately deprived both of speech and understanding, one of his sides being at the same time strongly contracted. After a few hours he became nearly well; in a few days perfectly so. His mind was calm and serene; no anxiety about life or death. A few days before, on leaving Limerick, he told Mrs. B. that he should die in Cork; but he spoke it without the least concern, as knowing in whom he had believed. He preached twice after receiving the shock. The Sabbath previous to his first intimation of his call, he preached from, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;' and it was a solemn meeting. On Friday morning he appeared easy, and met the people at the hour of intercession, when it was observed that he had an uncommon degree of freedom and power with God. He prayed fervently for the people, and begged that if this was the last meeting in this world, they might have a happy meeting in the realms of light.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon, he went to dine with a friend in Blarney lane. As he was walking, his wife observed him to falter in his speech, and desired him to return, but he would not comply. As soon as he came into the house he sunk down insensible. He was brought home in a carriage, and two physicians were sent for. They both declared him beyond help. He continued thus till nine in the evening. He then expired in the arms of two of his brethren, and in the presence of many who commended him to God, with sorrowful hearts and weeping eyes. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Yewdall, from Revelation xiv. 13, to as large a congregation as had ever been seen in the Cork chapel."

A few days ago a young brother conducted me to his grave, which is near to the Cathedral. I cannot well express to you my sensations on beholding it. We knelt down upon the stone, and worshipped God. With deep emotion I exclaimed, "What hath God wrought" in America since precious Boardman visited those shores! Then, there were not more than two hundred members in our societies, on the entire continent; now, in the United States alone, we have nearly one million of members! After prayer, I copied the following from the plain slab which covers his dust:—

RICHARD BOARDMAN,
Departed this life October 4th, 1782,
Ætatis 44.

Beneath this stone, the dust of Boardman lies,
His precious soul has soared above the skies;
With eloquence divine, he preached the word
To multitudes, and turned them to the Lord.
His bright example strengthened what he taught,
And devils trembled when for Christ he fought.
With truly Christian zeal he nations fired,
And all who knew him mourned when he expired.

Perhaps the following remarkable interposition of Divine Providence, in behalf of this man of God, might be interesting to you. It was related by himself, a short time before his death:—

"I preached," said Mr. B., "one evening, at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Parkgate. After riding some miles I asked a man if I was on the road to that place. He answered, 'Yes, but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride fast, you will be in danger of being inclosed by the tide.'

"It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way, and my mare being with foal prevented me from riding so fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back; and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat on my saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side, till we reached the land. While we were in the boat, one of the men said, 'Surely, Sir, God is with you.'

"I answered, 'I trust he is.'

"The man replied, 'I know he is;' and then related the following circumstance: 'Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I therefore went and called upon this man to accompany me. When we came to the place, we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and there we saw your distressed situation.' When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public house, not far distant from where we landed; and, as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, 'This day month we saw a gentleman just in your situation; but before we could hasten to his relief he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we concluded, that his horse would swim to the shore; but they both sank, and were drowned together.'

"I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was about eighteenpence, and tarried all night at the hotel. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning, for the want of cash, and begged that the landlord would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should redeem them ; but he answered, 'The Lord bless you, Sir ! I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people, I bade them farewell, and re-commenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

On the 20th ult. a party of us visited the famous Blarney Castle. It stands in a pleasant vale, on the banks of a little river of the same name, five miles from Cork. A square tower, one hundred feet in front, fifty in breadth, and one hundred and thirty feet high, is all that remains of this once flourishing castle, with the exception of a small castellated battery close by. A singular awe crept over my mind on first beholding it from a neighboring eminence. It stands alone, surrounded with ancient trees, but rising far above them, frowning upon their aspiring branches, as if haughtily demanding the respectful homage of other days, when favored with the radiant smiles of fortune. The storms of four centuries have made little impression upon its aspect, other than those hoary hues which the Scriptures say are a crown of glory to an aged man, when found in the ways of righteousness. One feels willing, when approaching its peaceful ramparts, to award such a tribute of respectful veneration to Blarney Castle. The sound of the bugle and clash of arms are heard here no more. Royalty and grandeur have long since fled away. The stir and din of multitudes have subsided into the stillness of death. No sentinel challenges your approaching footsteps. All is deep, dread, unbroken solitude :—

"Not a sound, save nature's own,
Could o'er the silence swell,
To jar the chords of quiet thought,
Or break seclusion's spell."

It is built, like most of the castles in this country, upon a rock. The cliffs facing the river rise about fifty feet. The opposite side of the castle is on a level, in its lower story, with an extensive lawn or meadow sprinkled with fine trees. We ascended to the top by a spiral stone staircase, of the same workmanship as those near Limerick. It is roofless and floorless; but there is a substantial promenade on the top, inside the parapet, which widens towards the south and east, by means of machicolated parapets. These rest upon projecting corbells, having openings or crenells at proper distances, through which, I have been told, in former days of hazard and blood, they poured down melted lead, and other destructive materials, upon the unfortunate heads of the besiegers. The prospect from the top is very good; but, considering the length of my letter, you will excuse the omission of a description. I was interested with the various windings of three small streams, neighboring the castle; Blarney, Cormane, and Scorthenac. The celebrated "Blarney stone" was pointed out to us. You have often heard of the suspicious phrase, "A little blarney." This phrase originated from some legend belonging to this Blarney stone. It is currently reported here, and the reputed facts of the case have circulated from father to son, through many generations, that who ever kisses it will always have a flattering, cajoling tongue; from that moment he is enabled to tell the smoothest and most insinuating lies without a blush! Now "don't be after putting on" that look of incredulity, so peculiar to American unbelievers, and which has frightened many a poor Irishman among you out of half his story. But you must hear an Irish poet, by some called the "Mellifluent Millikin," describe its wonder-working properties: —

"There is a stone there, who ever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;

'Tis he may clamber * * * * *
Or become a member of Parliament.
A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer, to be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him, or bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim to the Blarney stone."

Another writer tells us, in plain unvarnished prose, that the touch of this stone "makes a liar of the first magnitude; at the same time, a smooth graceful liar;" that "its eminent perfection is a sweet persuasive language, than can whisper the softest words into the ears of those who are to be deceived; full of guile and blandishment, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable suasion over the credulity of ——." This stone I saw, if our guide were correct; but I assure you my lips were not within a yard of it. It is recorded that Sir Walter Scott made a pilgrimage to it, in August, 1825, in company with some others, and that he passed through the ceremony of kissing it.

* * *

I write by the present packet to my Conference. My desire is to continue my tour. Nearly two years have expired since its commencement. It is doubtful whether I shall return before 1844. My letter contains a request for a "location," according to the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have asked for such a relation, conscientiously, that I may not infringe upon any of the rights of the Members of Conference. By their approbation I have continued my tour till now. Last year I sent them the certificate of my ministerial character from the quarterly meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, Montreal; and this year I send another from a similar meeting of the same body in Cork. Should they grant me a location, it separates me from any future claims upon the funds of the church; that is, should my health fail, or any unforeseen difficulty arise in my temporal affairs, before I rejoin the itinerant ranks; but it secures me till then, or through life, the office of an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; I mean so long as my character is becoming a minister of the gospel. I shall then have the privilege of continuing my tour without embarrassment.*

We find that upwards of a hundred sinners have been converted to God since the revival began. The "signs of the times" are glorious in Cork. I am quite uncertain as to the period of my departure; we want several hundred sinners to be converted first.

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* Mr. Caughey's request for a location was cheerfully granted, and a certificate from Bishop Hedding, bearing the date of July 9, 1842, duly forwarded to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS IN CORK AND BANDON.

THIS chapter is a medley. It treats of a great variety of topics. The two cases of RESTITUTION it records are remarkable illustrations of Mr. Caughey's power of moving the conscience. Perhaps in no one feature is his power so marked as in this. No unpardoned sinner can avoid a sense of guilt under his appeals: hence the many examples of restitution and of complaints from sinners, that some one had told him their histories.

Bandon yielded less fruit to Mr. Caughey's labors than any other place he visited while in Europe. It was indeed a stronghold of the Enemy, which would not yield very much to his "revival artillery." Yet even there, some were " slain of the Lord." Possibly a restraint on his success was as needful to Mr. Caughey as the thorn in the flesh was to Paul — it confirmed him in his well cultured principle of the necessity of divine aid to ministerial success.

The opening paragraphs are extracted from a letter to his sister in America, and contain an account of his closing labors in Cork, and of the incident which determined him to visit Bandon.

My work is nearly finished in Cork. It gives me great satisfaction to find God's dear people so generally convinced that this is a real revival of religion. I should have left two or three weeks since, but their entreaties to remain a little longer have been overpowering. Awakened sinners, too, have taken the alarm, and the general cry has been, "Surely he will not leave us when he finds himself encompassed by such a crowd of penitent souls." I cannot express the sensations which have swept over my soul in beholding the large communion filled every night with seekers of salvation. Their tears and sobs, and subdued cries for mercy, have been sometimes profoundly awful. You will, no doubt, be anxious to know the number of these trophies of Divine Love. I cannot state precisely the *number* of persons converted to God. We had a meeting for this purpose three weeks ago, and nearly two hundred of them present; there were many others, but they were unable to attend that particular meeting, and we have not had a similar one since. The work is still advancing with increasing power. A short account of the above select meeting may be interesting to you.

We had those who have been lately born of the Spirit seated by themselves in the centre seats of the chapel. After a solemn and pointed address, in which their duties, responsibilities, and dangers, were faithfully urged upon their attention, they were called forward to the communion rails. Several important questions were then proposed to them; their names, places of residence, and the leader of their choice, were carefully taken. They then knelt down, and were commended in prayer to the guidance and protection of the Almighty. The congregation, admitted by ticket, then arose, while the young converts remained kneeling, and we sang,—

"O happy day that fixed my choice
  On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
  And tell its raptures all abroad."

While the last two lines were being sung they retired to their seats, and another company came forward, and were prayed for, and dismissed in the same way, until all had thus presented themselves at the altar of God.

The service was most impressive. Many tears were shed by the members of the society, who were seated in the gallery, but especially by the young converts. Such a scene of entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God, with such an influence from heaven, many of the oldest saints say they never had witnessed before. Assist me, my dear sister, in praising God for his abounding goodness, "Which always causeth me the triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his love," by your unworthy brother, "in every place."

I have been contemplating a visit to England for several weeks, and have had many very pressing invitations from the Rev. William Lord, formerly a Wesleyan Missionary in Canada; and were it not for the following circumstance I would sail immediately for that country: —

Some weeks since I wrote to Mr. Lord, in Hull, stating that I was nearly ready to leave Ireland, requesting the route to Hull, and where I should find a home on my arrival. When my letter reached Hull, Mr. Lord had gone to the Conference in London. Mrs. Lord forwarded my letter to him, and he wrote to a brother in Hull, respecting my intentions, requesting him to write to me in Cork. He then folded my letter inside the one he had written to the friend, and directed the entire to me at Cork. It arrived, and to my surprise I found my own letter returned. I saw at once it was a mistake, and concluded that Providence desired to retain me in Ireland for a longer time.

Since then I have engaged to visit Bandon, a pleasant town a few miles from this city. I shall leave for that place on Saturday, the 30th instant, if God permit.

We continue this chapter with extracts from another letter addressed to an American friend, from Bandon. It refers to his Temperance labors while yet in Cork, and to his opening revival movements in Bandon. He says: —

On Saturday, 30th July, I left Cork for Bandon. Before I bade adieu to Cork, I felt it my duty to deliver a few lectures on Temperance. Some battled hard for the wine bottle, but nobly surrendered to the convincing arguments of tee-totalism. A society was formed, denominated, "The Cork Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," that is, "total abstinence" from all intoxicating drinks. The meetings were animated, and several of the brethren advocated the cause most eloquently. The young society was in a very flourishing condition when I left, and those who had joined it well satisfied with the step they had taken.

This cause, like every other benevolent institution of the day, requires to be kept in motion by a stirring and vigorous advocacy. What would become of Missionary, Bible, Tract, and other kindred Societies, without public meetings, and the powerful and arousing speeches delivered on such occasions? What would become of the church and the Christian world, notwithstanding the hold which the gospel and the Bible have upon the consciences of the population, if gospel sermons were as "few and far between" as are addresses on total abstinence? If sin and its servants would, in such a case, blight or root out the cause of truth and true religion from the church and from the world, the same results, under like circumstances, will unquestionably attend the cause of temperance on total abstinence principles; alcohol, with its grogshops and votaries, would soon undo all that has been done to cleanse our globe from the sin of drunkenness. The Temperance Society will prosper in Cork, if its friends will not allow it to sleep; but, if they do, it will soon come to an end, and they will have none to blame for it but themselves.

I have written to them since I came to Bandon, offering them this motto, *Action! Action!! Action!!!* Not that I would advise any of them to make it a hobby in preaching, in prayer meetings, in class meetings, or in love-feasts, as this would only tend to prejudice and disgust those who are not yet convinced; but to plan their public meetings so as not to give drunkards and temperate drinkers, time to check their uneasiness or fortify themselves before another discharge of temperance truth is poured into their entrenchments. Let the friends not be afraid of a little money; let them call forward the best speakers of the day: whatever talent God has enlisted against alcoholic drinks, let them wield against the hydra-headed monster, and punch and wine, and ale and porter drinking will become quite as unfashionable in respectable families in Cork, as in America. You know the battle we had to fight in America, and the results; that upon the tables and side-boards of thousands of families, those drinks were not to be seen; the effects upon the rising generation, as well as upon the morals and religious movements of the adult population, eternity alone will reveal. We can never know the final results in time, great as they are acknowledged to be.

A few days before I left Cork, Father Mathew honored me with a visit. We had a very agreeable conversation for three quarters of an hour on temperance. He seems an excellent man, full of benevolence and good will to all classes of his fellow-men; and determined, while he lives, to prosecute with his characteristic ardor, the cause of temperance, for the promotion of which, it would appear, God has raised him up.

If Mr. Mathew can only succeed in steering his temperance ship clear of the rocks of political intrigue, which seems to be the fixed purpose of his heart, the elevating and glorious results in the future history of Ireland, can no more be doubted, than the beneficial influence upon the millions of tee-totallers already enrolled beneath his temperance banners. There is not, I presume, a Protestant in Ireland, that has not been forced into the acknowledgment of a change, not, of course, in the Roman Catholic religion, but in the moral habits of the people in reference to intoxicating drinks and drunkenness. The fruits of the reformation, sobriety and elevation of moral character, are such as cannot be denied, their enemies themselves being witnesses.

I opened my commission here on Sabbath, 31st of July, in the use of that text, Heb. vii. 25; since then, have been preaching four nights in the week, and twice on the Sabbath. A few have been converted to God. The influence upon the Wesleyan church, is very gracious indeed, but the inhabitants generally seem as yet unmoved. The good citizens, as far as we have become acquainted, treat me with great civility, but on the subject of religion, the general state of the public mind appears to be, "I pray thee have me excused!"

The congregations are tolerable, but our doings or sayings, excite but very little interest beyond the families of Methodism; why, I cannot tell. Popularity or influence over a community, is, especially when a good man is concerned, the gift of God; but the Lord does not seem to deliver them into my hand, and, I greatly fear, I stepped out of the order of God in coming here at all. Yesterday, I was much cast down and sorely buffeted by the enemy. I have experienced nothing like it since I left Dublin.

A few days ago I, received the following letter:—

"MY VERY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

I have sent to London, lately, £400., in half notes, the first halves directed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the corresponding ones to the Duke of Wellington, (concealing my name,) with the request that the receipt might be acknowledged in the London Times newspaper, and a copy of the said paper to be forwarded to the Rev. James Caughey, Methodist minister, Bandon; as I mentioned, that it was through the instrumentallity of your preaching, that the money was restored. I would be glad to know, when you receive the paper, and will be thankful that you will keep it for me. I constantly remember you when on my knees, and the prayer I offer up is, that the Almighty may keep you in the same humble state that you were in while in ——, and that many more souls may be given for your hire. Oh! pray for me. I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

—— ——."

The paper referred to now lies before me, with the acknowledgment therein, the Chancellor's name on the wrapper. I am about to write to the individual. When in Cork, a person was convinced of the necessity of restitution, of a sum much less than the above, in consequence of having cheated the revenue, fifteen years ago; I assisted the poor fellow by obtaining the advice of a revenue officer, and penned for him a letter to the Chancellor, signed "conscience money," which he sent by post.

While upon this subject, you will be gratified to learn another case of restitution, and it may, perhaps, serve to explain the secret why * * * and * * * act in such a singular manner. While in * * *, and during the revival, a person who resided in * * * street experienced a clear sense of the pardoning love of God, and joined the Methodist church. Her husband no sooner knew of it than he began to persecute her; he vowed vengeance against her, and in one or two instances knocked her down to the floor with his fist. She bore it with the patience of a real Christian. Few knew her troubles, but she stood fast, and clung to God and his people. A short sime after I arrived at * * *, I was surprised in meeting the man in a shop. He drew me aside hastily, and begged I would not call him by the name he had at * * *, but by * * *, as the latter was his *real* name. We walked out together, and he expressed himself as having become "quite a new man." "But," I inquired, "why did you conduct yourself so to your wife in * * *? you acted as if the devil were in you!" The substance of his reply was, "I was very unhappy. But I should remark, first, I have abandoned the use of liquor; and, secondly, God has compelled me to become an honest man. The secret of my opposition to my wife was, I had no hopes of salvation myself. To be short, Sir, I formerly resided at * * * in * * *; I ran away from my creditors, and kept several thousands in my possession. I changed my name at * * * to avoid detection; but, Sir, I have made restitution, and I have obtained great peace of mind. My soul was tormented; God began also to afflict my body, and convinced me, that it was on account of my dishonesty. My disease has disappeared with my mental distress, and I am now a happy man."

I have been doubting in my mind, whether you will be satisfied with me, for filling up my letter with these restitution cases; still, as they serve to illustrate the power of the gospel, in casting out bad principles, by the expulsive force of those peculiarly its own; I hope the relation, on that account, may not be uninteresting.

My soul is frequently assailed by the grand adversary; but often, when the enemy comes in as a flood, the Spirit of God raises up a standard against him. In general, my peace and rest in God are soul satisfying. He is my object and aim. If I have any happiness, it is in Him. I have much to humble me, but "covered is my unrighteousness." The blood of Jesus Christ has washed away my guilt and stains. I rest upon the merits of the atonement, and have the victory; and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. O what a happiness is this! The revival is going on very slowly here, which gives the enemy much advantage in harassing my soul.

The following paragraphs form a sort of episode in the narrative; yet as they show the workings of his mind, while in Bandon, their insertion is not deemed inappropriate. It seems some ministerial friend in America had written to Mr. Caughey in terms of admiration at his successes, and almost in a spirit of discontent at the comparative want of similar fruitfulness in his own ministry. This reply is worthy of Mr. Caughey's head and heart, and will assuredly profit many a minister who is discouraged from kindred causes: it commences with certain references to his friend's letter:—

Permit me, in the outset, to oppose the following verse to yours:—

"Thick waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from cloud, design, or flattery."

I allow all you say on "contraries illustrating contraries;" "the two fields of grain, one thin, shrunk, and shrivelled; the other, rich and luxuriant;" the "two clouds, presenting their contraries of darkness and brightness, gloom and glory;" the one throwing the other into bolder and more striking relief, and mutually serving to illustrate each other; these are happy illustrations, but you must not forget the sentiment of a poet: —

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

The ruggedness of the landscape is greatly lessened by being only seen at a distance. Great allowance should be made, when the position occupied by the person who is scanning those fields is considered. If too near, one may be seen to great disadvantage; but distance may make the only difference with respect to the other. It is here that the principle of deception often works, and where I have frequently detected it, in my estimate respecting both myself and others. In reference to those clouds, much may depend upon the point of observation; the bright one may have dark shades, and the dark a bright side, when seen from a different direction. Will you allow the application? You stand too near your own field; your eye is fixed upon the dark side of your own cloud; you see me and the circumstances in which I am placed, in the far away and shadowy distance. The disadvantages of your situation, with all its vexations, are, indeed, dull and sombre certainties, while the broad outlines of mine are only seen; distance lends its graces as to the landscape, and fancy, ignorant of the soft illusions, fills it up with a thousand romantic charms. Could you only approach a little nearer, and acquaint yourself by actual experience with the ground over which vision has been expatiating, "the fairy enchantment" which deludes your imagination would soon disappear before stern and rugged reality. Do not, my dear Sir, entertain the thought for a moment that my path is a smooth one. Your "trials" and mine differ, but I have them as well as you; nor do I expect it to be otherwise, till my soul is lodged in Abraham's bosom. The tears I have shed, and the agonies and sore conflicts I have passed through, in fighting with the opposing powers of hell, are known only to my heavenly Father. Under open sky, upon the cold and damp ground, or upon the floor of my bedroom, I have lain in exquisite anguish, with prayers and supplications, strong cryings and tears,—

"And what I felt, I oft shall feel again."

He that wages war with hell, must expect to suffer hell's rage; but the opposition from infernal powers is varied according to our temperament and circumstances. When perusing an old volume the other day, I fell in with one of Luther's letters to his friend Melancthon. It was written in 1522, and at a time when all hell was moved against these devoted men; when the rage of the papists, and threats of those high in power, knew no bounds; and when their fury menaced every moment, and seemed about to come down upon them like a tornado. Melancthon gave himself up to grief, sighs, and tears. At this crisis, Luther wrote him the following letter:—

"In private conflicts, I am weak and you are strong; but in public conflicts, you are found weak, and I am stronger, because I am assured that our cause is just. If we fall, Christ, the Lord and Ruler of the world, falleth with us; and suppose he fall: *Mallem ruere cum Christo, quam regnare cum Cœsare!* 'I had rather fall with Christ, than reign with Cæsar.' I extremely dislike your excessive cares, with which you say you are almost consumed. That these reign so much in your heart, is not so much from the greatness of the danger, as from the greatness of your incredulity. If the cause be bad, let us give it up, and flee back; if it be good, why do we make God a liar, who hath given us so great promises? saying, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord; be of good comfort, I have overcome the world.' A man would fetch such sentences as I have quoted, upon his knees, from Rome to Jerusalem. If Christ be the conqueror of the world, why should we fear it, as if it could overcome us? Be courageous and cheerful, solicitous for nothing; the Lord is at hand to help us."

Can you make the application, and obey the injunction of the apostle: "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions," either inward or outward, "are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world." That was a choice saying of one now with God. "A Christian is never without an enemy to persecute him, inwardly or outwardly; even this is a temptation of the devil, to think that we are at any time free from temptation." The things you speak of are annoying; you should rather wonder that you have not a heavier tax to pay. Patience, prudence, and perseverance, are the graces you are now called to exercise; and I am persuaded, that an increase of the love of God in your heart, will materially assist you in your exercises.

I have read somewhere, the saying of a good man, that calumny and detraction are like sparks; if you do not blow them, they will go out of themselves. A poet has well said: —

> "There is a lust in man, no charm can tame,
> Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
> On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born to die!"

Some years ago, I was amused with the sentiment of a witty fellow: "A Lie will travel from Maine to Georgia, while Truth is putting on his boots; in that case," he added, "truth should not stop to put on his boots; the difficulty lies in allowing the lie to run so far ahead; let them start abreast, and truth against the field. It may be distanced at the first heat, but in the long run, it is sure to secure the prize."

The above is clever, but I am inclined to think Truth sometimes draws on his boots too soon, and in his haste and splutter, exposes himself to suspicion. I like the saying of another strong minded man better: "Falsehood flies as swift as the wind, and truth creeps behind at a snail's pace; but falsehood makes so many twistings and turnings, that truth, keeping steadily on, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, overtakes it before long!" May your experience be that of the old proverb: *Hic murus aheneus, etc.:* "Let this be thy brazen wall of defence, to be conscious of no crime, and to turn pale at no accusation." Say also, with the philosopher, "I will live so that nobody will believe them."

The other cases, however, that you mention, constitute the severest,—"deceptive friendship;" and the danger is, lest your late trials should lead you to indulge in coldness and suspicion towards your real friends.

"But here again, the danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conlude,
Friendship, a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure."

Beware of this extreme! Beware of misanthropy! It is a most unhappy feeling; the smallest degree of it sours the mind, and unfits it for the pleasures of social life, and predisposes us to take offence at the most trifling occurrences. I would rather be deceived a thousand times in my friendships, than have the sensations of a misanthrope. This is the only part of your severe troubles, with which I cannot sympathize by experience, as I do not recollect that I have ever yet been deceived, where I have reposed confidence in the bosom of friendship. For this I feel truly thankful to God. Allow me, however, to remind you, that there are yet many real friends upon your list, and I have no doubt you will yet find many more. As one has said, on a similar occasion, "One piece of gold will often repay us for turning up much rubbish;" so I hope, if doomed to turn over many more heaps of rubbish, you will go on doing so, in full expectation of meeting with "good men and true" to fill up the spaces in your broken ranks.

Your complaint only proves, that words are cheap things, and "professional friendship" does not cost much. We may say of this, as did the Italian poet, who lived in a very small house, and who, on being asked, why he who had so eloquently described magnificent palaces, should himself live in a house so small and shabby. He replied, "Words are put together cheaper than stones." Although your case is somewhat dissimilar, it reminds me of the severity of a Latin poet against one Candidus, the fruit of whose friendship, it would appear, only grew upon his tongue. The translation of one of his verses runs thus: "Thou sayest, my friend Candidus, that all things are common among friends; but it seems these WORDS of thine are the *all things;* for, of all thy wealth and goods, thou makest no friend thou hast a doit the better; thou givest nothing at all, and yet art most prodigal of thy language, and wearest out that proverb threadbare, *Παντα κοινα φιλων*, "All things are common among friends."

St. John touches this forcibly: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed, and in truth."

Permit me, my dear friend, to direct your sorrowful mind to those passages of Scripture, with which you are familiar: "God is a sun and a shield;" "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all;" and again, "With him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." I do not bring these beautiful declarations before you, merely to put you in remembrance of God's unchangeable friendship to those who love and obey; but to urge the necessity of living in close and intimate union with Him, who "is light," so that neither devils nor men may cast your soul into the shade.

Once I received a very important lesson, from a very simple incident, which I trust will be a blessing to me so long as I live. One evening, several years ago, I went aboard a steamer, at the city of Albany, and sailed for New York. After admiring the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, till night obscured every object on the shores from my view, I retired to the gentlemen's cabin and sat down to read, taking a seat some distance from the lamp. It was not long before dark shadows, to my great annoyance, flitted again and again over my book, in consequence of careless servants and unthinking passengers passing and repassing between me and the light. I bore it for some time with great patience, closing my eyes till the shadows flitted over the page, philosophizing on the benefit of tranquility in all the changing scenes of life. Each person being intent upon his own business and pleasure, the studious stranger never entered their thoughts. At last the inconvenience became too great for even *philosophy* to bear patiently, and it suggested a *remedy*. Observing that the thoroughfare lay between me and the lamp, I concluded to occupy it, and draw so close to the source of light, as to prevent any one from coming between me and it. I did so, and here my troubles ended; the *stir* was as great as ever, but the voyagers found a passage behind me, and "left me alone in my glory." I was only a few moments in this advantageous position, before I was disturbed by another class of agents, not less stirring than those I had contrived to avoid, and which equally prohibited me from reading. A poet has described them thus:—

> "Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
> Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
> Each stamps its image as the other flies."

I recollected how often since God converted my soul, my peace had been broken or destroyed, by a great variety of agents, many of them as unthinking and undesigning as these passengers; and why? In nine instances out of ten, my soul stood at such a distance from God, as to leave a *thoroughfare* between me and him, which was perpetually occupied by these intruders; my soul being thus excluded from the beams of the great Source of light, happiness, and comfort, I have been dark, cold, and unhappy.

"Ah!" I thought, "now I know the cause of all my troubles; and the method of redress for all my grievances is revealed. From henceforth, by the grace of God, I shall endeavor to live so near the Lord, that no creature under heaven shall be able to come between us. Then I shall walk in cheerful light under the sunshine of his countenance, and shall read, uninterruptedly, 'my title clear' to his favor, and to his heaven. Then I shall cheerfully bear whatever may come,— losses, and crosses, sickness or health, prosperity or adversity. Friends in such case may divert or prove true, may be spared to my embraces, or wither and die; and though tenderly alive to the whole, yet the presence or absence of these, which one has somewhere compared to 'candle light in the presence of sunbeams,' can make no material difference to the soul upon which the Sun of Righteousness hath arisen, with healing in his wings. Mal. iv. 2. My experience will be continually —

> ‘The eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
> Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned.’ ”

With respect to the other points in your letter, I really find it difficult, at so great a distance, to determine. All ships without cargo need *ballast*, some more, some less; and it matters not to the captain what it is, so that it be not too bulky, and the vessel is kept steady. The coarsest, and most worthless material, is generally thrown in for ballast; but a cargo, if there be a sufficiency of it, renders this precaution unnecessary. Most Christians need a little ballast, — troubles and afflictions of various kinds, to keep them steady, otherwise they would capsize, or be hard to manage; some require more, others less; but the more love and faith, the more holiness we have, the less ballast we shall need to keep us steady in our passage to heaven, which is frequently boisterous: —

> “Through tribulations deep,
> The way to glory lies,
> That stormy course I keep,
> ’Neath these tempestuous skies,
> By winds and waves
> I am tossed and driven,
> Freighted with grace,
> And bound for heaven!”

I have often thought the religious experience, or, if you please, “temperament” of some people, is not unlike a clock; one or two dead weights are necessary to keep the machinery going with regularity. A quaint old poet I was reading the other day, when describing the state of his soul in prayer, under the figure of a rusty clock, makes known his requests, but never mentions the weights at all. But hear him: —

"My soul is a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to the abuse
Of eating rust) wants vigor to fulfil
Her twelve hours task, and show her Maker's skill,
But idlely sleeps unmoved, and standeth still.

* * * * * *

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good;
If thou be pleased to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days;
Her hand shall point thy power, her hammer strike thy praise."

But, to change the figure, I can very well conceive how a threadbare coat may have a happy heart beneath it; or how a man may have a burden upon his back, and sunshine in his soul. Remember my lesson on board the steamer. The great point to be settled, is, "Can I see God in this? Is this providential? Can it be avoided or removed? The question is not, what ought I to have done? but, what is my duty now? If I can do nothing but suffer, let me do this. If God alone can help me, then I must be still." Are these your feelings? Then let me call to your aid the sentiments of a suffering servant of the living God: "He will do the work, and his hand will be seen in the doing of it. We are obliged to wait for the tide. When that flows, and the wind sets in fair, let us hoist sail. When the tide has left a ship on the beach, an army may attempt to move it in vain; but when she is afloat in the water, a small force moves her. We must wait the openings of Providence." In the meantime, you may realize the truth of the Chinese maxim: "Whatever tempests may arise, tranquility is a port always open to the innocent heart." The following is better: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee; he will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

Perhaps another lesson, which I received several years ago, may be useful to you in the present juncture of your affairs.

My mind had been sorely exercised for some time, respecting temporal affairs, out of which I could see no way of deliverance, feeling unwilling at the same time to rest the matter in uncertainty. That scriptural direction was forgotten: "He that believeth, shall not make haste." One day, as I was standing in an hotel, in the city of Troy, waiting the arrival of the coach, I took up a common newspaper, when my eye rested upon the following paragraph, denominated, "The just principles of wisdom," which seemed to have been written expressly for me: "Distresses that are removable, remove; those that cannot be removed, bear with as little disquietude as possible. In every situation in life there are some comforts; find them out and enjoy them."

May you not also, my dear Sir, receive some benefit from the above? Endeavor to do so, and God will help you. Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and wait patiently for him, and he shall bring it to pass. And while you are doing so, you may adopt the language of a very old poet: —

"Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves,
Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves!"

We have had, hitherto, a very hard conflict in Bandon; the hardest in which I have ever been engaged. Last Sabbath, however, was a glorious day to many. We had a select meeting for the young converts in the afternoon, and forty-four persons came forward and testified, that, during the last four weeks, God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven their sins. It was indeed a powerful and melting time. I have witnessed nothing like it since the commencement of the special services. Many of the old members were bathed in tears, and toward the close of the service, a large number of awakened sinners approached the communion rail, and knelt to be prayed for. Their cries for mercy were piercing. This happy hour amply repaid me for all my tears, and groans, and labors, during these last nine weeks. The Lord saw that I needed such a manifestation of his power, for my soul was greatly discouraged.

The remainder of this chapter is from a letter dated *Cork*, Oct. 28, 1842, and is addressed to his sister in America. It briefly reviews his Bandon labors, and describes his final labors in Cork while detained there a few days prior to his departure for England:—

This morning I had my baggage taken aboard a steamer, but just as we were about to sail for Liverpool, an accident occurred to the machinery, and the passengers were requested to disembark.

Before leaving the vessel, a person informed me, who had the means of knowing, that the boilers were in a most wretched and dangerous condition, and that this was the last trip previous to a refit in England.

Had the accident taken place when out at sea, even if an explosion had been avoided, a crippled machinery might have let us drift upon a lee shore, attended with the most fatal consequences to all on board. With a thankful heart, I put my signature to that beautiful verse: —

> "Keeps with most distinguished care,
> The man who on thy love depends;
> Watches every numbered hair,
> And all his steps attends."

A party of the Cork friends had accompanied me to the boat, having previously exercised all their powers of persuasion to induce me to spend the Sabbath with them; but being fully conscious, that my work, for the present, was finished in Ireland, I could not consent; but when they saw me and my baggage put ashore, they accosted me with a glowing satisfaction of countenance: "Oh! indeed, then, God will not let you leave us! It is plain, your work is not done in Cork, and he has sent you back to complete it."

My mind is involved in great anxiety, as to the path of duty. A steamer sails to-morrow for Liverpool, and another about the middle of next week for Bristol, but there is no impression upon my mind that I ought to visit B.; Liverpool is constantly before me, although I have no official invitation from thence; to-morrow also, is Saturday, and should I sail, that would leave me at sea on the Sabbath; and if I put off another week, it is more than probable I must sail on Saturday also. Well! I have committed the matter to God, and will now spend a few minutes in giving you a sketch of my proceedings since the date of my last letter to * * *, which no doubt you have seen.

The revival advanced with a slowness that distressed me during the remainder of my stay in Bandon. I felt as if there were something wrong and deeply grievous to the Holy Spirit somewhere; perhaps the day of judgment shall alone reveal it. On Sabbath, the 16th inst., twenty additional persons came forward as witnesses to the blessing of justification through faith in the merits of Christ.

I have just been examining my notes of a few excursions made while in Bandon, but they are so lean, it is doubtful whether they will be interesting to you. A few weeks since, in company with a small party of our friends, I rode over to Kinsale, to see my kind friends, the Rev. Robinson Scott and wife, whom we found well and happy in God.

On the 17th inst., we set off in a different direction, to a place called Court Mac Sherry; on our way, we paid a visit to the ruins of the old abbey of Timaleague. It is approached from Bandon, along the banks of a busy little serpentine river, named "the Arigideen;" that is, *the little* *silver stream*, which, before it reaches the abbey, glides near the base of an ancient castle, built by an Irish sept, called O'Shagnassy, and soon after washes the walls of Timaleague.

The abbey is built upon an arm of the sea, about three miles from the ocean. The foundations have been laved by the tides during four centuries, and yet the venerable pile has sustained but trifling injury from that cause. The convent church is large, and, like the rest of the buildings, roofless. The choir has been a noble wing with side aisles, formed by arcades. A venerable gothic tower stands in the centre, seventy feet high, but so damaged by time and storms, we could not ascend to the top. The convent is filled with graves and tombstones, and upon one side of the main entrance we observed an immense heap of human bones, laid together like one of your American wood piles, exposed to the weather. The Roman Catholics in this country seem to have a strange taste for such humiliating spectacles.

A peasant told us very gravely on leaving the ruins, that "when the abbey was in its glory, large ships came up close to its walls; and, upon a certain time, the sailors mocked the monks, and one of them prayed that God would put a stop to their coming up entirely; and so it was, for the channel was immediately filled with sand, and never a ship came up here any more at all."

As we proceeded down the shores of the bay, we came to Abbey Mahon, a ruin nearly enveloped in ivy. I left the carriage and spent a few minutes in walking through its desolate chambers. Court Mac Sherry is a neat village, built upon a natural terrace, with a pleasant prospect of the bay and opposite shores. We entered the fields at the opposite side of the village, and after traversing some distance a pleasing and romantic path, overshadowed with trees, suddenly the "Old Head of Kinsale" and the Atlantic burst upon our view.

I preached my farewell sermon at Bandon, to a large congregation, on the night of the 16th inst., and next evening, spent a few hours most agreeably with a number of the friends, in the house of Mr. Edwards.

Saturday, 22d, (Oct. 1842,) I left Bandon for Cork, and had for a fellow passenger the Dean of Cork, a very sensible and pious man, quite the gentleman and the Christian; we had a most profitable conversation on the things of God. He had heard of my movements in Ireland, and when we parted, he heartily wished me success in my Master's work. And now once more in Cork, and retracing the scenes of the last few months, sore as my conflicts were in Bandon, I do not regret my visit. A new circle of acquaintances has been formed, which shall, doubtless, heighten my joys in heaven. God has a precious people in Bandon with whom I felt great union of spirit, and who showed me much kindness. In the families of Messrs. Edwards, Scott, and Belcher, I was most hospitably entertained during my stay. Rev. George Vance, whom I mentioned in one of my Dublin letters, is now stationed in that circuit. He is the same devoted soul, and treated me with his accustomed kindness.

Sabbath, the 23d, I spent in Cork, preached twice, and also the following Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and sinners were converted to God in every service.

I am now entertained in the mansion of Edward Robinson, Esq., where I spent a few weeks last July, previous to my leaving for Bandon. With him and his excellent wife and family, I have formed an acquaintance that shall last for ever. My health, I have reason to praise God, is very good; and the light of his countenance is cheering to my soul. How dreary would be my path but for this! Whatever happiness I enjoy, it is in God. He is mine, and I am His. What is before me in England, I know not; but it is sweetly and powerfully impressed, "He can open and no man can shut, and he can shut and no man can open;" and with this, which I believe to be from the Holy Spirit, I rest secure and satisfied.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CAUGHEY IN ENGLAND.

In this chapter we shall see our friend walking once more in the way of naked faith. His communings with the Holy Spirit have led him to believe that his work lies next in England. Though fully successful in Ireland: though surrounded by friends whose affections he has won by his wonderful labors; yet, in obedience to his convictions of duty, he tears himself away from these friends, and throws himself once more into the midst of strangers, confident that God will give him abundant access to the people. The facts recorded will show that he did not trust God in vain.

The Poem contained in this chapter is inserted here both because we find it in his letters, and because it gives a fair specimen of Mr. Caughey's powers as a writer of verse. It is appropriate as a feature in his mental picture.

On the 29th of October, (1842,) in company with Edward Robinson, Esq., and Thomas Fannin, Esq., of Liverpool, and his daughter, I sailed from Cork for this port, (Liverpool.)

The captain very politely allowed a large party of the friends to come aboard, and accompany me down the river. My heart was greatly affected with their kindness, and after an exchange of farewells, they landed at Passage. As our fine steamer, the Prince of Wales, darted across the harbor of the Cove, we had another opportunity of admiring the beautiful scenery; but there was a singular mournfulness over my spirit, that seemed to tinge every object with its hues. A few minutes more, and we were dashing through the outlet, the fortifications of which were frowning down upon us from either hand. The uneasy motions of our vessel told us that, however calm and lovely the day, it possessed no charms to hush into quietness the untamed and restless sea.

During the afternoon, we ran along the wild and rocky coast of Ireland, and as we were close in shore, we were most agreeably entertained with a great variety of objects. There was little indeed of the soft and beautiful to be seen, nor were the rocks sufficiently stupendous, to impress the mind with images of grandeur; but the amazing masses of gray and gradually ascending rocks, broken into rents and chasms, by the action of the waves; the bleak and shrubless highlands shelving back, and laid bare in their various points of elevation, or disfigured by the beetling operations of the storms of many centuries; these, with the bolder promontory, shooting far into the deep, and the little bays, with their rugged beach and crested waves, seeming to say, "Land if you dare," were highly calculated to excite emotions of pleasure, mingled with absorbing curiosity, in the bosom of those who were fond of sea-coast scenery. Seldom have I seen a bleaker coast, though here and there, we espied an oasis, just sufficient to suggest the idea of "beauty resting in the lap of horror." Deck-walking is a very sociable exercise in pleasant weather; but I fear my taciturnity disappointed my excellent friends. Though alive to any imagery belonging to sea or land, which might hereafter assist me in the illustration of truth, my mind was constantly embarrassed with one general and uncongenial idea, anticipated sea sickness.

I have read somewhere of a Roman general, whose army had been overthrown by a powerful foe, and although he himself escaped from the hazards and desperations of the battle-field, was ever after in a constant state of terror and alarm, as if he heard the clangor of trumpets and the noise of a pursuing foe; and, like many an awakened sinner of the nineteenth century, he had no cessation of his disquietudes, unless when under the influence of wine or sleep.

Leaving wine and sleep out of the question, it was thus with your friend. The waves are his enemies, and he has often been in the pell-mell of their congregated regiments, and, with the exception of a few slight skirmishes on some of the North American lakes, he has always been defeated; in spite of all the hosts of philosophical and energetical thoughts he could muster for the conflict, he has ever been compelled to surrender or retreat in disgrace. His mind is therefore always in a state of consternation, when within the territories of his determined foes.

Only read the following lines, which I scribbled a few years ago, when my feet were once more placed firmly on *terra firma*, and I could sing defiance to my raging enemies: —

It was sunrise,
And the tenth morning's dawn had brightened
The dark vapors, which crept along the
Far extended swell on Ocean's bosom.
Along the sky, from south to west, the clouds
Portentously were spread in massive tiers;
The winds lay hushed amid their many folds,
And, like a mighty host entrenched, armed,
Ready for the battle. ——

The sun arose, as if from out the deep,
Encompassed by a mob of waves — angry waves,
Whose altitude and violence, a man of wit
Declared treason and outright rebellion
Against the King of Day; while he, in giant power,
Ascended still, and down on crested foes,

And noisy tumult, scowled defiance.
The half-formed bow of Omnipotence glowed
On the floating fountains of the lowering heavens.
Thunders uttered their threat'ning murmurs,
Artillery-like, their distant roar, without
The flashing of their forked fires. Rushing winds
Arranged the clouds as armies, front to front,
In dread array, charging, then retiring,
Or joining still in mighty phalanx.

The sea itself was troubled,
And mirrored in its long continuous heave,
The dismal drapery of the scowling sky;
Our gallant ship looked awfully timid, her
Snow-white wings suspiciously contracted
Within the circle of her trembling womb.
Deep thought was seated on the helmsman's face,
As ever and anon he eyed the angel
Fingers of the inspired guide of him
Who ploughs the surface of the briny deep,
And to the windward heavens turned a
Pitiful, foreboding look, and thought of home.

It was a solemn hour,
And solemn seemed the jovial sons of Neptune,
Each at his post in mute attention,
Prompt to obey each stern command; though
On the bending top-mast, or swinging on
The yard's arm — reeling to and fro amidst
The gath'ring storm, — or on the wave-washed deck,
Ready ever, — always willing, — though in
Performance of his arduous duty;
The headlong plunge is made resistless —
Deep into the yawning gulfs beneath.

Awful was the moment,
When the Father of the skies his grasp unloosed
Of the mighty winds, and let them use their power:
Heaven's sounding squadrons through the concaved
Dome, pealed their dreadful notes; and down
On rifted deep and reeling vessel came
With one tremendous roar; and in tumultuous
Confusion tossed the troubled atmosphere,
And hurried forth the wheeling clouds, to seize
Upon the tops of congregated billows, —
Upward whirling them 'mid vapors, foam and storm.

The liquid mountains and the cleaving valleys
Seemed, in their fury, willing to let us touch the
Coral rocks, or pick the gems from ocean's bottom;
But rapid as the rushing terrors of the storm,
Drove our straining vessel up the steeps again,
In wild amaze to mingle with the skies;
A moment there — of peril and dismay,
And suddenly, away from off that foaming peak,
She came, like avalanche from Alpine mountain brow,
In one terrific sweep into the black abyss.

A fearful crisis this!
The war of winds and waves is ever awful,
But dreadful was this elemental climax —
The shrill cry of distress mingled horribly
With the loud bellowings of the maddened deep.
The creakings of the frictioned timbers kept
Awful time to tattered sails, cracking like whips
Around the naked masts. ——

It was an hour of terror.
Infidelity turned pale, and vice became unmasked,
And every man was honest with himself and God.
Too late, how many found opinions valueless.
Such vain conceits and lying vanities
Might do on land — on sea, when all was calm,
And death far off; — but now in dread extremity,
To still the conscience, or to soothe the mind,
Utterly incapable. In time of greatest need,
Defective most: 'midst aggravated roar of
Conflicting winds and all-involving billows,
The wretched soul was left a helpless prey,
Close upon life's verge, naked, cold, and trembling;
Poised upon eternity's dread brink; refuge none,
By first and second death at once invaded:
Till willing, by the promptings of a black despair,
To take into eternal night, the awful leap,
Shrieking in horror, forsaken and alone!

And it was a time,
When Christianity shone with splendor.
While I could read the troubled souls, even in
The very countenances of the sons of Mammon;
And hear the sinner pray, who never prayed before
I heard the Christian claim, with confidence,
Help from Him who rode upon the stormy sky,

> The raging of the mighty seas, whose power could calm,
> Or elevate the soul above the tempest's wail,
> To hope in God, and clap her wings of joy.
> And I could see Religion, daughter of the skies,
> Bending o'er the mountain surges, holding
> Sweet converse with breast's monitor, conscience,
> Whispering a peace, which stood unshaken amidst
> The strife of elements and peals of death !

At a certain point toward evening, we gradually retired from the land, and as we were losing sight of old Ireland, a little bird came off on full wing, reached us, and fluttered around the rigging, as if desirous to rest its weary pinions; but seeing such a formidable assemblage on the deck, it poised wing, and was borne along on the increasing breeze out to sea. For a time it appeared a black spot, and as it became scarcely discernible, and we were sympathizing with its dreary prospects should it continue in that direction, it began to increase in bulk, and after a serious struggle with the gale, arrived within the rigging again, and dropped down into a recess in the lee side of the windward bulwarks, a few feet from the deck, and concealed itself behind some ropes. After a while, it arranged its plumage, and prepared itself in the most contented manner for a quiet night's rest; but a cabin boy came and seized the little stranger; we immediately took its part, and insisted he should put it back again into the berth of its choice; but on his promising to set it at liberty when near the coast of Wales, we permitted him to bear it off.

I remarked to a friend that this incident brought forcibly to my mind the conduct of an awakened sinner; that I had seen many an unhappy penitent borne away from the devil's territories by the powerful gales of the Spirit, John iii. 8, and when about to find rest to his soul, doubt and despair have come upon him, and he has fled away from the sight and sound of salvation; and when the saints of God have been mourning on account of the dreadful destiny that awaited him, if he continued to fly away from the gospel hope, they have seen him returning, faint, weary, and heavy laden, glad to come aboard of "Zion's ship," saying with the poet:

"Loosed from God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

"Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave:
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!"

Next day, Oct. 30th, (1842,) we landed at Liverpool; and that evening attended divine service in the Wesleyan chapel, (Brunswick,) and heard a most powerful sermon from the Rev. Dr. Beaumont. My friend, Mr. Fannin, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this letter, introduced me to the Doctor before sermon. He gave me a very cordial welcome to England, and invited me to preach for him; this I refused, but afterwards assisted him in the prayer meeting.

On Monday, Mr. Fannin insisted I should leave my hotel, and make his house in Brougham terrace my home; which I accepted, and am now comfortably situated in a pleasant part of the town, and with a very agreeable and interesting family.

With regard to my prospects of doing good in this town, they are very dark at present. Having had no official invitation to visit Liverpool, nor any acquaintance with the Wesleyan Ministers stationed here, excepting the Rev. A. E. Farrar, superintendent of the north circuit, to whom I had an introduction, when on his missionary deputation in Ireland, a few months since, renders the case rather perplexing. My mind is strongly impressed to remain; — that God has a work for me to do here; but, I fear, if the door does not soon open, the devil will take the advantage, and attack me as in Dublin. I have had an interview with the Rev. A. E. Farrar, who expresses an ardent desire for a revival, but we have not, as yet, been able to fix upon any plan of special effort for the salvation of sinners. My health, thank God, is excellent. My mind seems to be under a singular prohibition, respecting leaving this town; so that I am unable to give you the least information as to my future movements. This uncertainty is painful; but the Lord knows what kind of discipline is best for his weak servant. I need your prayers.

The foregoing part of this chapter is from a letter to an American friend; what now follows is from a letter to his sister, and describes his mental struggles very touchingly, before his way was fully opened in England. These struggles, however, led him to a continued walk of faith. God was true to his promise, and again furnished him with openings and opportunities. Faith was victorious over sight. But we must allow him to tell his own story: —

I landed in this port from Cork on the 30th of October, and once more walked the streets of Liverpool, a solitary stranger, but in a much happier state of mind than when last here. Soon after my arrival, the Lord provided me a home in an excellent family, where I have since remained. Many sore exercises of mind have been my lot, since my second visit to England. It would appear as if the devil were determined to contest this ground with me in a fiercer manner than in Dublin. I have groaned, and prayed, and wept much. You know the hastiness of my disposition, how apt to decide quickly, and act promptly. This peculiarity of my temperament would have driven me out of Liverpool, had it not been for a deep conviction that God has a work for me to do here. Even up till now, I would gladly retreat, but dare not.

On Sabbath night, November 6th, I crossed the river Mersey, to the Cheshire side, walked to the Wesleyan chapel, Woodside, and opened my commission in England, with that text, 2 Peter ii. 9. The above passage has often been a comfort to me in days of temptation, years gone by, and I chose it on this occasion on my own behalf, and was much comforted. An influence from God evidently rested upon the people, and could the blow have been repeated, many sinners, I doubt not, would have been saved.

Monday night, preached in Great Homer street chapel, Liverpool. The Rev. Mr. Farrar was present, and many of the leaders and local preachers, and a good congregation; text, 1 Cor. x. 15. In this sermon, I endeavored to lay down a few great principles, and the Lord applied the whole by his Spirit; afterwards we had a powerful prayer meeting, but none converted.

Mr. Farrar and his official board were unanimously of opinion, that a special effort should now be made for a revival, and that the meetings should be continued in this chapel.

During the first week we had small congregations; my soul was much assisted from on high; glad of an opportunity of using those weapons which are not carnal, "but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." The week ended, and we had only one sinner converted. Sabbath, 13th, I preached in the afternoon to the sailors, aboard of the Bethel ship, having been invited to do so by Captain Hudson, chaplain for the port. We had a very gracious season. The services, during the ensuing week, were interfered with by tea meetings for important purposes; and no sinners, I believe, were converted. The following Sabbath evening, the Lord opened my way to Great Homer street chapel pulpit, and there was a shaking among the dry bones; text, 1 Kings xviii. 21; and from that night the work of God has advanced with majesty and power.

Last Sabbath afternoon, I met those who had found mercy since the 7th of November. The meeting for the young converts was conducted in a similar manner to that I described in Cork. One hundred and thirteen persons came forward, and in the most distinct manner, and with many tears, declared, that God for Christ's sake had pardoned their sins. Many who had found salvation, but who did not understand the nature of the meeting, were not present; but thirty additional persons gave their names in the evening, as trophies of redeeming love. All glory be to God!

It would be impossible, my dear sister, to tell you how severely, and on how many points, the adversary has harassed me, during these few weeks I have been in England, but all his attempts to discourage me have driven me nearer to God. Part of each forenoon was spent upon my knees, crying to God for Liverpool, and a fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost upon my own soul.

The Lord, during these seasons of conflict, gave several helps to my faith. Perhaps the following may be interesting to you. One day a stranger came into my room, and said, "Sir, a few weeks before you arrived in this town, I had a singular dream. I thought I was passing up a certain street, when I saw two immense flames arising from each side; one was of a bluish color, and filled me with horror; the appearance of the other flame was quite different. These flames met in terrible contention, and filled the street, so that to pass seemed impossible. It was suggested to my mind by some one near, 'You must not attempt to pass, or you will be burned.' I replied, that pass I would, and pass I did, while the flames played around my shoulders; but when I got through there was not a singe, nor smell of fire upon my garments, and I distinctly heard a voice, saying, 'Glory be to God!' And, Sir, the first night you preached in Great Homer street chapel, I heard you, and the moment your voice reached my ear, I recognized it as the voice I heard in my dream, saying, 'Glory be to God!' and now, Sir, thank God, through your instrumentality, I have obtained a clear sense of the remission of my sins, with the pardoning love of God."

The great Dr. Johnson used to say, "Do not wholly believe dreams, for they may be false; but do not entirely reject them, because they may be true."

The remainder of this chapter is from a letter to a friend, and describes his movements in Liverpool up to January 3, 1843.

The Lord has opened a great and effectual door for me in Liverpool. The enemy opposed me most seriously, and endeavored in various ways to shut the door of usefulness, and insinuated that he would completely block up my way in England; but the promise I received in Ireland stood fast, and was the "sheet anchor" of my soul. Isaiah xxii. 22, and Rev. iii. 7, 8. On the 13th of last December, Isaiah liv. 17, was given to me, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," and has rested sweetly upon my mind since. In the time of extremity, God came down in power and arrested scores of sinners, and surrounded us with the tears and cries of imploring penitents. This was such a demonstration of the presence and approbation of God that few could withstand, except those who were entrenched at home, and amused themselves with the strange and garbled reports which were put in circulation. The Rev. A. E. Farrar, the Superintendent, pronounced it at once a special work of God, and among friends and foes stood up for the revival most nobly, as did also his excellent colleagues, the Rev. Dr. Beaumont, and the Rev. John H. James.

After spending about five weeks upon what is called here the "North Circuit," and many sinners were converted to God, a deputation of Leaders from the "South Circuit" waited upon me, with a request to spend a few weeks with them; saying, "Come, Sir, and let the revival flame be kindled at different points, and God may set the town in a blaze." As Mr. Farrar had advised me, by all means, to visit the South Circuit, should an invitation come from the proper authority, I agreed, provided the Superintendent was willing. We therefore walked down to see the Rev. William Atherton, who received us politely, and though evidently not at all enthusiastic upon the subject, yielded to the request of the Leaders, and your friend received an official permission to preach the gospel of the kingdom on that side of the town. His colleagues, the Rev. Joseph Hargreaves, and the Rev. Henry H. Chettle, were not present during the interview, but I had the pleasure of an introduction to them afterwards.

That very night, in Pitt street chapel, a few hot shot from the walls of Zion were thrown into the entrenchments of the devil's children, and four of them cried out for mercy —

> "Wounded by the Spirit's sword,
> And then by Gilead's balm restored"—

One of them an old woman of seventy-two. Shortly after we began in the above chapel, I was taken with a severe hoarseness, in consequence of having to walk some distance after preaching, and being a little careless withal. It confined me two nights to my room, but in answer to the prayer of faith, and the use of means, (inhaling the vapor, caused by a red hot poker in a mug of tar, and, at certain intervals, sipping a little flax-seed tea, made to the consistence of honey,) I regained my voice, and we continued the battle with vigor. During the first week, we had twenty converted; the next week seventy; and the week after, more than forty.

On the night of the 31st of December, I assisted one of the preachers in holding a watch night in Pitt street chapel. Altogether, it was one of the most singular of the kind I had ever attended. Several exhortations were given, but the "direct aim" was wanting, and I fear your friend was quite as deficient as his brethren. We seemed afraid of each other, and did nothing. When the new year was ushered in, and part of the immense crowd had retired, God enabled me to break through the infernal oppression which rested upon us, and in a few minutes, we had the altar filled with weeping penitents, and several obtained salvation. I retired to rest, about three o'clock in the morning, much cast down by reflecting upon the comparative failure upon such an important night.

On the following day, I assisted one of the preachers in the administration of the Lord's Supper, at Wesley chapel, Stanhope street, and enjoyed a very solemn season in "the renewal of the covenant." The latter is a most impressive service, and why it has not been incorporated into the usages of American Methodism, I cannot tell; of the gracious effects, there can be no question. I shall bring with me on my return a copy of the Covenant.

New Year's Day night, I preached in the Mount Pleasant chapel to a crowded congregation. Twelve sinners were converted to God.

Up to this time, not less than two hundred and seventy sinners have been converted; but only one hundred and thirty of these are from the world; the remainder were members of the Wesleyan church. I am amazed at this; but so it was in the cities I visited in Ireland. Certainly this was a large number to be meeting in class without conversion. I have had some tribulation to endure, since my arrival here. Much from my great adversary, and some from poor human nature, warped by various prejudices. My position is a singular one, though I trust in the order of God, else I would very soon return to America; but it is not understood in Liverpool; nor would it be becoming, I fear, to appear anxious to set matters in a clearer light, unless it were requested. The voice of the Lord in my conscience seems to be, "Mind the one work, for the accomplishment of which you have been sent; you have nothing to do either with the opening or shutting of the door, so long as you are faithful in saving souls." The opinions about me are various, and some things to me are inexplicable; and if any thing, in some sort, throws a ray of light upon them, it is, that I am sure there is nothing personal designed; only what is considered by some "good policy." This reflection relieves my mind, and enables me to exercise that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things"—the best of every man, so as to put a good construction even upon the greatest paradoxes—"hopeth all things, endureth all things." I know my eye is single. The salvation of lost sinners is my steady, constant aim; but as all cannot see my heart, it would be wrong in me to fret with those who cannot appreciate my motives, nor, for the present, sympathize with my movements. My soul is greatly humbled before the Lord; but I am his, and he is mine. This is settled, therefore I will rejoice, and be glad in the Rock of my salvation.

CHAPTER XV.

ARGUMENTS WITH THE ENEMIES OF REVIVALS.

The succeeding chapter presents a new phase in the character of our Revivalist. He is in the arena of controversy, contending nobly with the adversaries whom Satan raised up in Liverpool to buffet him. It would appear that these enemies assaulted him with a variety of objections to his manner, his mode of procedure, his style of preaching, and even to the astonishing results of his labors. To these missives he replied in a masterly manner, as the reader will see. I do not remember any work which deals so tersely, and so effectually with *revival objections*, as Mr. Caughey has done in these letters. He wastes no words; he resorts to none of the intricacies of logic; but simply grasps his opponent's objection with a hand, conscious of superior strength, and forthwith it shrinks and cowers in abject submission before him. I think this chapter will become an armory of choice, defensive weapons for the friends of revivals.

The reader must bear in mind, that the objections here met were sent to Mr. Caughey by different persons, to whom he wrote these replies. Hence he does not always state them in due form, but they may be easily gathered from the replies, by a reflective mind. The abruptness with which he presents them is, as the reader has already learned, his peculiarity. If not consistent with elegance, it at least favors brevity. As usual, I have blended the letters into one continuous chapter. They were all dated from Liverpool during the winter and spring of 1843.

Your objections are not worthy of attention; but are you not on some points rather too severe? at least, over positive? Read again the following: "I am convinced many persons are merely frightened into a religious life, by the singular services." This is the mere echo of your friend, Mr. * * *, who says, "when the terrors are off them, they will be as bad as ever." Perhaps not; they may linger around their hearts till they change worlds. But many of them are entirely delivered from "the terrors," and are rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I have heard scores of them bless God they ever heard the voice that terrified them. This shows they are neither displeased nor tired of the fright.

"When you leave Liverpool, the results will be woeful enough." It is well if you do not desire your prophecies to be fulfilled, that you may have it to say, "I knew it would be so."

"What man of reading and intelligence, who attends these meetings, can leave them without a conviction that there is a constant aim to excite the passions?" There are very many intelligent people who frequent these services, think quite differently.

"How little respect is paid to the understanding. Proofs of the existence of a God, immortality of the soul, divine authenticity of the scriptures, etc., are banished from the pulpit, where once they shone in all their glory." These are by no means neglected, but they are not discussed as they should be to ignorant pagans. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who attend these services regularly, believe these articles of our creed. We know this to be a fact. There are, however, thousands who can bear witness that the judgments of the hearers, and the doctrines of which you speak, have not been disregarded; yet I freely admit, my object has been to drive down into the heart the knowledge of the head; that is, to make them *feel* what they already know. If this is what you mean by exciting the passions, I must plead guilty.

The sentiments of a minister, now with God, are worth hearing; they once stumbled me, but I can well understand them now. "You may prove this, confirm or confute that, but who hates his sins? Who cries for mercy? Who turns to God? Sinners may as well be hearkening to a mathematician demonstrating Euclid's Elements, as to a preacher only proving a point of Christianity. When I was a young man I endeavored to drive religion into the heads of my hearers, but I have given that up, and having learned a little more wisdom, I attack the heart only, and labor with all my might to melt them down in the tenderest manner, till they cry out, 'I have need of every thing God has done for me.'"

Why detain a man to hear you *prove* that to which he readily assents? What better way to drive a man to his feet, or knees, than to make him *feel* that it is his duty and interest to allow his *belief* to exert an entire influence over his affections and life?

> "And o'er the sinner's naked heart,
> Scatter the living coals of truth."

"Such crushing and crowding,—our chapels will be ruined." They were built for this purpose, and it is not unlikely they will be standing when you and I are in our graves.

"We were going on quietly, and could worship God comfortably before this stir." This may be correct, but it is no less true that sinners were going to hell by thousands.

"Now, all is confusion; families and servants are distracted and uncontrollable, and the town is likely to be in an uproar." Perhaps you have not seen a late German writer on this subject. He can help you to a few ideas. Hear him: "Faithful ministers are often storm-birds, or messengers of misfortune. The preaching of the gospel by them is like the sinking of a burning mountain in the sea; sleepers awake, and the dry bones are stirred. On such occasions the thoughts of many hearts are revealed. O what divisions of heart may we then witness! but the awakening preachers are regarded as the offending parties. 'The men who have turned the world upside down have come hither also.'"

"These frenzied and mystical declamations respecting hell,"—Hold! do you believe there is such a place as hell in eternity? The same as is represented in the Scriptures? That sinners are in as great danger of falling into it *now* as 1800 years ago? If you *deny* this, I have nothing more to say to you in *self-defence*. We must occupy different positions in regard to truth and duty, and the question in debate must be changed. But I shall take it for granted that you believe the above propositions. How then are men to be warned of such a dreadful reality?

Allowing that thousands of these Liverpool sinners, who eagerly crowd to hear the truth, are every moment in jeopardy of falling into hell, how are they to be aroused to a sense of their danger? By any other mode of voice and feeling than what a firm belief in such an awful hell would naturally excite? Should a watchman, at midnight, discover a house in flames over a sleeping family, *how* would you have him alarm the unconscious inmates? "I would have him cry, Fire! fire! fire!" "Cry!" would you have him cry? But not like a man asleep, or drunk, or in jest, or afraid of hurting their feelings, but in good earnest, and at the top of his voice, "Fire! fire!! fire!!!" "But the danger is not so great." Are you sure of that? Is there no family, or sinner in jeopardy of eternal burning among the multitudes who hear me from night to night? The thread of life is a brittle affair: —

> "And death, that flings at all,
> Stands armed to strike them down, and flames
> Attend their fall."

I may not be long away from Liverpool, before the sudden death of some of these sinners, shall prove the dreadful truth of the sentiment. Ay, and the triumphant exit of several of these young converts may prove the time of their conversion to have been a momentous crisis in their history. But to return. I once discovered a building on fire, with a number of wooden houses close by, and a heavy south wind to drive the flames onward. I awoke the neighborhood with a cry of fire, and saved the place. But no one blamed me for treating the matter as a reality. The same people, however, complained loudly when I warned them of the danger of falling into hell with similar earnestness. Query, did they believe in a hell of fire, and that their souls were more valuable than their endangered property? Did they not rather consider the loss of eternal life of less consequence than that of temporal life? "A man may tell you," says a writer, "your house is on fire in such a way as to make quite an opposite impression, and you will take it for granted that your house is not on fire." May we not warn sinners in the same way, and make an impression exactly similar? I have heard of two young men who were carting gravel from a pit. One of them met his companion returning with a load, whom he saluted as they passed: "Your cart will break down." A short distance from the spot it came to the ground with a crash. When they again met, the unfortunate person was accosted, "I told you your cart would break down." "Yes, you told me," was replied, "but you said it in such a manner that I did not know whether you were in jest or in earnest. Why did you not tell me in such a way that I could not but believe you?"

It appears that you think the Liverpool sinners do not misunderstand me. Thank God! nor shall they while I remain in town. None of them shall tell God Almighty in the day of judgment, "James Caughey warned me of this day, and of a coming hell, but it was in such a manner that I could not tell whether or not he was in earnest." Why should I be called a fanatic for this? An eminent minister, now in heaven, once defended himself from the charge of enthusiasm, in the following language: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill. I saw a gravel-pit fall and bury three men. I lifted up my voice so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile. Help came, and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then. And when I see eternal destruction awaiting my fellow-men, some already engulfed in that hell, and others under a mass of sin and wrath which shall speedily sink them there, and call aloud for warning and help, shall I be called an enthusiast now?"

Perhaps you may be inclined to make the application in my favor.

You reason well; no rational man could object. But what has all this to do with the enlightened congregation at * * * * chapel? Have they not been sitting under the sound of the gospel for years? Enter into conversation with scores and hundreds of them;—how clear their views upon all the essential doctrines of Christianity! A large proportion of the young people have been trained in the Sabbath school, and are familiar with the holy Scriptures. Many of them are moral and upright in their conduct, but without any internal religion. Converse with them closely, and they will candidly admit they have never been born again. Not a few members of the society confess their state unsafe. Some, indeed, of that congregation, may doubt whether a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins can be obtained; but a vast majority allow even this. But they are not alarmed on the subject. Their hearts are still cold and indifferent. What is to be done? Could you, or any sensible man, believing the word of God, forbid a minister to cry unto the Lord, for an influence from heaven to come down upon these sinners? On returning to the pulpit, should he not bring his God with him, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, attempt to break them down into compunction for their sins? How can he do this more readily, than by seizing upon the knowledge already in the head, as the element of alarming appeals to the conscience? They have been reasoned with till their heads are as clear as those of devils; but their hearts are like flint, and cold as ice. They believe as correctly as devils do, but, unlike devils, there is no trembling. James ii. 19. They must be made to tremble, and be broken down before the Lord God of hosts, or they can never be saved.

"You certainly impress the audience with a want of respect for their understanding, and so prejudice them against you and your message." It may be so; I must run the risk of that. If they understood the matter properly, they should consider that I honor their intelligence. In some of my sermons, it is taken for granted, that they believe in all the doctrines of the Bible. The point then at issue is, whether it is not high time they should test their principles, by a conscious and happy experience. In other words, that the enjoyments of the heart should harmonize with the "knowledge in the head." Upon this I labor with all my might. My plan, then, is to lay close siege to the heart and conscience, and *storm* them, if I can. If this cannot be done in one night, I return to the charge the next. And so, without any "flourish or prolusion," fall to blows, and that so rapidly as to give them no time to recover themselves. When they "cry for quarters," mercy is freely and generously offered through the blood of the Lamb.

But forget not, that in every appeal made to the heart, there is a dignified recognition of principles already lodged in the understanding.

I consider the intelligence of that congregation insulted, when a preacher, month after month, and year after year, engages their attention in proving and defining points of belief, and theological terms. I doubt whether they would bear with him three Sabbaths, but for the charity that hopes somebody needs enlightening upon such subjects. That minister does credit to the intellects of his audience, who drives home to the conscience, with a giant arm, truths which they profess to believe. He is only pushing received and acknowledged principles to their proper result in the conversion of the soul.

You go on, "Why not a little system, and some attention to accent and cadence? nor should you be above a nice definition of words. You are capable of all these, but you suffer your feelings to run away with your reason. I can see no good in all this furious bluster; and as for such outcries among hitherto sober and sensible people —I am amazed." And thus it will be with you, till you understand my aim in preaching,—the conversion of sinners to God. It is in hearing this kind of preaching, as one looking at an archer shooting at a mark. Unless the by-stander notice the object aimed at, and observe the arrow the moment it leaves the string, there is nothing more seen of it, till it strike the ground, or stick fast in the mark. But let the design of the marksman be observed, and the flight-shaft is seen the moment it is delivered; the eye following it through the air, till it strike the point to which it was directed. All confusion is then avoided, and the effect upon the mind most agreeable.

Consider the intention of the minister; notice the mark; appreciate his motives; recognize the adaptation of the truths delivered. Sympathize with the feelings of the man of God; follow the shaft by the eye of faith, to the invisible heart of the sinner; nor will you be surprised if he cry aloud, as in an agony from an arrow sticking fast. Having traced the cause to the effect, and the effect back to the cause, the sure results of gospel truth shall gladden your heart. The bitter complaints of one of old, mingling in the outcries, shall then be no confusion to you. "For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." Job vi. 4.

I am aware you have not received that answer which some of your remarks have richly merited. But, if you have thrown away from you common politeness and good humor, I choose to retain both. Beware, lest while you bear the character of a despiser, you wonder and perish. Acts xiii. 41. Remember it is written, "His arrows are made ready upon the strings," Ps. xxi. 12, and that he holds the arrow of death, as well as those suitable for conviction of sin. "God shall shoot at them with an arrow," says the Psalmist, "suddenly shall they be wounded" unto death.

"Several intelligent persons have vacated their pews, in consequence of your fiery style of preaching." That I am aware of; but they are few in number. Were they to speak of their secret hearts, as freely as they do of me, I may venture to say, they would confess themselves attached to sins sufficient to damn them, were they to die in them. They know it, and are disturbed. This is no discredit to me among the angels of God, the spectators of this conflict, who are filling heaven with acclamations of joy over repenting sinners.

I have seen many such cases; but startling facts afterwards explained the matter, and have cleared the preacher of all blame.

"Why so pointed? why so severe? You will succeed just as well with softer words." To this I reply, words are the instruments by which the Spirit of God affects the mind. Sharp they must be, and powerful; if like a two-edged sword, they pierce even to the dividing asunder the soul and spirit, the joints and marrow; and severely searching, too, if their discernment penetrate even to the thoughts and the intents of the heart. Heb. iv. 12. An old divine, quoting the saying of a physician, "Soft words cure no wounds," added, "we may more truly say, Soft words give no wounds, and are not fit for the service."

Two of your concluding sentiments are worth a line or two. "I never come, but there is a storm of hell and damnation." But you do not attend every night; frequently, there is nothing of the kind. Such powerless seasons, however, cause me great sorrow of heart; I would weep my life away on this account, were it not for the consideration, that quiet sermons may be necessary for certain minds, of mild temperament and kindly disposition. The jailor was surprised by terror, and sprang into the cell of

Paul and Silas, trembling, and fell down, saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" But it is recorded in the same chapter, that, "The Lord opened the heart of Lydia," when hearing the truth of God by the river of Philippi. "He opened Lydia's heart with an oiled key," said a good man, "but an earthquake was necessary to open the heart of the jailor."

Who dare say, that these two styles are not necessary for respective characters; or even that the same kind of preaching is always suitable to the same individual? If you are sent on the earthquake nights, to breathe amidst a "storm of hell and damnation," are you quite sure you do not need such arousing elements?

"You have a good deal of brass in your face, if, after the repeated hints you have received from certain quarters, you do not disappear from the town." I have a good deal of love in my heart, or I could not breast my difficulties; and one of the old "Scotch worthies," (the persecuted Rutherford,) used to say, "Faith is the better for free air, and for the sharp winter storm in its face?"

Not at all. I meant no such thing. The judgment should be addressed as well as the passions. What I intended, and thought plainly stated, was, a minister of Christ should address the whole man. Appeals to the passions should not be made, to the neglect of the understanding, nor should the intellect be engaged while the passions are disregarded. Doubtless, those preachers are most successful who aim at both. Whether I fail in either, others must judge. Come and hear for yourself regularly, and without prejudice. Mark those parts of the sermon which speak to the judgment, and those designed for the passions, and you may possibly find as much intended for the former as for the latter. But expect not equal proportions in all the sermons, nor run away disgusted after a moving discourse. Come back the next night, and the following; perhaps you may observe both matter and manner in the opposite extreme. If so, look out for another "storm," for these are only preparatory.

Let us not disagree where we are really agreed. That "the judgment should be informed before the passions are moved," I allow. This is a good general rule, but the minister who is laboring for souls, is often the best judge. If he have the work at heart, he will converse with hundreds of his hearers, in a week or two, and be able to form a pretty correct estimate of their intelligence, and suit his preaching accordingly. Hence, a hearer, especially one who is only present once or twice a week, is far from being qualified to say, how such a man should preach to the crowds who surround him. In very many cases, the feelings must be moved before we can have access to the judgment. I cannot enter into a labored argument upon this point, for the want of time. I have visited many towns in the course of my travels, where a revival has broken out suddenly. Vast numbers have crowded into the house of God, out of mere curiosity. Some of them, "Wild as the untaught Indian's brood." Before such minds could be enlightened, I had to gain their attention; but this was impossible, without an attempt to "rouse their passions," as you term it, by these objectionable appeals. The fear of that great and dreadful God whom they had offended, and the conscious danger of dropping into hell, have so "wrought upon their feelings," as to impel them to attend to the things which were spoken. Dark minds, forced by an aroused conscience to listen to the truth, became enlightened, and soon yielded themselves to God, through Jesus Christ.

I recollect an instance of this kind, which took place at a camp meeting in the state of New York. A very wicked physician, driven on by the devil, come upon the ground. Day after day, regardless of the sanctity of the place and services, he despised the sons of God, and ridiculed the whole as a religious farce. His mind was as dark as that of an Indian of our forests, on the whole subject of religion. I was present the night he was struck to the ground, as by a flash of lightning. The point to be gained was to arrest his attention during a sufficient length of time to make an impression. A plain young man one night chose a text, Rom. vii. 11, 12; and instead of laboring to convince the judgment, he thrust directly at the conscience. Every sentence had a dagger point. His appeals to the conscience were absolutely terrific. The woods re-echoed; the audience stood aghast, and Christians trembled before the Lord God of hosts. The man's attention was rivetted, the smile of contempt disappeared, and he fell to the ground as if a bullet had passed through his body. Morning had not dawned upon that grove, before the results astonished all who were acquainted with the case.

Several years ago, a few religious people and others were worshipping God. An old man arose, not so much to tell people what they did not know, as to make them feel all they knew. A hardened young sinner was there, while the exhorter, at the top of his voice, cried, "Sin and repent, sin and repent, till you repent in the bottomless pit." He afterwards said, that the word entered his "heart like a dagger." His "passions were excited," but an arrest was laid upon his attention. During five weeks God poured light upon his mind, by the instructions of his servants, which he was glad to receive, while suffering the agonies of a wounded spirit. At the end of that time, he received remission of sins, by faith; enjoyed it several years, and then died happy in God.

"The zeal of some men is of a haughty, unbending, ferocious character," you say. "They have the letter of truth, but they mount the pulpit like prize-fighters. It is with them a perpetual scold. It is not the spirit of Jesus Christ. He seems to have labored to win men." I never scold; it is against my principles. But when the love of Christ constrains, I persuade men with power and divine authority. Call this "ferocious," if you please. But I happen to know where you got the above criticism. Why did you not add the passage immediately in connection? I shall do it for you. "But there is an opposite extreme. The love of some men is all milk and mildness. There is so much delicacy, and so much fastidiousness. They touch with such tenderness, and, if the patient shrinks, they will touch no more. The times are too flagrant for such a disposition. The gospel is sometimes preached in this way, till all the people agree with the preacher. He gives no offence, and he does no good." This is what another calls, "A general, soft, and toothless ministry;" and adds, "I confess I look upon nothing more dangerous and deadly."

May the Holy Spirit teach me wherein I err!

This very morning I fell in with the following lines, which I consider the best answer I can give. It would seem as if they had been written expressly for yourself: —

"Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And in six months, my dog shall howl by note;
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety, their cares confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind:
To syllable dissectors they appeal,
Allow the accent, cadence—*fools* may feel;
But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those, who would make us *feel, must feel themselves.*"

You have stated many good things, but I have neither time nor inclination, to take them up, one by one, or continue the correspondence. Compare your philosophy with what follows. Each sentiment might be a proposition. Carry them out, and they would tear your arguments to ribbons. "*Truth* and *sympathy* are the soul of an efficacious ministry. We may say, '*this* or *that* is the aspect which ought to have most effect: we must illuminate the *mind;* we must enlist the reason; we must attack the conscience.'" "We may do all this, and yet our want of success in begetting and educating the sons of glory, may demonstrate to us, that there is some more effective way. Man is a creature of feeling as well as intellect. We must interest them as we can. It is unphilosophical to depend on the mere statement of truth. The armor of Saul is armor for the camp of the Israelites, or in the camp of the Philistines, but we want the sling and the stone. I honor metaphysicians, logicians, critics, and historians, in their places. Look at facts. Men who lay out all their strength in statements, preach churches empty. They fail in their effects on their hearers, by not entering as philosophers into the state of human nature. They do not consider how low the patient is reduced. They set themselves to plant principles and prove points, when they should labor to interest the heart. Few men have wisdom so large as to see, that the way they have not hitherto attained, may yet be the best way. I dare not tell most academical, logical, frigid men, how little I account of their opinion, concerning the true method of preaching to the popular ear. I hear them talk as utterly incompetent judges."

On the other matters, I have to thank you for your candor. But have you never read the little story of the "irregular" apple tree? A gentleman one day, when passing by an orchard, the trees of which were standing in regular rows, noticed one quite "out of order." He hailed the owner, saying, "What a pity, Sir, that you should let that tree stand there; were it mine, I would root it up, and thereby reduce my orchard to an exact uniformity." "I regard the *fruit* rather than the form," was the reply. "It more than compensates for the inconvenience arising from its situation. This tree which you would root up, hath yielded me more than many of those trees, which have little else to commend them, than their *regular* position."

Are you quite sure, that Jesus Christ would not give you a similar reply, were you bold enough to carry the "objection" to him?

Here this controversy must close. I have other, and better work on my hands. Hundreds of sinners are turning to the Lord. Were it not for difficulties over which I have no control, both circuits would be wrapt in the flames of salvation, and many more sinners converted at this time. The devil fought with me in Dublin, as the starting point of my labors in Ireland; but my trials were nearly all mental. Liverpool is "the pass" into England. To me it is a Thermopylæ; but Satan has changed his mode of attack. His entrenchments, artillery, and agents are of a different kind. My eye is single. There is prudence connected with that, far beyond any thing worldly, and much more effectual. The singleness of the mental eye is a noble safeguard against the warpings of those selfish interests, which ruin a man's usefulness, and blight the work of God. My one object is the salvation of lost sinners. This saves me from many snares and hurtful temptations. When souls are given me, I am happy: "Then, let or earth or hell assail."

In bidding you adieu, I indulge the charity which "hopeth all things." Although you have used some hard words, not at all in keeping with the politeness current in the well-bred world, to say nothing of the apostolic injunction, "Be courteous;" yet I would hope, you have not "set aught down in malice." Rather, that the sentiments of a good man now in glory, are more justly applicable. "If a man look at most of his prejudices, he will find that they arise from his field of view being necessarily narrow, like the eye of a fly. He can have but little better notions of the whole scheme of things, as has been well said, than a fly on the pavement of St. Paul's cathedral can have of the whole structure. He is offended, therefore, by inequalities, which are lost in the grand design." Think of the following sentence, it may assist you to more prudence, and render you less positive. "This persuasion will fortify him against many injurious and troublesome prejudices." My charity, however, need not hinder you from

"Turning the leaves of sacred conscience o'er,
Nor be afraid to search her hidden store."

* * * * * *

I understand perfectly the nature of these petty annoyances. Never have I yet been in any great revival, without having had numbers of these squibs of the devil, and other fire-works let off about my ears. Seldom have they ceased making a noise, and spitting fire, till the poor creatures employed by the author of evil, (as the monkey employed the paws of the cat, in dragging the eatables out of the fire,) get converted to God; or till the revival either stop or become extremely popular. Sometimes I have felt it my duty to silence Satan's batteries, by the superior artillery of the gospel. But where the effect has been no other, than to keep my officers awake, and to stir them up to deeds of noble daring, I have let them fire away. My reply in such cases has been, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Neh. vi. 3.

Having a few moments on my hands, it is not improper, all things considered, to send you a short answer.

You seem to be a sensible man, and I am surprised that you meddle with what it is evident you are totally ignorant of. Were I to enter your shop, and interfere with your men, and attempt to give orders about a trade, of which I know just nothing, what would you think or say of me? What but "he is a foolish, impudent, meddling, self-conceited coxcomb?"

Once, during a glorious revival, an unconverted lawyer, who was a member of the congregation, set himself to oppose me and the Leaders. A judicious friend brought him to his senses. "Suppose, Sir," he said, "an individual, who had never studied law, should come into your office, and begin to find fault with your legal proceedings; and insist that, hereafter, you should govern yourself by his directions, how would you treat his impudence? And how does it look, Sir, for you to be dictating to an experienced minister of God, and converted and intelligent Leaders, as to *how* they shall conduct this revival?"

This prompt defence of my friend, reminded me of a classical story. When Antony carped at the study of the civil law, acknowledging, at the same time, the small knowledge he himself had therein; Scævola, a great lawyer, smiling said, that "he had *made a kind of amends* for his invective against the law, by professing his ignorance therein." A good man once replied to a sceptic: "It is no disparagement to any science or profession, to be slighted by such as understand it not."

A few months ago, when in the south of Ireland, a zealous old Christian came into my room, saying, "Sir, I was exhorting sinners to turn to Christ, and believers to cry to God for an influence from above. My soul was very happy, and I called upon God to send down fire from heaven. A poor man cried out with great emotion, 'God forbid!'" They understood each other differently. The old saint wanted the fire of divine love to descend upon the hearts of the people; the sinner thought he was calling for the fire of vengeance, and ventured to put a *negative* upon such a request; — entering his *protest* against such a shower, with a "God forbid!"

It is the same misunderstanding of spiritual things, which leads you to exclaim, "Blasphemy," in a lively meeting. You seem as ignorant of the phraseology necessary to a revival, as an Indian would be of the shouts for brick, and stone, and mortar, from the walls of a building in the course of erection. Nor will it ever be otherwise with you, till the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" be wrung from your agonized soul; or till the first five verses of the one hundred and third psalm, become the language of your newly converted heart. In hell you may possibly understand the matter. Theology is studied there, were it for no other purpose, than to burn into the lost soul, lessons on the justice of its punishment. I care not a straw for your threatening. Neither you, nor any sinner in Liverpool, can do me any injury, unless it be given you from above. The will of God be done. When my work is finished in England, I shall cheerfully return to America. He can open, and no man can shut, and he can shut, and no man can open. I think it is Luther, who tells us of a certain Duke of Saxony, who determined upon war against a bishop of Germany. The prelate, instead of raising a military force to defend his town and territory, gave himself to prayer, and to the care of the church of God. The duke sent a spy into the company of the bishop, for the purpose of learning his plan of attack, or defence. The spy returned, and the duke, with much eagerness, put forth his inquiries. "O! Sir, was the reply, "you may surprise him without fear; he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that?" inquired the duke, "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick, and that as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke, "then let the devil wage war against him, I will not;" and added, if I remember aright, "It is a hazardous affair to attack him, who has engaged God in his quarrel."

There is a lesson here for me and thee, and for all parties concerned. I have nothing to do but mind God's work, nor shall I do any thing else; and that with simplicity and singleness of heart. While God surrounds me with a crowd of young converts, and penitents, and unawakened but attentive sinners, my duty is plain. Some are to be built up on their most holy faith, others are to be converted, and vast masses broken down into sorrow for sin. Here is my work, and I shall do it with all my might, by the grace of God. When these things are accomplished, I shall disappear from Liverpool, and they may see my face no more. The weight of what you speak, I shall commit to God himself.

In the dark days of Protestantism, in this country, a trooper rushed into a church, and ordered a faithful minister to stop preaching. The man of God went on with a steady voice, and firm countenance. The soldier raised a pistol to his head, and threatened him with instant death, if he did not desist. "Soldier," said the undaunted minister calmly, "I am doing my duty, you may do yours;" and, with a still more exalted voice, proceeded with his sermon.

God is mine, and I am his. This is settled; and, O! what a paradise is this! My feelings are not unlike those of a Christian lady in America, who said to me, "Brother, I feel like one sitting upon the summit of a high rock, who can scarcely hear the breakers at its base." The man who stands on the top of a lofty tower, 2 Sam. xxii. 2, 3, is regardless of the croaking of frogs and hissing of serpents below. What cares the full moon for the barking of dogs? She is fixed in the heavens, and moves on, surrounded by her attendant stars.

CHAPTER XVI.

INQUIRIES, ANECDOTES, AND CLOSING LABORS IN LIVERPOOL.

The following chapter is full of interest. It abounds in fine, pointed anecdotes. It exhibits the opinions formed of Mr. Caughey by lukewarm professors and worldly men. It furnishes an example to those ministers whose aims, efforts, and principles, being above the comprehension of a carnal world, call forth its anger. Mr. Caughey stood firm as a "Druid rock" amidst the beating waves of hostile opinions. He vanquished his foes by a meek perseverance in the work of God; by being himself unmoved, while his foes were excited against him.

His replies to those who questioned him concerning the secret philosophy of his revivals, are worthy of careful study; since his successful, simple philosophy, is within reach of every other minister. It is so compendious as to be easily comprehended and as easily remembered. That it is the *true* philosophy, will appear from its practical workings. In five months at Liverpool, it produced the glorious fruit of a THOUSAND CONVERTS. O, that every reader, and especially every minister, may learn well and truly that philosophy so aptly comprehended by Mr. Caughey in the single phrase, KNEE WORK!

Yes! in such cases it may do very well. We may manage those infirmities, as did the painter, when taking the portrait of his friend. A blemish happened to be in one of his eyes, but he concealed the defect by painting the other side of the face. This was a delicate stroke, and not reprehensible. The presence of the deformity was not absolutely necessary to a correct likeness, in a certain position. And thus it may be sometimes in preaching. Innocent and unavoidable imperfections are not needful to be described. We can do more good by throwing over them the mantle of concealment. No principle is sacrificed, by taking the most perfect side of the character for our contemplation. But " circumstances alter cases." Suppose the " frailties " are sinful, and known to the public, a minister is not at liberty to conceal or excuse. Principle, the good of others, and the concerns of a deathless soul, are concerned. " But would you announce his name ? " By no means; there is no occasion for that; nor have I in your case. I would draw the portrait with those sinful blemishes in it, and it should be to the life too; so that if the individual be known to the congregation, every one may discern the likeness, and avoid the example. If the failings are secret, then the sinner himself may behold his deformed features, and repent, as in dust and ashes. A certain minister was in the act of sketching such a character once. A poor fellow in the audience looked unutterable things, gazing all the time with intense interest. A few more touches by the faithful preacher, and the likeness was complete. He could restrain himself no longer, and cried out, " Name me ! " with a look as if he would sink through the floor. Did you feel any thing like this on the night in question ? O man ! secure such a character upon you, by the grace of God, that you shall not be ashamed of your picture any where.

You say, " It is disgusting and horrible for any minister to descend to such personalities. It is mean; you knew well enough that what you said could apply to none but myself." I knew nothing of the kind, nor any thing about you. I did indeed " paint " a face and form, with a peculiar drapery, and *so like yourself*, it would seem, that you knew your visage and garb ; and now you must wear them till you provide yourself with something better. I am as innocent in the whole affair, most surely, as was an old Local Preacher of my acquaintance in America, similarly circumstanced. He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and much people were added to the Lord by his instrumentality. Preaching once in a private house, which was full, a certain character came up suddenly before his mind. This he sketched admirably, in " full length." A man at the door became greatly agitated, and forgetting the peculiarity of his situation, called out to the preacher, " Why don't you talk to some of the rest, and not to me all the time ? " " I did not know you were there," replied the good man, " but if the coat suit you, put it on and wear it, and be thankful, and I shall try to fit some of the rest." Ah ! Sir, if there was more of such preaching, men could not frequent our congregations, nor applaud the minister, and live at the same time in gross vice. No, no ! They would either absent themselves from the hearing of the searching truth, or get converted to God. The above fact is so applicable to yourself, there is no need for comments.

" There were other offensive remarks, which I know applied to others, even Wesleyans ; but such vulgar descriptions should never be brought into the pulpit." I cannot agree with you there. If people are " vulgar " enough to commit such things, the minister of God, rather than have the blood of souls found in his skirts, must reprove boldly, even at the risk of being charged with vulgarity. " Reproofs of this kind should always be given in private." You amuse me.

Take the following incident as my reply: An eminent man, since gone into eternity, once publicly reproved a certain class of men with whom he was associated. Stung by his pointed remarks, they complained of his imprudence and severity, adding, "You should have done this privately, and in Latin." He replied, "When you transgress privately and in Latin, I will rebuke you privately and in Latin; but when publicly and in English, I shall rebuke you publicly and in English." While upon this part of your letter, I must remind you of the saying of a zealous minister of Christ, some years ago, which it is not unlikely you have read. He preached one day, very pointedly, against those sins which prevail among the wealthy. A nobleman being present, left the house of God much out of humor, and sent his servant to the minister, with this message: "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." The noble reply was, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself he had first offended my Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended." Do you not think the following to be applicable to your case? A certain knight, in the days of Cromwell, entered a charge against a faithful preacher, to this effect, that he was "preached at in church." What was Cromwell's advice? "Go home, Sir John, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister. The word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has found you out."

You are certainly mistaken. *Ni l'un ni l'autre*, "Neither the one nor the other." No human being has told me a single word about you. I have no doubt it was the Spirit of God, which led my mind to those points, which turn out to be facts. Beware how you blame any one. God is in it; your sins have found you out. It is a mere trick of the devil, to charge * * * with it, or any one else. Satan knows there is no readier way to irritate your mind, and destroy the impression, than to impute the affair to some "tattling busybody," instead of the Holy Ghost, who knows all about you. I would not take pains to send you the following, in the minister's own words, but for a desire to counterwork the designs of the enemy of your soul: —

"I was once applied to by a stranger, in a place where I was laboring for a few Sabbaths only, for a sight of a letter which I had received calumniating his character. I looked at the man and pitied him, and coolly replied, 'It would be a breach of the common principles of society, to show confidential letters written to us for the purpose of our doing people good.' He retorted in an angry tone, 'I demand a sight of it, Sir, as an act of justice due to an injured man.' I replied, 'How did you know that I have received a letter concerning you?' 'Know!' said he, 'it was impossible not to know it; your language and manner were so pointed, that it was impossible I should be deceived.' I rejoined, 'Do not be too positive; you have been deceived before now, I suppose; you may be so again.' 'It is not possible,' said he; 'you described the sin of which I am accused in the clearest language;' and, looking me in the face, and pointing towards me, you said, 'Sinner, be sure your sins will find you out; I therefore expect from you, Sir, as a gentleman and a Christian minister, that you will give me a sight of the letter, that I may know its contents and repel its charges.' I observed, 'I do not know your name; to my knowledge I never saw you before; and as you have not told me in what part of the sermon it was I was so pointed, if I show you any letter I may show you the wrong one; I shall therefore certainly not exhibit any of my letters to you, nor satisfy you whether I have received any one about you, till you describe the case alluded to.' He hesitated, but afterwards described the sin of which he was accused. When he had finished, looking him full in his eyes, assuming a solemn attitude, and using a grave and serious tone of voice, I said, 'Can you look me full in the face, as you must your Judge at the great day of God, and declare that you are innocent of the sin laid to your charge?' He trembled, turned pale, and his voice faltered; guilt and anger struggling in his breast, like the fire in the bowels of Mount Ætna, and summoning up his remaining courage,—'I am not bound to make any man my confessor; and if I were guilty, no man has a right to hold me up to public observation, as you have done.' I assumed a benignity of countenance, and softened my tones, saying, 'Do you believe the passage I cited—be sure your sins will find you out—is the word of God?' He answered, 'It may be.' 'Surely it is,' said I; 'he that made the ear, shall he not hear; he that made the eye, shall he not see; can he have any difficulty in bringing your sin to light? Now I will tell you honestly, I never received any letter or information about you whatever; but I am persuaded your sin has found you out; the preaching of the word is one method by which God makes men's sins find them out. Let me entreat you seriously to consider your state and character; who can tell, God may have intended this sermon for your good; he may mean to have mercy upon you; this may be the means of saving your body from the gallows, and your soul from hell; but let me remind you, you are not there yet; there still is hope.' He held down his head, clenched his hands one into the other, and bursting into tears, said, 'I never, never met with any thing like this; I am certainly obliged to you for your friendship; I am guilty, and hope this conversation will be of essential advantage to me.'"

A little more than two years ago, I was preaching in an

American town. A merchant was there, and during the sermon his portrait was so correctly drawn, that he left the house in a rage. Next day, he was going to wreak his vengeance upon a shoemaker, whom he suspected to be the informer. The poor man protested that he had never mentioned his name to me, nor had he related a single circumstance to any person, connected with his history.

It is rather amusing, that this very morning, a good lady called upon me, lamenting in bitter terms the treachery of her enemies; weeping, as if her heart would break; reproaching me, at the same time, with the meanness of my conduct, in exposing her before the whole congregation. I entreated her to explain; and when she had attained sufficient composure, reminded me of a sermon I had preached on a certain night, in which I had described her character. Poor woman, her likeness had been so "striking" that it had nearly thrown her into a state of frenzy. The malice of her neighbors, and my ungentlemanly behavior in the pulpit, descending to such personalities, and daring to drag her before such multitudes, were unbearable. In order to relieve the distressed woman, I had to call God to witness, that no person had ever said a word about her to me, in any way whatever; and that I had no recollection of having ever seen her before. What her after reflections were, I know not, but it is to be hoped, she has this day learned a lesson, which may be an eternal blessing to her.

Take care, then, my dear Sir, of what you are about, lest you may find yourself fighting against God. He always warns before he strikes, and gives repeated blows ere the final one is inflicted. Repent, man; the last stroke is coming, and the longer the swing, the more tremendous it will be when it comes. There is little of man in this business. The warning is from Heaven; it has been delivered faithfully, and has found a lodgment in your conscience. Attend to it; but, O, do not quarrel with me!

> "When God supports, who then can cast us down?
> His smiles are life, but death attends his frown."

Ludicrous as the following may appear, your conduct bears to it an exact resemblance. I remember nothing better as an illustration. A few years ago, in the vicinity of an American town, (the scene, by the way, of a part of my labors in the ministry,) the circumstance which follows occurred. It was related to me as a fact, by a man of veracity. Near the town was a canal, along the bank of which, a fellow was one day walking, when a thunder cloud came rolling up. A sudden flash of lightning, attended by a peal of thunder, startled him; and about the same moment he received a stunning blow. It appears the lightning had struck very near him, and a powerful electric shock was the result. He was probably within a hair's breadth of losing his life. But instead of considering the concussion as arising from the violence of the lightning, he suspected some one had struck him with a stone. Determining upon vengeance, he scrambled around for a weapon, and seizing a large clod of hard earth, he fixed his body in a certain attitude, and his arm in a proper position, and waited for his supposed enemy to peep from behind the abutment of the bridge over the canal, that he might repay him for his treachery. Nobody appearing, he became thoughtful, mistrusted the cause, and threw down the clod; the nimble lightning had disappeared, and the source of its power was too high for his revenge. Job xxviii. 26.

But, can you see no resemblance of yourself here? Why this menacing attitude against your humble servant? If the truth of God has reached your heart; if facts, of which I am not the author, have struck you into remorse, am I to be blamed? Yours is the fault, for having prepared yourself, by a course of sin, to be thus astounded by the truth of God. Those convictions, which have blazed across your mind, have had a higher origin than man. You have received a shock from Heaven—the Holy Spirit's lightning-stroke; you should thank God you were not struck into hell. And yet, like the man stunned by the lightning, you impute it to a fellow creature. If you dare not retaliate with blows, you have resorted to very hard words. Pardon my again alluding to the above incident; but there is a moral in it. Missing a stone, he grappled a clod, and though bones would not have been broken, yet he might have insulted an innocent person, for which a humiliating apology would have been demanded.

When in Ireland, last June, one of the preachers related the following, in which I was much interested. A certain preacher was holding forth, in a certain place, and he described the character of a sinner present, so strikingly, that he concluded the minister was pointing him out, knowing him to be there. The next night he concealed himself in a corner, where he was sure the preacher could not see him. The preaching, however, was as personal as ever, and his feelings so correctly delineated, that there could be no mistake,—he had been detected. The succeeding night, he secreted his person where there could be no possibility of being seen. It was of no use; during the sermon, the voice of the servant of God fell upon his ear like thunder: "Sinner! come out of your lurking-place; thou art the man!" "Ah! well," he thought, "what avails it? Somebody has been telling the stranger all about me; but I shall not leave till I know who the vagabond is." After preaching, he stepped forward, and boldly inquired of the minister who it was that had been "after telling such things" about him. "I have nothing against your honor," and, doubling his fist, he declared what he would do to "the rascally informer." "My friend," said the other, "no human being has told me any thing about you; but the Spirit of God has." Conviction at that moment fastened upon his heart, and he rested not till he found salvation. I believe he is yet alive, and on his way to heaven.

You say, "Your preaching would sting and terrify a devil." Well, you know, it is written, "The devils also believe and tremble." Is it any wonder then, that the truth has affected you, as it is to be hoped you are of a softer material? It reminds me of what Eupolis said of Pericles — "After his orations to the people of Athens, it was found he had left certain needles and stings in their minds." I should be ashamed of the doctrines of Christianity, if they could not accomplish more than the politics and philosophy of Pericles. You are a witness, that the gospel is the same now as in the days of St. Peter, "when thousands were pricked in their heart, and inquired, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Acts ii. 37. But on that very day their wounds were healed by faith in that blood which they had shed on Calvary, and about three thousand souls were added to the infant church. You are quite out of humor with a sentiment in my last, but I shall repeat it. God never strikes before he warns. It is remarkable in the dealings of God with sinners, how close he keeps to that direction given through Moses to the armies of Israel — "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, first offer conditions of peace." "It was on this great principle Noah was sent to the old world," says an old divine; "Moses and Aaron to Egypt, Lot to Sodom, Jonah to Nineveh, and the prophets, and even Christ, to Jerusalem." God has established this order in nature. Winter is always preceded by the chilling breath of autumn, and seared leaves, and withered flowers. Evening shades, or twilight, before dark night. Thunder never bursts over our heads in a clear sky. " Clouds are his chariots, and lightnings his steeds." The volcano grumbles long and loudly, with many fitful gleams, and much smoke, ere it bursts forth to overwhelm vineyards and towns at its base. The hurricane is often heralded by startling changes in nature, and those who are observing, prepare for its fury.

There is a bitter storm approaching you ; a wing of it sweeps you already. Strike sail, man, before its entire weight bursts upon your unhappy soul. A smooth sea and fair appearances do not always deceive the experienced eye of the sailor. The ocean may look like a standing pool, with scarcely a ripple upon its surface ; yet there is trouble in the offing, and the top and top-gallants are lowered ; in fact there is little left but naked spars, to struggle with the first sudden rush of the tornado.

God, my dear Sir, has given you a warning ; prepare for the blow. It is surely coming. Is it not written, " Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker ? " Who can deny those striking sentiments of a good man ? " There is no contending with sovereignty ; no resisting omnipotency ; no striving with our Maker. The fish that is caught with the hook, the more he jerks and flings, the faster hold the hook takes of him. The harder a man kicks against the pricks, the deeper they enter into his heels. An earthen pitcher, the more forcibly it is dashed against an iron pot, the sooner it flies in pieces. In like manner, the more we contend with God and his judgments, the more we hurt, wound, and, in the end, destroy ourselves. Be not like the dog that bites the stone, never looking upon him that flings it. Mark him who aims at you, and has hit you ; and say with David, ' I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.'

Or cover your mouth with Job: 'Behold I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea twice, but I will proceed no farther.' Job xl. 4. Have you read of the philosopher, who was censured for not holding out his argument with Adrian, the emperor? His apology was, 'Is it not reason to yield to him, who hath thirty legions at his command?' God is terrible out of his holy places. Legions innumerable are ready to avenge his quarrel. He could look you into the grave, or into hell, in a moment. 'Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke.' Job xxxvi. 18. Yield, man! Discontinue the controversy. He would have doomed you to destruction long ago, but for a strong desire to save. You have an Advocate above. He died for you, and lives to intercede. His blood speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. Fly! fly to the cross! and plead for pardon through the merits of that atoning blood. There is mercy implied in all these warnings. Appeal from the bar of justice, to the throne of God's grace. There is a disposition there to favor your cause. God looks graciously from thence; a Mediator is there, and your Judge is disposed to be kind through him. What would a criminal do, suppose ye, if he should notice an inclination to mercy in his judge? Would he remain listless with such an advantage before him, or fail to urge his friends to entreat for his life? Why not say with penitent Austin, 'Why do I still procrastinate my coming unto thee, O Lord? Why not now? Why not this day? Why should there not be this hour an end of my sinful course of life?'"

* * * * * *

Your first inquiry amuses me. "Will you let me into the secret philosophy of these revivals?" Yes, with all my heart!

"Are you aware that, in some circles, your continued success is the subject of various speculations?" I do not question it; this is a tax which persons in my situation must pay.

"I have been present when your powers of mind have been discussed." Better they had been employed upon something more profitable.

"Much was said of your peculiar tact for conducting revivals; one called it a kind of a witchery over the feelings of the people; another questioned your motives," etc. I have become hardened to such animadversions. A sinner, when I was at Bandon, in Ireland, fled from the chapel, saying, "He is enough to frighten a fellow out of his senses; he must have been the very devil himself before he took to this way, or he could not tell a man all he has been guilty of." A few nights since, a good lady left —— chapel, exclaiming, "The man is a wizard; there is nothing in one's heart that he does not blab out." I hope she will have no rest till converted to God.

"Your sermons have been canvassed, taken to pieces, analyzed, compared with those of other ministers, and pronounced far inferior; but the results seemed to stumble them." So, if I have much to humble me, there is, after all, something to encourage. My humble success is owing to an influence above and beyond their criticisms. A minister once came to hear the late Mr. William Dawson preach. After sermon, in a neighboring house, he spoke of the wonderful effects produced by Mr. D.'s preaching, and wished that he could accomplish the same by his pulpit efforts. "Ah, Sir!" said the lady of the house, "you must move the hand of Him that moves the world, before you can witness these effects." The "power of the Holy Ghost" accompanying hard, patient, steady, constant labor, with many tears, and much crying to God in private, have produced the "results" which are so mysterious to those of whom you speak. *Knee work! knee work!! knee work!!!* This is the secret.

> "My powerful groans thou canst not bear,
> Nor stand the violence of prayer,
> My prayer omnipotent!"

"Give me a revival, convert sinners, or I pine away and die," is a cry that is much thought of in heaven; nor will He who pities the groanings of the distressed soul, treat it with indifference. He will come down out of the holy place, and make bare his arm in the sight of all the people; wound the dragon and cut Rahab in pieces. Then shall the feeblest servant of God often thresh the mountains, and beat the hills to chaff; one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, and the slain of the Lord shall be many. Let any minister (who has not mistaken his call) thus plead with God, while, week after week, every night, from a full and bleeding heart, he pours the burning, pointed truths of the gospel, into the ranks of sinners; and, whatever may be his talents, he shall be a joyful witness of a glorious revival.

As to the "getting up" of my sermons, you will find the history of the affair in a lesson I once received from an old divine. "I desire my sermons to be like Monica's son; children of many prayers and tears, and thereby the more unlikely to perish. Let all your sermons, as dew, be heaven-born, that they may drop down like rain upon the mown grass. Let prayer be the key to open the mysteries of Christ to you; and let prayer be the turning of the key, to lock them up safe within you. Let prayer open and shut all your books; form and write, and begin and continue every sermon. Ah! how should he pray both before and after his preaching, who by every sermon preaches his beloved neighbors into eternal burnings or eternal pleasures ?"

The "serious objections" of —— are, indeed, of weight. They remind me of what Pliny the Younger reported of Egypt; that she boasted of owing nothing to the clouds, or any foreign streams, for her fertility, being abundantly watered by the sole inundations of her own river, the Nile. It becomes me, as a stranger, to say the same of England. God has, indeed, greatly enriched her with the streams of salvation. It may seem presumption for a wandering cloud like me to think of adding any thing to the mighty river of religious knowledge, which meanders through this country in all directions. May I not, however, comfort myself with the reflection, that many a thirsty spot has been refreshed by a sprinkling from a cloud, wafted from afar? I trust that many in Liverpool do know that the stranger does not resemble that which is mentioned by St. Jude, "A cloud without water."

In conclusion, the opinions of the other parties weigh quite as light with me, as any thing enumerated by the ancient poet: —

> "My soul, What's lighter than a feather ? Wind.
> Than wind ? The fire. And what than fire ? Moonshine.
> What's lighter than moonshine ? A thought. Than thought ?
> This bubble world. What than this bubble ? Nought."

Mr. Caughey now resumes his brief notices of the revival in Liverpool.

We have had "protracted meetings" in two other chapels on the South Circuit: Mount Pleasant, and Wesley chapel, Stanhope street. The former is a small building, in which we had a good work, though I did not enjoy such freedom in preaching there as elsewhere. At the Stanhope street chapel, the word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. Here my soul enjoyed great liberty, and many sinners were converted to God. Although I had some tribulation to endure, yet so long as no man had power to shut the door of usefulness, I labored on with joy and success. This is the chapel, in which my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Banning, worship; and I found a large portion of the congregation possessed of the same elevated and enlightened views of the work of God, with which their souls are animated. During my stay in this chapel, more than three hundred sinners obtained remission of sins, through faith in the blood of the Lamb. The last night we spent there, we had a select meeting for the new converts, and it was a most affecting time. Scores of sinners came forward at the close to be prayed for, and a few were saved. My mind was greatly oppressed at leaving this chapel for another part of the town; but the aspect of circumstances clearly pointed out my path.

Ah! I can carry myself with "ease and indifference" towards a thousand things that are trying, when they have no connection with the salvation or damnation of precious souls. However, what sorely pained me, was overruled for the "furtherance of the gospel." A poor man was once heard to say, that he was once rich, and had learned something of God; that he prayed continually for "a closer walk with God." "But at first," said he, "when God began to answer my prayers, I thought he was going to destroy me; he deprived me of every thing I had; but he gave me what was of infinitely more value, even to know more of himself and Jesus." And thus my narrow mind mourned over surrounding difficulties, when the Lord was, by these means, leading me to see some of the richest displays of the power of God, in another part of the same vineyard.

The Rev. A. E. Farrar, Superintendent of the North

Circuit, kindly invited me to return and spend a few weeks among the people of his charge. But at this time, the Welsh Methodists also insisted upon having a claim upon part of my services, and gave me a hearty invitation to visit their chapels. I questioned the propriety of the step, but the following arguments of a few friends removed my objections: "First, these Welsh chapels are under the control of our Wesleyan Conference, and from that body the congregations receive their preachers, who minister to the people in the Welsh language. Secondly, the chapels are in the neighborhood of those you have already visited on the South Circuit. Thirdly, although they are accustomed to hear preaching in Welsh, they understand enough of English to make it a medium for a blessing through your ministry. Fourthly, many of the wounded sinners you are leaving at Wesley chapel, will follow you, and get healed among the Welsh Methodists." Events soon proved, that they were not wrong in their calculations on this point.

Many of the English leaders and local preachers accompanied me, and after sermon, united vigorously in prayer, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. As the services progressed, we discovered that the Welsh brethren, though full of love and zeal, had the disadvantage of not being able to pray fluently in English. It was proposed that the Welsh ministers, with their leaders, should pray in Welsh, alternately with the English brethren. The plan answered admirably. Very soon the power of God was displayed in the conversion of sinners. When the English leaders prayed, the responses were mostly confined to the English Methodists; but the moment a Welsh brother began, the scene and sounds among the people were entirely changed. With uplifted hands, and voices indicating the deepest emotion, they responded to the ardent supplications of their leader;

the English Christians, in the mean time, remaining in solemn silence, but breaking out at intervals with an "amen," or "glory," as the inflections of the leading voice, or the amens of the Welsh, resembling, "*Hear*, *hear*, *hear*," indicated, until the feeling became so overpowering, that restraint seemed impossible, and a general burst of "Glory be to God!" from the English, mingled with the loud hallelujahs of the Welsh.

This was especially the case when their minister, the Rev. * * * * * *, prayed. He is considered one of the most eloquent and powerful speakers among the Welsh preachers. He is a man of fine natural powers, richly cultivated, and is deeply devoted to God. His voice has considerable compass and sweetness, and capable of the most moving intonations. I speak now of his exercises in his native tongue. He appeared quite indisposed to engage in English, although in private he converses in it rather fluently. Whenever he began to pray, I felt my whole being arrested. His voice arose into what appeared to be a succession of climaxes, and as one sentence climbed above another, the congregation ascended with him, until the effects were really overpowering; and when he came to the loftiest point, — when every thing of the highest importance to man's eternal interests seemed as if tottering upon the rugged pinnacle of some tremendous precipice, — the tears which streamed down his manly face, and the long, loud, and heart-rending cries of Welsh sinners, mingling with the subdued tones of imploring believers, told those of us who could not understand his language, where he had landed them, and how profoundly awful were the effects upon their minds. Several of the English brethren told me, that though strangers to the import of his words, they felt their hearts agitated with the most singular and powerful emotions. Many were the saved of the Lord;

but to what extent we shall never know, till that great day when Immanuel comes to gather home his jewels.

The Rev. Mr. Farrar, and his colleagues in the ministry, together with the leaders and local preachers of the Brunswick chapel, becoming pressing in their solicitations, that I should return to the circuit, and hold a few meetings in the above place of worship, we reluctantly concluded the services among the Welsh. The Brunswick chapel is an elegant building, with an imposing front, adorned with columns, and stands on a fine and elevated situation. The interior is handsomely fitted up in the form of an amphitheatre, one tier of seats rising above another to a considerable height, without any gallery, with the exception of two small wings behind the pulpit, to the right and left of the orchestra and organ. It seats about seventeen hundred, but twenty-three hundred can be crowded into it.

Various opinions were circulated in town, respecting the results of revival efforts in this chapel. Many wealthy families worship here, and the general character of the congregation is serious and intelligent. "We shall see," said the speculators, "how revivals will go on among the aristocracy of Methodism." The prevailing opinion was, that as they had long been considered the opponents of noise and excitement, a failure would be the unquestionable result. Blessed be God, such speculations and prophecies have come to nothing. Never have I labored with more freedom and delight in any congregation, or with greater success, than in the Brunswick chapel. There was little, if any, of that mean and secret opposition I have met with elsewhere. When there was a burst of noise, attended with a good deal of what is considered revival confusion, they bore it with a noble generosity, and a forbearance that did them honor. Men and women of mind, education, and influence, retained their seats in solemn awe. They saw the distress of sinners, and sympathized with them, and how peculiarly the ministers and leaders were situated; often taking our part, saying, "We do not see how the meetings could be managed better, if the revival is to go on at all. The congregation is increasing, the society enlarging, classes are being filled with converted sinners from the world. That we needed such a visitation as this is quite plain, whatever the results may be; and we shall neither run away from this astonishing movement, nor shall we oppose it."

It is right, however, that credit should be given where it is due. I am convinced, that the noble conduct of many influential individuals and families, has imbibed a most gracious influence from the position taken by their excellent Superintendent and his worthy colleagues. These servants of God, in public and private, acknowledge and defend the revival; and great as is their popularity, cheerfully and generously offer me their pulpits, and every co-operation within their power.

During the first week, forty professed conversion; and during the next, forty-four. The revival is still progressing gloriously in Brunswick chapel. Many have been saved within a few days past. I have been preaching to the young the last two nights, and the word of the Lord has had free course, and is glorified.

The Temperance cause in Liverpool is progressing. I have delivered several lectures in the Music Hall, on the propriety of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; a large number, each night, joined the Tee-total Society. A tea meeting has been given by the tee-totallers, "to celebrate the arrival" of your friend in England. The affair was got up in a most tasteful and spirited manner; and I had the pleasure of taking tea with about seven hundred persons in the Music Hall. The company was highly respectable. After tea, several excellent addresses were delivered. One, especially, by a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. George B. Macdonald, of Leeds, was most eloquent and convincing. In the present age, a minister deprives himself of a great moral power, when, for the sake of a little wine now and again, he excludes himself from such fine opportunities of scattering the eternal truths of God, among a mass of mind which otherwise he could never reach. Mr. Macdonald told some thrilling anecdotes, which had a direct tendency to awaken sinners to the concerns of eternity. I have no doubt great good was done.

Here follows some opinions concerning a nervous person, of whom Mr. Caughey's correspondent had written. These sudden digressions grow naturally out of an epistolary style, although they embarrass an attempt at consecutive narrative with such materials.

I had almost forgotten the case of * * * * * *. There is a close connection between the body and the mind, and they always, more or less, exert a mutual influence upon each other. "The web of life," says one, "the soul and body, are strangely and intimately interwoven with each other, and a reciprocal influence is constantly exerted. The system acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the system." I apprehend, however, that Mr. * * * * *'s trouble has originated from a source that he is not willing to allow; that is, the separation of his soul from close and intimate communion with God.

I was much struck, when reading Lord Nelson's Life, with the account he gives in one of his private letters, of the secret unhappiness of his heart when almost at the height of his glory. "There is no true happiness in this life; and in my present state, I could quit it with a smile. Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honor to the grave. Not that I am insensible to the honors and riches my king and country have heaped upon me, so much more than any officer could deserve; yet I am ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate, six feet by two."

How true is the language of the poet, and it is applicable to every unconverted sinner; nor shall it ever be otherwise, till the soul finds rest in God:—

> "In all our plenty, something still,
> To thee, to me, to him is wanting;
> That cruel something unpossessed,
> Corrodes and cankers all the rest.
> And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
> The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."

The record of the experience of one now lies upon my table, who represents himself as the gayest of the gay, when mingling in the night scenes of revelry, fashion, and song; but in the midnight hour, when lighter hearts are lost in sleep, his depression is so great, that "this sweet oblivious antidote" flies from his couch. Morning comes, and the smile is assumed, and, like the expiring eagle, he covers his wounds by the wings of a fancied gayety. "There is not a blessing springs upon my path, but mildew covers it; nor a flower that blooms there, that does not wither and die. Although gray hairs have not silvered my head, yet my hopes are dead, and now in my prime, I must, it is most likely, sink to my grave, with an icy chilliness rife at my heart. 'My life is steered by misery's chart.'"

> "Thus, though the smiles of cheerfulness
> May hide from sight an aching heart,
> They cannot make its misery less,
> Nor bid the frown of fate depart.
> And though no tears bedew the eye,
> Nor outward signs of grief appear,
> The brain may burn without a sigh,
> The heart may break without a tear."

As to the opinions of the physician, respecting Mr. * * *, it would be perhaps bold in me to contradict, but I shall take the liberty to transcribe a few thoughts of Mr. Wesley upon the subject, which you may let him see when convenient.

"When physicians meet with disorders which they do not understand, they commonly term them *nervous;* a word that conveys to us no determinate idea, but is a good cover for learned ignorance. But these are often no natural disorders of the body, *but the hand of God upon the soul*, being a dull consciousness of the want of God, and the unsatisfactoriness of every thing here below. At other times, it is a conviction for sin, either in a higher or lower degree. It is no wonder that those who are strangers to religion should not know what to make of this; and that consequently all their prescriptions should be useless, seeing they quite mistake the cause."

As to *amusements*, I require to know to what kind you refer, in order to give an opinion. We should never indulge in any which would unfit us for taking pleasure in God, or from which we could not retire for private prayer, with a good conscience. An old divine says, "Like skilful mariners, we may make use of the side-wind of recreation, to help us toward the haven of rest." When a boy, and about to make a clever jump, I have often retired backward a few steps, in order to accelerate my velocity; and frequently, the farther back I went, the more "way" I had upon me, as a sailor would express it, and strength and agility for the intended leap. I have many times returned to study with greater vigor, and to the bosom of my God with increased delight, after a short relaxation amidst the flowers of poetry, or those of the garden; in music, in cheerful conversation with a few friends, a ramble through the fields and woods, a tug at the oar, or an hour in fellowship with the spade, the axe, or the hammer. A friend of mine has often said in my hearing, "Better wear out shoes than sheets. *Exercise* is a part of my religion; I take it from principle, because I am bound to take care of my body as well as my soul; and I remember what Cicero says: 'For man is not chiselled out of the rock, nor hewn out of the oak; he has a body, and he has a soul; the one is actuated by the intellect, the other by the senses.'

> 'Better gather health in fields, unbought,
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend;
> God never made his work for man to mend.'"

"A life of inaction," says a writer, "is a disuse of talents, and a perversion of intellect; and our leisure days are the enemy's busy ones." I remember two proverbs, one used by the Turks, and the other by the Spaniards. "A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with a thousand." "Men are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil."

"The idle man," says one, "soon becomes torpid, and resembles the Indian in his feelings, insensibly adopting his maxim: 'It is better to walk than to run, and better to stand still than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie than to sit.' There are said to be pleasures to madmen, known only to madmen; there are certainly miseries to the idle, which only the idle can conceive."

> "A want of occupation is not rest;
> A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

His account of his labors is now again resumed.

My labors are now nearly finished in this town. On the nights of the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, 1843, I preached farewell sermons in Great Homer street, Brunswick, and Pitt street chapels. Two of those nights, the rain came down in torrents, but this did not prevent the chapels from being crowded.

This week has been a season of rest, with the exception of addresses delivered at two Missionary meetings. On both occasions, I had the honor of presenting several sums in gold, handed to me by the friends of Missions.

The Wesleyan Methodists, English and Welsh, have seven principal chapels in town; the Brunswick, Wesley, and Great Homer street, are the most elegant. Four of them are furnished with handsome and fine-toned organs. That in Great Homer street I consider the sweetest and most powerful; and full justice is done to the instrument, by the accomplished organist. His ear seems to be acute for poetry as for music. It is sufficient for the officiating minister to emphasize a word, or line, in the verse, and I have seldom observed an absence of a corresponding expression in the music.

The congregation appear to have more confidence in uniting with the organ than I have ever witnessed in any place of worship. The life and soul he throws into the instrument allure or compel the people to sing. Such a state of things tends admirably to the liveliness and devotion of the audience: and it is desirable that every organist should endeavor to bear with a little inaccuracy or discord, now and then, for the sake of encouraging the congregation to unite heartily in this very important part of the worship of God. In this chapel, for the first time in my life, I have had liberty granted me to select any hymn in the book, for the service; and I assure you, I have luxuriated amidst some of the most sublime and beautiful poetry in the collection; which, though often admired, I never before dared to offer in the sanctuary. Years ago, I copied the following lines from one of the poets, and sometimes in the course of my travels, have had them delightfully realized; but never as in the Great Homer street Wesleyan chapel, and throughout such a succession of services: —

> "The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
> And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
> The blessing thrills through all the laboring throng,
> And heaven is won by violence of song."

Of the final results of his labors in Liverpool, Mr. Caughey thus writes: —

I spent five months in Liverpool, preached one hundred and twenty times, delivered five Temperance lectures, and a few Missionary speeches. From books kept by different secretaries, we learned that more than thirteen hundred persons found peace with God. I see, however, by a sermon on the revival, lately published by the Rev. John H. James, that he estimates the number at one thousand; but in a private letter to me, he says the number is much understated, for prudential reasons. It is an eloquent and excellent production, and a masterly defence of the revival. About six hundred of the above were members of the Wesleyan church when they were converted. What the increase to the church is likely to be, I have not yet learned.

The night previous to my leaving Liverpool, I had the pleasure of taking tea with about five hundred persons, in the school-room of Great Homer street chapel; after which we adjourned to the chapel, where we had an excellent meeting.

Twelve speakers, local preachers and leaders, had been appointed for the occasion, limited to ten minutes each. The Rev. Mr. Farrar occupied the chair. Several appropriate resolutions were placed in the hands of the persons referred to, for the adoption of the meeting.

I was charmed with the intelligence, good sense, and divine unction, by which the speeches were distinguished; some of them, too, were really eloquent. The effects must have been salutary, especially upon the minds of the young converts, many of whom were present.

Your friend made the closing speech, but his emotions were too deep and powerful for him to find words readily to express himself. The kind address of Mr. Farrar, full of love, and the delicate and touching allusions of the brethren, were almost too much for his sensitive nature to sustain. The service closed by prayer, and singing that beautiful hymn in your hymn-book — surprised not to find it in the Wesleyan collection: —

"O thou God of my salvation."

They had, however, a great many copies of it printed, and set to a piece of music, called "Caughey." Mr. Ashton did it great justice with the powerful organ; and the congregation united as if they had been accustomed to it for years.

The Lord has a precious people in Liverpool. Although I had many sore exercises of mind, while there, and was with them "in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling," (1 Cor. ii. 3,) they bore with me, and upheld me in the arms of faith and prayer. He also, who knew my weaknesses, provided me with pleasant homes at the houses of Mr. Fannin and Mr. Banning, of whom mention was made in a former letter. In the bosom of these amiable families, my drooping mind was often cheered. The day I parted with them shall never be forgotten.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much:
Thou hast deserved from me far, far beyond
What I can e'er repay.
Oft have I proved the labor of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
To please."

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT REVIVAL IN LEEDS.

No introduction seems necessary to this chapter unless we call on the spiritual reader to rejoice in God for the wonderful work it describes, or stimulate the minister who may peruse it to emulate Mr. Caughey's success. Let every minister inquire, as he reads, why all of us who are called of God do not count our *seals* by thousands instead of by units? Who? Who is in fault? Or is it not the will of God to grant the like measure of his Spirit to all? Who can solve the interesting question?

On the 21st of April, 1843, I left Liverpool for Leeds, by railway, ninety miles, where I arrived at half past seven in the evening, and put up at the house of a kind friend, the Rev. William Lord, and received a cordial welcome.

The evening after my arrival in Leeds, through the kindness of the Rev. William Lord, Superintendent of the Leeds First Circuit, I had the pleasure of taking tea with a few of the principal friends. All appeared to be deeply anxious for a revival of the work of God. My soul was much encouraged by the congeniality of spirit I felt with these excellent persons. It was agreed that we should commence efforts for a revival in the Oxford Place chapel, which we did on the evening of the 23d of April, and concluded on the 5th of

May. During that time the congregations were small, and only about thirty persons professed to have found peace. A meeting of the preachers was then called, and the Superintendents of the four circuits, the Rev. Messrs. William Lord, William Kelk, Thomas Harris, Alexander Strachan, with their colleagues, met, and after much conversation upon the work of God, it was agreed that I should visit the circuits in succession, and spend two weeks in each. Although my judgment was averse to such hasty movements, having always succeeded best in staying five or six weeks in a chapel, yet I gave up my will to surrounding counsellors, and our future proceedings were settled on the two weeks plan; at least, until each of the circuits should have had a visitation. On the 7th of May, I opened my commission in St. Peter's chapel, (Third Circuit,) and in the evening of the same day, we found that twenty-nine sinners had been converted to God, one half of whom were backsliders. The following evening the Rev. William Cattle preached a powerful sermon, and thirty-five found peace, through the blood of the Lamb; many of these were members, who had long been groaning under condemnation for sin. We continued the meetings in this chapel with similar success till the 20th inst., when the total number converted was two hundred and fifty; of these, one hundred and twenty-eight were members, fifty-one backsliders, and the remaining seventy-three were from the world; of these, many were from adjacent towns, so that the actual increase will be very small, but the amount of good to the church of God cannot be estimated. On Saturday night, the 21st inst., we held the usual band-meeting, in the *Old* St. Peter's chapel. You may not understand this distinction. There are two chapels now standing upon the same premises. The *old* one is a plain substantial brick building, with a gallery, on three sides, erected in Mr. Wesley's time; the new one, a few yards distant, is a commodious edifice of the same material, accommodates perhaps two thousand four hundred persons, but more than three thousand are sometimes within its walls. The old chapel has been unoccupied for several years, and many of the pews have been removed. Here the Wesleys and Fletcher often preached.

This was the first Methodist chapel in Leeds; and from the following account given by the Rev. Charles Wesley, of a fearful accident, in which he was involved with many others, such a place of worship was greatly needed at that time: "I met the brethren at Leeds, and many others, in an old upper room; after singing, I shifted my place to draw them to the upper end. One desired me to come nearer the door, that they might hear without. I removed again, and drew the weight of the people after me. In that instant the floor sunk. I lost my senses, but recovered them in a moment, and was filled with power from above. I lifted up my head first, and saw the people under me, heaps upon heaps. I cried out, 'Fear not! The Lord is with us. Our lives are all safe; and then,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,'

I lifted up the fallen as fast as I could, and perceived by their countenances which were our children; several of whom were hurt, but none killed. We found, when the dust and tumult were a little settled, that the rafters had broken off short, close by the main beam. A woman lay dangerously ill in a room below, on the opposite side, and a child in the cradle, just under the ruins. But the sick woman, calling the nurse a minute before, she carried the child with her to the standing side, and all three were preserved. Another of the society was moved, she knew not why, to go out with her child just before the room fell. Above one hundred lay with me among the wounded; though I did not properly fall, but slid down softly, and lighted on my feet. My hand was bruised, and part of the skin rubbed off my head. One sister had her arm broken, and set immediately, rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Another, strong in faith, was so crushed that she expected instant death. I asked her, when she got to bed, whether she was not afraid to die. She answered that she was without fear, even when she thought her soul was departing; and only said, in calm faith, 'Jesus, receive my spirit!' Her body continues full of pain, and her soul of love. A boy of eighteen was taken up, roaring, 'I will be good! I will be good!' They got his leg set, which was broken in two places. He had come as usual to make disturbance, and struck several of the women going in, till one took him up stairs, for Providence to teach him better.

"The news was soon spread through the town, and drew many to the place, who expressed their compassion by wishing all our necks had been broken. I preached out of the town in weariness and painfulness. The Lord was our strong consolation however; and I more clearly see that a hair cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father."

In the old sanctuary alluded to, Mr. Wesley held his twenty-fifth Annual Conference, in 1769; during which it was determined to send out preachers to America. The printed Minutes of that Conference now lie before me:—

"LEEDS, AUGUST 1, 1769.

"*Question* 13.—We have a pressing call from our brethren in New York (who have built a preaching-house) to come over and help them. Who is willing to go?

"*Answer.*—Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor.

"*Question* 14.—What can we do further in token of our brotherly love?

"*Answer.* — Let us make a collection among ourselves. This was immediately done, and out of it £50 were allotted towards the payment of their debt, and about £20 given to our brethren for their passage."

Mr. Wesley says in his Journal: "Sunday, July 30, 1769, Mr. Crook being out of order, I read prayers and preached in Hunslet church,* both morning and afternoon. At five, I preached at Leeds, and on Monday, 31st, prepared all things for the ensuing Conference. Tuesday, 1st, it began, and a more loving one we never had. On Tuesday, I mentioned the case of our brethren in New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching-house in America, who were in great want of money, but much more of preachers."

The part of the chapel where Boardman and Pilmoor stood, when they offered themselves for the service in America, was pointed out to me to the right of the pulpit under the gallery. What interest do past events afford us when the results are fully unfolded! At the time of the above Conference, the number of Methodists throughout Great Britain and Ireland did not much exceed 28,000. The infant society in America was too small to be worthy of notice. This was the entire of Methodism in the world. Now, America alone numbers one million of members — ministered unto by four thousand travelling preachers, besides four hundred superannuated or worn out preachers, and eight thousand local preachers.† Thus, Sir, you will perceive that the preachers alone of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are equal to the standing army of the United States! — an event this that Mr. Wesley and the members of that Conference little anticipated. The number of members in Great Britain and

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* A short walk from where I am now writing — Larchfield House, Hunslet lane, near Leeds.

† Their number since 1843 has considerably increased.

Ireland, and in foreign stations, under the care of the British and Irish Wesleyan Conferences, is nearly half a million; and about fifteen hundred and fifty efficient ministers, besides supernumerary and superannuated preachers. There are, besides, in Europe and America, not far short of half a million of Methodists under different titles; such as Primitive Association, Independent, New Connexion, Canadian, and Protestant Methodists, etc. All these have their respective ministers; and though they differ in the mode of church government, they preach the same doctrines which Wesley taught, and are, I trust, aiming at the glory of God, the conversion of sinners, and the salvation of a lost world.

It appears from the Minutes alluded to, that the name of Francis Asbury,* did not stand in the list of preachers in full connection, till the Conference of 1769, as also Richard Whatcoat. Their names are placed next each other. Asbury, it seems, was admitted on trial as a preacher in 1767, and was received into full connection in 1768.

When Boardman and Pilmoor offered themselves for the American work, Asbury little thought what hard labors and exalted honors awaited him in that country. Pilmoor was admitted into full connection in 1766, in Leeds; three years after, in the same place, he volunteered for America.

It was not till the Bristol Conference, 1771, that Francis Asbury was appointed to the Western world. The twenty-sixth question on the Minutes of that Conference reads thus: "Our brethren in America call aloud for help. Who are willing to go over and help them? Answer: Five are willing to go." The two appointed were Francis Asbury and Richard Wright. In the appointment of these servants of God, especially Asbury, how evident does it appear to us now, that Mr. Wesley and the preachers were influenced by the same spirit that directed the minds of the apostles, when Paul and Barnabas were separated from others, for the special work to which they were called by the Holy Ghost. Acts xiii. 2. Perhaps these remarks may lead you to procure Asbury's Journal; if you have not seen it, I can recommend it with great pleasure. About ten years ago, I read it, and made the following entry in my Journal: "August 14th. Week before last I finished reading the second and third volumes of Asbury's Journal. My mind frequently paused in amaze while, I trust, it received lessons never to be forgotten. What a man of God! He did the work of an evangelist indeed, and made full proof of his ministry. The continent was his circuit, and he travelled round it with the regularity of a Methodist preacher. After taking one of his tours, in which he had endured great hardships and suffered much pain, he learned that an old woman had been awakened and converted through his instrumentality; he exclaimed, 'Glory be to God! I will take courage from this, and go round the continent again.' I have read Mr. Wesley's Journal with equal attention, and my conviction is, that what the latter was to Methodism in Great Britain and Ireland, such was the former to Methodism in America. Although Mr. Asbury suffered less from riotous mobs, and other persecutions, than did Mr. Wesley, yet he endured more from bad health, bad roads, bad beds, indifferent food, climbing mountains, fording rivers, together with the extremes of a rigorous climate, in traversing the wilderness of America, till he was old and grayheaded, than the venerable founder of Methodism, when in his travels, itinerating through the more highly cultivated countries of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Add to these, the heavy responsibility of an episcopacy, — the stationing of the preachers over such a wide extent of territory, — presiding at all the annual conferences, — bearing the reproaches of some, and the murmuring of others, in the itinerancy; and all this united for many years, with almost uninterrupted bad health, — I closed the last volume, saying, I doubt whether, since the days of the Apostles, a man could be singled out who has labored so long and so hard, and endured so much without suffering martyrdom, as the Rev. Bishop Asbury."

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* Afterwards Bishop Asbury.

Pardon this long digression; but to return to the old chapel; the Rev. Thomas Harris, Superintendent, partly to gratify me, and also to accommodate the unusual number expected to attend the Saturday night band-meeting, had the sacred spot prepared for our reception. I can scarcely describe my sensations, on taking my seat with the other ministers, and glancing round the venerable edifice. Mr. Wesley was fond of large pulpits; this one is capable of holding seven or eight persons very comfortably. We had a noble assembly, many of them the choicest saints of God; and this "holy house," the birthplace of thousands now in glory, and where multitudes, low in the dust, worshipped in years gone by, was, once more, vocal with the praises of God and the loud hallelujahs of his people.

Never before have I seen or heard so many witnesses for entire sanctification. The deep and rich experience of the fathers and mothers in Israel, who had long enjoyed this blessing, mingled with the ardent and decided testimonies of those who had been lately purified, more than eighty of whom, during the last two weeks, had experienced the blessedness of those who are pure in heart. Towards the close of the meeting, Mr. Harris, observing the intense feelings of those who were seeking purity, requested such to retire into an adjoining class-room, and that a few leaders would assist them in prayer. Many did so; and between twenty and thirty obtained the blessing of a clean heart, while we continued the service in the chapel.

This is truly a great and glorious revival of holiness. If proper care be taken of these precious believers, and the blessing kept fully before the people from the pulpit, the entire church may soon be a leavened and holy people unto the Lord. Were the preachers, after these special services shall have ceased in the town, to appropriate one night in the week to preach expressly upon entire sanctification, it would greatly tend to this desirable result; and those who have been made clean would then, it is most likely, be preserved. God sanctifies the people by belief of the truth, John xvii. 17, — truth *clearly*, *pointedly*, and *frequently* preached. Where the pulpit is silent, or indistinct, or has long intervals upon the doctrine of entire holiness, it is seldom you will find many clear on these "deep things of God," and few professing their reception. My soul has often paused, in holy awe and adoring wonder, in marking how closely the Holy Ghost attends with his blessing the frequent exhibition, from the pulpit, of this glorious privilege of all believers. I have observed, during this revival, that when justification has been the subject of discourse, few have professed sanctification; but invariably, when holiness has been the theme, many have been the witnesses of purity of heart. Whatever class of truth, it would appear, is brought to bear upon a congregation, the Holy Spirit condescends to make that the medium of an according blessing. Perhaps it is on the same principle we can account for the fact, that in those congregations where justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit are not preached, few, if any, are raised up to testify that Jesus Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins; whereas, just the contrary takes place where these are clearly and fully preached.

On Sabbath, 22d instant, we commenced a series of religious services in the Wesley Chapel, (Fourth Leeds Circuit,) text, 1 Thess. v. 16—18. After service, I dined with the celebrated author of "The Village Blacksmith," the Rev. James Everett. He is a most agreeable man, full of good humor; a fine illustration of Prov. iii. 17. Pleased I am of having had an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with him. He resides in the city of York, and is here to preach special sermons in behalf of an institution belonging to a neighboring Wesleyan chapel. Has his Life of Dawson made its appearance in America? It would be made a great blessing, I am sure, to the local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, indeed, to the regular ministry. If it has not yet been republished in the United States, you might make the suggestion to the Book Committee in New York.

In the evening, to a large congregation, I cried, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Twenty-five persons decided for heaven, laid down their arms at the feet of Jesus, and obtained redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.

I spent the last two weeks, most agreeably, at the house of Mr. Rinder, of the St. Peter's Circuit, where I was hospitably entertained. At the mansion of Mr. Holdsworth, where I am at present, I enjoy every comfort that a Christian could desire. The ministers of this circuit, the Rev. Alexander Strachan, Superintendent, and the Rev. Wilson Brailsford and Thomas Lewellyn, are exceedingly kind, and take a rejoicing interest in the revival.

You desire my opinion in the case of * * *, and * * *. I consider them both in the extreme of that species of wrong which should be rectified if they desire to save their souls from perdition. To the *first*, I would say, let him see to it that his own soul is in a *safe* state, before he allow himself to indulge in such uncharitable and wholesale accusations. It frequently happens, that those who are constant in the cry, "Woe, woe, woe to the church and her ministers, because they have fallen from God," are really in that state themselves, and shall eventually share, unless they repent, in the same woes they have denounced against others. Josephus tells us of a man, afflicted in mind, near the time of the downfall of Jerusalem, who ran about the city, crying, "Woe to the city, woe to the temple, woe to the priests, woe to the people; and, last of all, woe to myself!" at which words he was slain on the walls, by a stone out of a sling. I think it is Plutarch who says, "They who delight to gad abroad, for the most part have smoky, nasty, or dankish houses, or at least, ill rule and no content at home; so when men range abroad, and play the spies and scouts, and pry into other men's actions, it is a sign that they have a *foul house at home, and ill rule in their own conscience.*" I shall borrow the language of another, in speaking to the case of the *second.* "*Emulation* has been termed a spur to virtue, and assumes to be a spur of gold. But it is a spur composed of baser materials, and if tried in the furnace, will be found to want that *fixedness* which is the characteristic of gold. He that pursues virtue only to surpass others, is not far from wishing others less forward than himself; and he that rejoices too much at his own perfections, will be too little grieved over the defects of other men. We might also insist upon this, that true virtue, although the most humble of all things, is the most progressive; it must persevere to the end. But, as Alexander scorned the Olympic games because there were no kings to contend with, so he that starts only to outstrip others will suspend his exertions when that is attained; and self-love will, in many cases, incline him to stoop for the prize even before he has obtained the victory. But the views of the Christian are more extensive, and more enduring; his ambition is not to conquer others, but *himself*, and he unbuckles his armor only for his shroud.

What you mention toward the close of your letter, I consider to be one of the most touching beauties of holiness; to be enabled to aim at pleasing God in every thing, and to seek and find our first happiness in him. We may say of such a principle, as an old philosopher said of the soul, "It is in the whole body, and in every part of it." This is what our Lord meant by the single eye; and when we have this singleness of intention, of pleasing him in all things, and purity of affection at all times, and in all places and circumstances; then our whole body shall be full of light. An old divine tells us, that holiness in our hearts should be as the lungs in our bodies, in continual motion; and that holiness in our lives must run through all our words and conduct, as the woof through the whole web.

Your ideas on hope, are plausible, perhaps sound; but we must die to know. If such sentiments lead you to "a closer walk with God," and to be more entirely devoted to him, I can see no harm in indulging them; but a poet, when speaking of heaven, says, —

> "Where hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
> Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss."

To this I know you will say, "Pretty, but not sound." Well, have your own way.

The revival is still progressing with considerable power. In my last, mention was made of the commencement of special services in Wesley chapel. I continued my efforts there two weeks, but was disabled part of the time from doing much by an obstinate hoarseness. The results were good, but more than the half of those converted at Wesley were members of society. There is evidently a great move in this town, but it is singularly confined to professors of religion under our observation. The report is brought weekly. The revival does not grapple with the people of the world to the extent that one would expect, and this discourages me. About fifty persons were converted, who were not members of society, (at Wesley chapel,) but, on looking over the list, I perceive twenty of these were from the country, several from other churches in town, and a few from the other Leeds circuits, so that the poor society at Wesley has been, I fear, but little improved as to numbers, but greatly so in piety, when we consider the conversion of so many of her backslidden and unconverted members.

On Sabbath morning, 4th of June, I opened my commission in the Brunswick chapel, Leeds First Circuit. The Rev. William Kelk, Superintendent; his colleagues are the Rev. Francis A. West and George T. Perks. Twenty souls were converted the first night. This is an elegant chapel, and a very intelligent and influential congregation. My labors among them have been hitherto with great satisfaction and comfort to my own mind. We have not witnessed a single pause in the revival. Sinners are converted, and believers sanctified daily; but, on glancing at the secretary's book a short time since, I was amazed at the largeness of the list of members professing conversion; and my troubled heart has exclaimed again and again, Why is this? I should have told you, that to prevent exaggerated reports as well as to afford a clue to the residence of those who obtain salvation, we have a person appointed to converse immediately with those who profess conversion or sanctification. He has a book lined off into columns, and headed thus: Date, Name, Residence, Justification, Sanctification, In society, From the world, From other circuits, From other churches, Leader, Observations. By this sheet we know at the end of each week the exact state of the work, so far at least as the subjects of it have come before the leaders' meeting, and arrangements made to visit those persons at their houses who have promised to meet in class, or who may have requested a few days for consideration. The plan is excellent, but I am not able to inform you, as yet, how far it has been carried out. It is certainly no small task; for instance, on Sabbath, 18th inst., one hundred persons professed justification, and forty-two sanctification; now, allowing the half of those justified to have been from the world, here is considerable labor immediately spread before the pastors and official members, as the result of one day. How great the responsibility! When men cry to God for a revival, they little think, if granted, the amount of care and labor it must bring in its train.

On Saturday night last, we concluded the "protracted meeting" in the Brunswick chapel. A few evenings previous, we had a meeting for the new converts, similar to those I have described in other letters. We had a most gracious season.

On Saturday night, in the band-meeting, the Rev. Mr. Kelk gave an account of the advancement of the work of God, during the last month of special services in Brunswick chapel. Documents were produced, from which it was ascertained, that during the above time, the total number professing to have obtained justification and sanctification were about six hundred. Two hundred and forty-four of these were cases of sanctification. One hundred and fifty-six members of society justified,* and the remaining two hundred were sinners converted from the world. Upwards of fifty of the latter were from the country, and the rest distributed among the four circuits in town, and other churches; so that, comparatively, Brunswick will have but a small increase.

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* Romans v. 1.

My heart is greatly attached to the society and congregation of B. They are a lovely people, and showed me much respect and kindness, as did their excellent ministers. My homes, at the hospitable mansions of Mr. Heigham, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Shann, where I am at present, have been every thing I could desire. You will see, therefore, that my stay on the circuit has been most agreeable. "O, to grace, how great a debtor!" I believe no chapel within the claim of Methodism could produce a greater number of talented and devoted leaders than those which belong to the Brunswick chapel, Leeds. My drooping soul was often enlivened and warmed by their life and glowing zeal during the conflict. I am sorry that they have received such a small increase; but the real good diffused throughout the entire society cannot be estimated by numbers. This revival was needed, and if they take the proper advantage of their present position, they shall see far greater things than these; at least, were the revival efforts to be begun now at Brunswick, I should expect a mighty and glorious work.

The ministers and leaders of the Oxford place chapel have given me a pressing invitation to spend a few weeks with them, which has been accepted. Yesterday morning, (Sabbath, July 2,) we commenced "special services" there. I enjoyed a good degree of liberty on Col. i. 19. In the afternoon, I assisted the Rev. Mr. West in the administration of the Lord's Supper, at Brunswick chapel. It was a gracious season, and the number of communicants unusually large. Returned to Oxford Place in the evening, and preached to (some say) four thousand people. Twenty-five sinners were converted to God.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OFFENDED HEARER.

At Leeds, as elsewhere, Mr. Caughey found those who could not endure his apostolic simplicity and faithfulness. They were wounded sorely. Some of them vented their anger in letters addressed to the offending preacher. To some of these letters Mr. C. replied. I have inserted enough of his answers to make a chapter. The reader will agree with me that it furnishes a model of faithful dealing with offended hearers. Any minister having such hearers may benefit them by calling their attention to these pointed appeals and reasonings.

It is not the first time I have been called a "fool," and designated by other kindred epithets; but it seems the fool has drawn your portrait "to the life." I am not at all surprised that you are displeased. Had it been otherwise, I should have suspected myself a flatterer. A few months previous to my leaving America, I was requested to sit for my portrait; and deprecating that which you prefer, I charged the artist to delineate my coarse features on the canvass as they were, without one hue or lineament of flattery. When busily engaged in his art, I inquired whether people were not sometimes vexed with him about their pictures. He understood me. "O yes! but I endeavor to avoid that." "By what means?" "O Sir, I can readily discern from the individual who sits, whether he would prefer the portrait more handsome than himself; then, Sir, I flatter a little; but when I discover that my subject desires a fac-simile of himself, I am at it in truth and honesty. Such are never offended." Ah! I thought, this may do for a portrait-painter, but not for a minister of Christ. The portrait may not affect the eternal interests of the painter or his friend; but it is quite a different thing, when the features of a hearer's heart and morals are portrayed. "You paint well." Thank you for the compliment. "What master did you study under?" Ask your conscience; but ere you lifted the pen, it gave the answer.

"Your flourishes and figures, your flowers and hell-fire images of terror, and noisy uproar, are a strange and harmless compound." Ay, if they are only *painted* they will burn nobody. Who was ever burned by painted fire? I have seen the thing exquisitely managed, so as to deceive the eye, but never the *touch;* but this "highly-colored" fire has scorched you. How is this? There must have been something more than *paint*. I have looked upon lions, (these are "images of terror,") sculptured in marble, stamped on paper, and carved in wood, well-proportioned, and skilfully colored; but they neither *roared* nor *devoured*. So far from exciting terror, I have amused myself watching the little birds hopping into their open mouths, and playing among their teeth. Have not my "images of terror" had quite a different effect upon you? Why this ill humor? Why declare you will never hear me again? Why, unless the imagery represented realities of a terrible nature, in which you believed, and for which you felt yourself totally unprepared? "The lion hath roared, who will not fear? The Lord hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" Amos iii. 8. A glow-worm resembles fire; but it is light without heat.

God asks, "Is not my word like fire? and like a hammer, to break the rock in pieces?" Jer. xxiii. 29. And now, respecting the "noisy uproar" which has thrown you into this consternation: — the other day, while walking on Woodhouse Moor, during the drilling of a regiment, the quick discharge of musketry suggested "images of terror;" but not quite so awful as those you had of hell and its flames the other night. These were but the imagery of the battle-field, wet with life's red current, covered with the dead and the dying,—"hail of iron, and the rain of blood," driven on by men nerved for deeds of death. Nonsense! The whole was as harmless as a parcel of boys cracking whips. None were wounded, none frightened; all were highly delighted. "We go through blank motions here," said an old soldier to me, "for we only use powder; this will do no execution, you know." Had the guns been loaded with ball or shot, and discharged among the spectators, how many hundreds would have scampered from off the common, as did multitudes from Oxford Place chapel, on Sabbath night, after sermon! How many would have been left on the ground, to weep over their wounds! Lives there a man in Leeds, with a heart so hard, as to rail against their cries for surgical aid? What an excitement too would have taken place in the town! Remonstrances from all quarters, quite as violent as those in your letter. Showing what? That there was something more penetrating than "noise" on the Woodhouse Moor.

There were no "blank motions" on the night in question, nor any harmless artillery. There was more than flashing, noisy "powder." The sermon was charged with the truth of God, and levelled, and fired among thousands. You stayed long enough to see the slain of the Lord, for they were many, and to hear their cries. Why did you fly, when you yourself were wounded? We had a Physician there, who healed scores, nor would he have rejected you, had you thrown away your weapons and sought his healing power.

You have helped me to a good idea. A painter begins with the head. The drapery is a mere circumstance, with which any daub may succeed. The head shows the master. Let him hit the countenance well, or as some have it, "the expression," and there is little difficulty with the rest. Some sermons are like drapery in painting, they will suit any body; often there is neither head nor face, so that all feel he means nobody. Frequently the countenances are so numerous, that every one may be meant, which, as any effect upon a congregation may be equivalent to nothing; and *ex nihilo nihil fit*, "of nothing comes nothing." In a crowd there is obscurity, and none get their "feelings hurt" by a mortifying view of their own likeness. When this occurs by design to avoid giving offence, there is guilt. When it arises from incapacity for this kind of distinct and sinner-awakening preaching, then should the preacher inquire, whether that awful passage be not applicable to his case. Jer. xxiii. 30—32.

It requires a skilful mind to portray the true features of an individual character, so as to compel him to cry out, "Name me." But I carry the idea farther than the visible appearance of his morals. The "inner man" lies beyond the art of the limner, though within the vision of the Christian minister. He must delineate the lineaments of the mind, and the aspects and moral coloring of the heart. If he have studied under the Great Master, he can sketch, by a spiritual discernment, "the thoughts and intents of the heart." How far the "madman" has succeeded with your picture, you yourself have determined.

"I have made up my mind to hear you no more. You shall never have a chance to insult me again." You remind me of a gentleman who came into the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, in Quebec, during the sermon. He was just walking down the aisle, seeking a seat, when I was uttering the following sentence, with strong emphasis, and without the least reference to him, (in fact, I had never seen the man before,) "Sinner! what brought you here, sinner?" He turned on his heel in great indignation, saying, "I did not come here to be insulted;" and made his exit.

"You may call this preaching, and the fools who are with you; I do not; it is mere burlesque." Be it so, I cannot help it. Allow me however, to say, you do not seem to resemble the sinner described by St. James i. 23, 24. The gospel was the glass into which he had looked. It reflected his deformed features, and he knew the likeness to be his own; but, upon withdrawing from the unflattering mirror, he immediately lost the impression, and forgot his ugliness. Rather, you may be compared to a certain lady in high life, who was mortified with the conviction that she possessed a set of uncomely features. Being asked on a certain day, why she never turned when passing the mirror, as every body else did; she gave to the rude question the candid reply: "I have too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness." Why not thus speak out the sentiments of your heart at once, and have done with it? Several years ago, I conversed with an old man, in the State of Vermont, who had been a fine looking person in his day, but time had dotted his face very unhandsomely. He told me he could not bear to look into a mirror, and that he had not done so during twenty-five years. The application to yourself is plain, although it appears you do not neglect the house of God. Why despise the gospel-glass, or your humble servant who held it before you? Neither is to blame that you have not had a more comely reflection of your visage. Is there a deformed person in the nation, unless "out of his head," who would fall into a fit of anger with the honesty of his mirror? We generally esteem these useful articles in proportion as they are true to nature. But I forgot the decision of the poet:—

> "You vent your spleen as monkeys, when they pass,
> Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
> While both are one:"——

Notwithstanding your ill humor, I shall attempt to neutralize it by the following striking illustration: I heard the account stated as a reality in a country through which I was travelling, and under circumstances, too, which would forbid the relation of a fable as a fact, although it seems scarcely credible. In the depths of an American forest there lived a man brought up in ignorance, poverty, and hard labor. His neighbors were similarly circumstanced. All were entire strangers to the comforts of civilized life. He was a blacksmith by trade, and black as the coal necessary to his business, and as rough too as the neighboring wolf. His wife made a pilgrimage on a certain day to a distant town, and ventured to purchase that wonderful thing, a looking-glass. She brought it home, suspended it upon the wall without informing her husband of the curiosity. Coming in from the shop a little after, he saw a strange looking being, resembling the very devil himself, peering at him, through what he considered a new hole in his log house — his own likeness in the glass. Not a word did he speak, but ran to the shop, seized a sledge-hammer, and glided softly back. Peeping cautiously in at the door, the horrible figure saluted him on the opposite wall of the room. It was no time to give way, his house was invaded, and the man who would not shrink from contending with a bear in the forest, was not now to stand aghast at the ugly creature before him, be he man or devil; so he raised the hammer, *it* did the same; he sprang, and it sprang; and the looking-glass was shivered to atoms in a moment. He saw his mistake too late to save his wife's feelings or the mirror; the latter lying scattered around him in fragments.

Take another case. Three or four weeks ago, I saw in a London paper the following, headed, "An egregious fool." It was a *late* police report, and a fact; the court of justice and London magistrate were mentioned, with a full account of the trial. The defendant, an Irish laborer, had been sent that morning to make some necessary repairs in a certain mansion. The plaintiff, a Mr. Jennings, stated that while watching the man, (as he otherwise could not have believed any man could have been such a fool,) he glanced around, and seeing in the room in which he was working, his reflection in a large looking-glass door, exclaimed, "Arrah! by St. Patrick, my masther told me he only sent one man, and there's another; and he's got my hammer; I'll have a *shy* at him." And suiting the action to the word, he smashed the imaginary personage and the glass at the same time. The defendant's plea was, that he had just been put on the job, as he expected, by himself; but seeing the other fellow looking at him, he struck against the glass; and that he could assure his majesty, (the magistrate,) that he thought it was another workman, who had "taken the job over his head," and that he was so enraged at him, thinking at the same time that he had stolen his hammer, that he struck at him, and ruined the glass. The article was valued at £10; but, in mercy to the poor fellow, it was only laid at £5. After having been locked up a few hours, he was liberated on the complainant's accepting the wife's promise to pay the amount, at five shillings per week.

You have some sense left, and I shall not insult it by assisting you to make the very evident application. "As I said before, I will hear you no more." To this I reply: Some people get into hell wounded in the back, flying from the truth; and others go into hell with a crash, fighting against the truth, and carrying their wounds in front. Which go the deepest into perdition, eternity must show. It seems you intend to be wounded behind; perhaps you think there are scars sufficient before. Remember you cannot escape from yourself, nor from principles which have made a lodgment within you; nor from a "judgment" that shall dog your steps through life, and overtake you in your last hours:

> "While conscience, unrelenting, still maintains
> Her right to raise new fears, and cause new pains."

Make no rash vows. Leave yourself free. Many take much pains to attain a position, only to prepare themselves for a plunge into worse troubles; as an Italian would say, *Cadar dalla padella nella brace*,—equivalent to falling from Scylla into Charybdis. Beware lest that come upon you predicted by an old divine: "For if thou shuttest the windows of thine eyes from reading, and the doors of thine ears from hearing, God may clap such a padlock of a judicial curse upon them both, that thou shalt never open thine eyes or ears, till thou comest, as the rich glutton, to see Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; and bear a part in those dreadful screechings and howlings which are in hell!" You say, "I prefer my former views and ease of mind; it is impossible for me to see as you see," etc. No! nor are you ignorant of the reason! The name of that great philosopher, Galileo, is familiar to you. If he was not the inventor of the telescope, you are aware he *improved* it; and rendered essential service to the cause of science when he made the instrument subservient to astronomical observations. But do you remember the story of a Florentine philosopher, who could not be persuaded to look through one of

Galileo's telescopes, lest he should see something in the heavens that would disturb his belief in Aristotle's philosophy? The scriptural telescope of faith is a great disturber of the peace when put before the vision of a man living in sin!

"I have hell enough in this life." I shall not dispute with you about that; but should not this satisfy you? "Pant ye after the second death?" What is hell upon earth? Is it any thing else than a foretaste of the torments of the damned? What is the "bottomless pit" mentioned in Revelation? What, but the eternal sinking of the soul from God? Hell, then, most assuredly begins in this world; and the mouth of the pit opens wide in time. Every unconverted sinner is within the circumference of the pit. "A wicked man," says one, "is a candidate for nothing but hell;" and, says another, "Hell is the centre of every sinner's gravity." These are facts; and there is no standing still. The motions of a sinner downward are as steady as the weights in a clock. Such things go down slowly, but surely, by the ordinary revolutions of the time-piece; or the cord may break, and they fall at once. Time is connected with what the Holy Ghost calls the "silver cord"—human life; and a brittle affair it is. There is no law in nature more steady than the progress of a sinner to his horrible centre; but the cord may be severed by an accident, or by the friction of its own workings; or by the stroke of God, Job xxxvi. 18; and thus you may drop into an *eternal* hell at once. Many sinners, on their death-bed, have confessed themselves on the brink of hell; but you admit yourself already in hell. And does not this illustrate my sentiment? If the sinner be within the circumference of the pit, he must be troubled with its smoke; and this is hell upon earth. Smoke is sometimes *hot*, but never so intense as the flames from which it proceeds; but there is just such a difference between the hell upon earth and that in eternity.

I can only reply to the other epithets you have lavished upon me, the old Latin proverb, the translation of which runs thus: "Growing mad against the remedy of our madness!"

These frequent appeals appear to have brought his offended hearer to a more reasonable state of mind. Hence the milder tone of the next paragraphs.

"The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." I am glad you are better pleased with me; but I have no wish you should be any less displeased with yourself, until you become a better man. "I thought it so monstrously ridiculous." But it seems you were led to suppose that the *ridiculous monster* was yourself. "It was so unnatural—so out of all character." And yet you said in your heart, "He means me." How could you think so, unless there were some lineaments in the monster strikingly like yourself? "It is easy," said a man, who understood the matter well, "to know a picture well drawn, if we are acquainted with the person whom it represents." This is a very good criterion to apply to the present subject. If *nature* had been wholly avoided, or misrepresented, you could no more have thought the distorted figure was your own, than if I had been describing the devil himself. A witty writer has some where remarked, that he who studies life, yet bungles, may draw some faint imitations of it; but he who purposely avoids nature, must fall into the grotesque, and make no likeness. In this case, I have you for a witness, that, however bunglingly nature was imitated, the likeness has been recognized by one of the most competent of judges.

I have read a remark to this effect, that the picture is well drawn which looks at all who look at it. It seems the picture looked on you, at any rate; and you were simple enough to imagine that it not only looked at you, but *looked like you.*

"You are not so morose a being as I thought you were, nor so stiff. I wish you success among the Leedites; I shall come to hear you as often as I can while I remain in town." I care little for your opinion about me, unless it lead to your conversion. It is pleasing, however, to learn you have altered your mind. *Il sabio muda conscio, il nescio no*, said the Spaniard: "A wise man changes his mind, a fool never." If the truth be heard in the love of it, your heart may be softened into penitence, which is the forerunner of salvation. Till sin is hated and abandoned, I fear you will hear to little advantage; but as faith cometh by hearing, — come! "Now that you know my views and state of mind, I expect a kinder method, and less severity." I am afraid you will be greatly disappointed, unless a change take place in your morals. Even then, without regeneration, you will still be disgusted with your own likeness, and dissatisfied with the preacher. Allow me to illustrate what I mean. In a work entitled *The last year in China*, we have some excellent remarks on Chinese portrait-painters; showing that they have not learned the art of flattery, although they make excellent likenesses. The author relates the following anecdote, in proof: A lady of Macao, was having her portrait drawn by a Chinese artist. As the work proceeded, she expressed her strong dissatisfaction at the performance. "'Spose," said the painter, "you smile a little, he look better." But it was in vain; for when the picture was done, the indignation of the fair one was so great, and so disagreeably expressed, that the irritated artist exclaimed, "If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make?" The writer remarked, that he thought an English artist could have shown the honest Chinese out of his difficulty — that a golden application would have removed his scruples. Perhaps not. Respect for his profession, or homage to the stern demands of *principle*, might have rendered his mind as obstinate toward Mammon, as to the displeasure of the good lady.

I shall be glad to see you again in the house of God. Remember, however, that painters only make a rude draught of the face at first; succeeding touches bring out the features more perfectly. If the minister be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," like a clever artist, he will not throw down his spiritual pencil till the picture is in such a state as to render it impossible to mistake the person represented. Nor will he stop here; what no painter would do with a finished picture, he will — hew it in pieces, as Samuel did Agag before the Lord. Take heed; some of the slashes of "the sword of the Spirit" may reach beyond your portrait, "piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and of the joints and marrow." Heb. iv. 12. The following verse has long been my motto:

"Brandish in full faith, till then,
The Spirit's two-edged sword,
Hew all the snares of fiends and men
In pieces with the *word;*
''Tis written,' thus applied,
Baffles all strength and art;
Spirit and soul, with this divide,
And joints and marrow part."

Another letter commences with the next paragraph, and indicates that the offended hearer was yielding still more to the faithful application of truth.

You are certainly an awakened sinner, whatever you may say to the contrary. In this state of mind, "the smallest things can give your sins a *twitch.*" Had you lived in the days of Aaron the high priest, and with such a conscience as you have now, it would have interpreted the tinkling of the bells on the borders of his garment, into an "unmannerly personality."

You say, "This —— could never have happened by chance; somebody has put you up to it." But have you never read of one Appelles, who failed, as often as he tried, to paint the foaming of a horse? At last, in a rage, he flung his brush at the painting, and "*chance*" expressed that which art could not. In your case, I deny that any person has given me the information in question, as firmly as I reject the power of "chance." The eye of a heavenly witness rests upon you and your sins. God, who has called me to preach his gospel, suggested to me suitable matter by his Holy Spirit. I lay claim, however, to no higher inspiration than what any minister of Christ may have, who walks closely with God, and who has one desire and one aim.

"And if I turn to God, will that mend the affair? You said, 'Sinner, God will cut you down.'" I did say so, but added immediately, "Your speedy repentance will be a lengthening of your tranquillity." Did not Jonah, at last, obey the Lord, in delivering the warning to the people of Nineveh? But one day's journey on the walls was sufficient. As he walked, crying, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown;" they heard the voice, as if it had come from heaven, and turned every one of them from their iniquities. Forty days passed away, and the city continued in its grandeur. There was a *condition* in the sentence. Their unfeigned repentance rendered the prediction void. "O new, and admirable thing!" says a good man; "the denunciation of death brought forth life; the prophesy of the overthrow overthrew the prophecy; the sentence of destruction made a nullity in the sentence."

I cannot conclude without referring to one or two of your closing sentiments. It is wrong in you to suppose, that what you feel, is a sample of a religious life; and yet many mistake here. A very excellent man told me, in Dublin, that, when an awakened sinner, he was greatly buffeted by the devil on this point. It was represented to his mind, "This is religion; and are you prepared to exchange a life of gayety and pleasure for these moping, miserable feelings? This is a religious life." He met the temptation thus: "I am conscious of real misery, and if I set out for heaven, I may have seventy years of it; but then, after death, I shall be eternally happy. On the other hand, if I neglect religion, I may possibly enjoy seventy years' happiness; but this must be succeeded by an eternity of torment. Which, then, will be the most profitable to me, in the long run? Unquestionably, seventy years' wretchedness, followed by an eternity of pleasure and delight." From that moment, he bade farewell to sin and the devil forever, without a single idea of the comforts of experimental religion; as if Christianity were designed to strip him of every source of gratification, and render his desolate soul void of any enjoyment, other than the anticipations of the rewards of heaven. But a happier man than this same individual I have not met throughout my travels.

The saying of Origen is worthy of notice: "It is the manner of Scripture to begin with those things which are sad and dreadful, and to end with those things which are cheerful and comfortable. 'I will kill and make alive; not, 'I will make alive and kill.'" I am much mistaken, if you are not now drinking the "wormwood and the gall;" but there is a great difference between that and the "cup of salvation." The paths of repentance are sad and thorny; but the ways of religion "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I cannot agree with you, that an escape from sin, and from pursuing temptation, is impossible. Think of your soul, its value, its cost. Think of the agonies and blood of Jesus Christ; aye, and the horrors of hell. Cast these reflections between you and your sins.

I was reading the other day of an ancient general, who showed great skill in conducting the retreat of his army. The enemy pressed him sore; and, at a time when all was in jeopardy, he marched rapidly through a narrow pass, between mountains, and then filling it with the branches of trees, set fire to them. The flames ascended like a wall of fire between him and his foes, and thus he secured his retreat. Throw hell-fire between you and your sins: "Escape for thy life," sinner; "tarry not in all the plain."

> "Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
> And pierce, through infinite, in quest of God."

Remember, every other avenue to God is closed, but one, "The new and living way," opened by the death of Jesus Christ. There is no access but by this way. The law of God, "like a two-edged sword," turning every way, will smite you into hell, if you dare to force an approach. "Come unto God by him," and "enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus;" receiving, upon your entrance, "remission of sins, through faith in his blood."

Attend to it in time; perhaps when you would, it may be too late. Only a few days ago I was reading of a man who had long neglected the house of God, his worship and his word. Sitting by his own fire, one Sabbath, with his family, he said, "I shall read a chapter in the Bible, as I have not done so for a long time." It was too late; while in the act of reaching for the Bible, he sunk down, and immediately expired. When in the south of Ireland, about nine months ago, a zealous servant of God related to me the following affecting circumstance: —

He had been on a visit to a certain town, for benevolent purposes, and intended to hold a meeting on the Sabbath for the conversion of sinners. On the Saturday previous, Providence cast in his way an ungodly sinner. He talked with him respecting his soul, but the man treated every thing with great levity. When my friend was about to take leave, he said, with much mirth, "I am likely to live as long as you. I could match you in a walk of ten miles any day." "Well," replied the other, on a sudden impression, but without the least degree of resentment, "this is your day of mercy, to-morrow may be God's day of judgment." He then asked him, whether he would come to the chapel next day, and hear such truth as might be made a blessing to him? In a somewhat merry mood, he replied, "I shall come." Accordingly, on the Sabbath, he followed the man of God to the meeting, and when within a few yards of the place, he dropped down, and was dead in a few moments. That night, in the same room where his corpse lay, my friend held a meeting for the benefit of the living. How often is the sentiment of a German poet verified! —

> With noiseless tread, death steals on man,
> No plea, no prayer, delivers him ;
> From the midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
> With sudden hand it severs him.
> Ready, or not ready — no delay,
> Forth to his Judge's bar, he must away."

Adieu.

CHAPTER XIX.

RAMBLES AROUND LEEDS.

In the seventeenth chapter, we left Mr. Caughey at the close of his first round of visits to the various chapels in Leeds. Having taken a glance at him in his dealings with the offended hearer, we now follow him once more into the scenes of his more active labors. It appears that, after going round the Leeds circuit and spending about two weeks in each chapel, he returned, first to the Oxford street chapel, and then to St. Peter's, preaching several weeks in each, with "signs following."

Before describing these latter labors, he favors us with some account of his rambles around Leeds. His visit to Cross Hall, and to the tomb of the heroic John Nelson, will afford the pious reader great pleasure; since every reminiscence of the holy dead is a pearl of price to a spiritual mind. The letters which compose this chapter were addressed to an American friend.

A few weeks since, in company with the family of Thomas Shann, Esq., I rode out to Cross Hall, a few miles from Leeds, formerly the residence of Mrs. Fletcher. Five years ago, when we derived so much benefit to our souls from a perusal of her Memoirs, we little thought that I should ever pay a visit to the very spot where these events transpired, which then afforded us so much interest and pleasure.

The house is a square, substantial, two-story building, of cream-colored stones, situated a short distance from the road, shaded with trees, and a fine garden behind. Mrs. F. built this immediately after she came to Yorkshire. The old hall is attached to it; a low, venerable edifice, over the door of which we read, 1712. The family who now occupy the mansion, on learning who we were, and our errand, kindly gave us permission to walk through the house. I can scarcely express to you the emotion which filled my heart when passing from room to room, each one hallowed by the presence of this holy woman of God. Ah! I thought, here, during fourteen years, she spent many happy as well as many sorrowful hours. Here the deepest night brooded over all her temporal prospects. In this place she trusted in God, and was delivered; for here it was that day dawned upon her dark, dark night. Through these rooms, or along those garden walks, did she often meditate upon and conflict with an impression, which bears the tinge of romance, but which was evidently of God.

> "Hide it my heart, within that close disguise,
> Where mixed with God's, his loved idea lies."

This is the spot where she endeavored to break or strengthen that mysterious link which strangely bound her spirit to that eminent servant of Christ, the seraphic Fletcher. Resolving to await the dawning of that day in her earthly history, which for many years she had foreseen, as by prophetic vision; here she often mournfully exclaimed, in faith's darkest hour,

> "Darkly safe with God, my soul
> His arm still onward bears,
> Till through each tempest on the whole,
> A peace divine appears."

Or, in the more triumphant language of another poet:—

> "The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
> And feed me with a shepherd's care;
> His presence shall my wants supply,
> And guard me with a watchful eye;
> My noonday walks he shall attend,
> And all my midnight hours defend."

That promise also was her stay, which she received from God at Laytonstone: "Thou shalt lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks; yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver," Job xxii. 24, 25; and commented upon them thus: "What I understand by these words is, that a time shall come when I shall owe no man any thing, and have plenty to carry on such designs as the Lord shall lay on my heart, for his glory; that he will bring me out of this place, and provide some way for every member to be removed, so that I shall say, 'Now is fulfilled that word,' 'Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee, and light shall shine on thy path.'"

Here her faith seemed to receive a death blow in the sad intelligence, that the object of her hope was dying at Madeley; and again, that he was about to leave England, perhaps for ever, the blood draining from his lungs day by day; still faith flourished again, and failed not, but prompted her to ask and believe for the following signs, which were fulfilled to the letter, four years afterwards: First, That Mr. Fletcher might be raised up again. Second, And brought back to England. Third, That he would write to her upon the subject, though they had been so many years asunder, and not so much as a message passing between them upon any subject. Fourth, That in that letter, he would state the matter, as having rested upon his mind for several years. This prayer of faith was instantly attended with the assurance that all this would occur in the year 1781.

With the singular coincidences you are familiar. On the 8th of June, 1781, as she expresses it, "the cloud arose, little as a human hand," in the form of a letter, from the object of her affections, which was soon after followed by Mr. Fletcher himself. Here they talked over all the providences through which they had been led; tried to penetrate the gloom which still hung over her temporal affairs; but that God, who had so strangely brought them together, commanded the darkness into light, and in the neighboring church of Batley, "We covenanted," says Mrs. F., "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to bear each other's burdens, and to become one for ever."

With the history of her orphan establishment, her zeal for God, and activity in his cause, her holy life and godly conversation, her Memoirs have made you already familiar; and I doubt not, that on my return to America, we shall read them over again, with renewed pleasure, and I shall then tell you more than I can crowd into a letter. After visiting the apartment she had fitted up as a chapel for her orphans, we returned to Leeds.

In company with a friend, I rode over to Batley church the other day, and stood before the same altar where they were married. The vicar was very kind, conducting us through various parts of the old sanctuary, in which were some very ancient monuments, and afterwards into the vestry. After a tedious search, he found the entry of their marriage, in one of the church records, signed first by the curate, and then by the parties, thus: "John William Fletcher, or De la Fletchere," and underneath, in her own peculiar hand, "Mary Bosanquet;" the witnesses were a

"Miss Tripp," and some other persons whose names I did not copy.

A few days ago, with a small party, I visited the village of Birstal, about seven miles from Leeds. Our principal object was to see the tomb of the famous John Nelson, Mr. Wesley's faithful coadjutor. The spot where his earthly remains have rested nearly seventy years, is a little south of the old parish church. The tomb is a neat freestone square, covered with a slab of the same material, and bears the following inscription : —

JOHN NELSON,
Departed this life, July 18th, 1774,
Aged 67 years.

—

MARTHA, HIS WIFE,
Departed this life, September 11th, 1774,
Aged 69.

—

While we on earth had our abode,
We both agreed to serve the Lord,
And he was pleased as you may see,
By death not long us parted be;
Then he required the breath he gave,
And now we both rest in one grave,
Until again he us restore,
A life to live and die no more.

An old building was pointed out to us, a few yards from the tomb, as the remains of the vicarage, where John's persecutor lived.

Near the Wesleyan chapel we were shown into a very small brick building, where John used to read and pray; and over the little fireplace is engraved upon a stone, "John Nelson's study." Here he prepared some of those heavy thoughts, which came down with the execution of his stone-hammer, upon the rocky hearts of his hearers.

Yesterday, accompanied by part of the kind family of John Howard, Esq., at whose house I am at present entertained, I rode to Micklefield, eight miles from Leeds, formerly the residence of the famous Sammy Hick, the village blacksmith.

His Memoir is now published by our Book Concern in New York, and doubtless it has had a wide circulation in America.

We put up at the village inn, and Sammy's daughter was pointed out to us, standing at the door of her own house, looking towards us with great earnestness. On approaching, she gave us a cheerful welcome, as if aware of the purport of our visit to Micklefield. "Walk in," said she; "this is the house my father and mother occupied during fifty years, and there is the flagstone upon which my father was kneeling when he was converted to God, and where he was aftewards sanctified; and it was, while sitting on a chair with his feet on that flag, he died and went home to glory. And on that other flagstone, my mother (Martha) died. There is the old shelf just as they had it, and that is the same old clock."

We felt ourselves quite at home, and entered into an agreeable conversation respecting the "departed." Her good husband came in, and a few neighbors, and we sang,—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

Kneeling down upon the famous flagstone, I prayed that the blessing of God might descend upon the descendants of Sammy Hick, and upon these his old neighbors and associates.

We then visited the blacksmith's shop, the scene of Sammy's labor at the anvil, and where he spent many a happy day. The identical bellows, used by Sammy, are yet there, and in active employment; and the old anvil block, etc.

Mr. Caughey now resumes his account of the progress of the revival. He had begun a second series of meetings in Oxford Place chapel, and concerning which he says:

The congregations were greatly increased, when compared with my first visit. This is the largest chapel I have ever preached in; indeed, I have been informed, it is the largest Methodist chapel in the world. It seats two thousand five hundred persons; but from the spaciousness of the aisles, etc., when crowded, admits one thousand more; and on Sabbath nights it was always full, and many had to go away who could not get in. Such a mass of people was a most sublime and imposing scene. The Lord graciously assisted my voice, so that I was distinctly heard in all parts of the congregation. What a contrast when compared with years gone by! Eight or nine years ago, my voice was so feeble, it was often with the greatest difficulty I could make three or four hundred persons hear; now God has so enlarged its compass, as to reach the ears of three or four thousands. Perhaps this may tend to illustrate that important sentiment, that the Lord Jesus never calls a person to any great effort, or extraordinary duty, without the gracious intention of imparting a corresponding supply of strength for its accomplishment.

I know not which to admire most, this or the society at Brunswick. They are truly a loving, gracious people. In the families of Mr. Holt, Mr. Dove, Mr. Howard, and Alderman Musgrave, every thing was done to render my visit to their circuit most agreeable and delightful. Their hospitality, and many acts of kindness, have left an indelible impression upon my heart. Did I not tell you, before I left America, that the Lord would give me fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters? Nothing of all that God promised me has yet failed. With their ministers, the Rev. William Lord, the Rev. George B. Macdonald, and the Rev. Alfred Barrett, I have formed a friendship that will last for ever.

The results of the four weeks in the above place of worship, were very gratifying. Three hundred persons were enabled to declare that the blood of Jesus had cleansed them from all sin; and an equal number professed justification. A considerable portion of the latter were members of the Wesleyan church, and several from other churches and circuits; so that the increase to the church at Oxford place, cannot be more than about one hundred persons. On the last Sabbath in July, I returned to St. Peter's chapel, which is almost equal in size to Oxford place, and continued there two weeks. During that time, two hundred persons obtained the blessing of sanctification, ninety-five of whom were from country circuits. One hundred and ninety individuals professed justification; fifty of this number were already members in the St. Peter's circuit, and the remainder were from other churches and the world. Those who were converted from the world, and resided in the neighboring circuits, had notes given them, as an introduction to the leaders of classes in the Wesleyan society; that they might have the benefit of weekly instruction, and become candidates for church membership. I have not been able to ascertain the increase, during the two weeks, to the church in St. Peter's; but I doubt whether it amounts to more than fifty.

With the Superintendent of the St. Peter's circuit, and his worthy colleagues, the Rev. Charles Cheetham and the Rev. William Cattle, I labored in great harmony. They are self-denying and zealous servants of God, well acquainted with revivals of religion; and they have entered most heartily into the present movement.

In the above chapel, they have more than their share of the poor; but they are rich in faith: many of them have been acquainted, for a long time, with the deep things of God. They were more noisy during the services here than in any other circuit in town; but Mr. Harris had them generally under perfect control. There were seasons, however, when his voice of authority was lost amidst their hallelujahs. It gladdened my heart to see men and women, clothed in the coarsest garb, feasting upon the richest blessings of the gospel of peace, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Were I a resident of Leeds, and desired a close walk with Christ, and lessons on the deep things of God, though worth thousands, I would choose for my place of worship, the St. Peter's Wesleyan chapel. I would sit at the feet of these poor saints, and learn from them how to watch and pray, live by faith, despise the world, conquer hell, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

* * * *

My work is now nearly finished in Leeds, and indeed in England, for the present; as I sail from Hull, on the 13th Sept., 1843, by the will of God, for Rotterdam, Holland. Since my last to you, I have preached a few times in Wesley chapel, and in the Wesleyan chapel, village of Woodhouse, near Leeds. In both places the power of God was revealed in the conversion of sinners.

On Sabbath evening, 3d inst., I preached out of doors, to an immense multitude, on the verge of Woodhouse Moor. Text: Rev. xx. 11—13. Some triflers made an effort for a little sport, but a few appeals spoiled the movement, and the parties listened with attention to the end.

On the following week I preached farewell sermons in St. Peter's, Brunswick, and Oxford place chapels, with much comfort to my own mind, and, I trust, profit to others. We have taken some pains to obtain statistics of the revival, with regard to conversions, and as correct as possible. We find that upwards of sixteen hundred persons have professed justification. This embraces the work carried forward in the chapels of the Leeds four circuits. In my letters to you and * * *, I have classed the new converts, so that you could see what proportion were Wesleyan, and from other churches and circuits in the country, and from the world.

After deducting those converted from other churches in town, and those from the country circuits, many of whom were Wesleyans, and a goodly number from the world, it has been ascertained, that one thousand of the converts belong to Leeds. About six hundred and fifty of the latter were members of the Wesleyan church in Leeds. These may be divided into three classes. Those who had backslidden from God; those who had never been converted, by far the greatest number; and a few who had been living, to say the least, in a low state of grace, but, under the searching truth of God, had been involved in distressing doubts, and cast away the little confidence they had, but had sought a clearer manifestation of the favor of God, and found it. Such were questioned closely respecting past experience, and they generally said, "I have had secret misgivings for years, about my conversion; there has been a standing doubt, which has ever annoyed me since I began to meet in class; so that I have done little good, and received little, other than restraint from going back into the world. My uneasiness has increased under this pointed preaching, and also in beholding this wonderful work of God. I felt, if I could not bear the test of this, how could I expect to bear the trials of my deathbed, or the light of eternity. I have made much resistance against coming forward to be prayed for, have and held out for several weeks. At last I took up my cross, came forward among the penitents, as a sinner, and God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins." "Do you then consider this hour as the time of your conversion?" "I prefer to do so, Sir, and shall consider this as my starting point for heaven."

You will therefore perceive, that the increase to the four circuits is not more than three hundred and fifty souls. This is a much greater disproportion than any thing of the kind I have observed since my arrival on this side the Atlantic. Indeed, such classifications as I have sent you from Liverpool and Leeds, in regard to the subjects of justification, have been new to me; as I do not remember any necessity for such distinctions in any of the revivals in which I have been engaged in the United States. You are aware how seldom it is, that persons continue to meet in class for a length of time in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who have never been "born again." They are generally pushed to such extremities, under the preaching or in class, as to compel them either to retire into the ranks of the world or get converted to God. The frequency of revivals in each society of our church, also greatly contributes to lessen the number of such unhappy persons. Were I to take the statistics of the revivals in Dublin, Limerick, Cork, Liverpool, and Leeds, as criteria of the state of Methodism in this country, I should certainly conclude, that a vast number meet regularly in class for years, and in good standing too as it respects moral character, who have never obtained a satisfactory evidence of their adoption into the family of God.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the religious state of the Wesleyan body in this country, to say, whether it is thus with the societies generally, or that similar developments would be exhibited in case of a revival in other towns of the kingdom. My mind has been greatly exercised about it; but in my communications to America I have refrained from speculations, and entertained my correspondents with plain matters of fact, which fell under my own observation.

You know how easy it is for a stranger, passing rapidly through a country, to form opinions the most erroneous and absurd, of the real state of society.

America has suffered severely in this way by travellers. Full of prejudice, and determined to pander to the vitiated taste of their countrymen at home; having neither time, disposition, nor perhaps capabilities to examine into the true state of American society; but driven on, by the force of circumstances, to write a book and travel too; "wide awake" to all the peculiarities of that society with which they have the honor to mingle, namely, bar-room heroes, stage-coach characters, and the promiscuous crowd of men of all nations under heaven, on the crowded street of the city, or deck of the steamer, (to say nothing of the fictitious,) they are "enabled to draw to the life the national character of the Yankees." Their productions are published to the world, and read with avidity, and credited; while it is plain to those who have spent many years in that country, that their readers are still in total ignorance about American manners and the real condition of the population.

Nothing can be more unjust; and American institutions, moral, religious, political, and scientific, have been caricatured from such sources of information.

> "Where others toil with philosophic force,
> Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
> Flings at your head convictions in a lump,
> And gains remote conclusions at a jump."

But to return to the subject; wherever such revival disclosures occur, whether in Europe or America, the matter is worthy of the most serious consideration. If the new birth is the hinge upon which the salvation or damnation of the soul must turn, so many persons, living destitute of such a change, and within the bosom of a church, so clear, doctrinally and experimentally, upon this point, is a most serious and awful affair. Were I to venture any thing like an opinion, I would say, the cause might be traced to the entire absence of, or long intervals between, powerful revivals of religion. Where this is the case, there would be as much likelihood to find in such societies a healthy and vigorous membership, as a population enjoying excellent health though unvisited for years by the purifying breezes of heaven. We need a *gale* every now and then to sweep through the streets and lanes of our great towns to carry off the smoke and unhealthy exhalations. And thus it is in a spiritual sense with the church of God; she needs a revival breeze. Our Lord compared the operations of the Spirit to the wind, which bloweth where it listeth; and we still want the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and in some places nothing but a tornado can clarify the spiritual atmosphere, so as to render it fit to breathe in, or to see heaven through by faith — such as that which came in a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, filling all our places of worship, and the heart of every worshipper; shaking the place, and setting the town in an uproar, as Jerusalem in days of old. Acts ii. and iv. 31. And blessed be God, this is in full accordance with that verse which they sing vigorously in this country, as well as in America: —

"Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one."

A neglect upon the part of ministers and leading members to carry out fully a revival where it has commenced, or an indisposition to live for and perpetuate a succession of those gracious visitations, weakens the church of God, and grieves the Holy Spirit.

A certain town, for instance, is favored with a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, with or without extraordinary instrumentality, and a large increase of converted souls is realized by that church. Now, if instead of a vigorous co-operation with God for a continuation of the revival, (and I can see no reason why it should stop, while a backslider remains to be reclaimed, or an unconverted sinner in the town; though the flame may not for a time catch upon sinners, it need never lose its intensity in the hearts of believers,) they grow weary in well doing, and desire something else more than the salvation of sinners; the Spirit of God is then grieved, a blight comes on the church, and a general deadness will be the consequence, and most probably the melancholy relapse of the new converts.

But supposing the revival to have ceased, let the church be alive for its recommencement; and whether their faith be fixed on God for a revival *now*, in the regular means of grace, or in the "special services" intended for next month, the effects must ever be the most salutary. The church of God is by that means kept in *action*,—brought into the field,—and activity is the spring-tide of religious feeling. Methodism, from the beginning, has been a system of *aggression* against the devil and all his works; let her keep to this, and she will multiply her numbers and increase both in power and influence. Whenever and wherever she loses this distinguishing feature in her economy, she must dwindle away into insignificance. I have never yet seen it fail; and the catastrophe has always been in proportion to the length of time since she ceased to be the aggressor. It is not enough that Methodism is enabled to stand on the defensive, and hold her own; if this be all, a very small part of the designs of God are answered; and she has little more than half her glory. Acquisition should never be effaced from her banners. The devil's territory must be invaded till earth and hell are aroused against her aggressive movements. Then, and not till then, shall Methodism be in the meridian glory of her usefulness.

I have ever considered an anti-revival Methodist preacher as a phenomenon in Methodism. It would be almost as difficult for a man of that character, unless a consummate hypocrite, to get into the ranks of American Methodism, as for a Jesuit; and I believe the remark will equally apply to Wesleyan Methodism in these kingdoms. I can, however, easily conceive how a minister may lose the life of God out of his soul, and fearfully backslide from first principles. A criminal indifference to zealous efforts for the salvation of sinners may characterize his movements. Is it not possible for him to impart the same feeling to the officers of the church during the years of his stay upon the circuit? Suppose, that at the end of his term the church is cursed with another of a similar spirit, the results upon the cause of God are too evident to need enlargement here. There have been mournful cases of that kind, as you very well know, in America, till the conference has been under the necessity to request them to "sit down;" that is, to cease the itinerancy; and why? Because of an almost universal protest against receiving them from the circuits within the bounds of the conference.

It has been ruled by some, and in high places too, that the flock are just what the pastors choose to make them. This precept, though extensive, is not of universal application. "Like people, like priest," says the prophet Hosea; — as you find the people, so you shall the priest. This looks like tracing effects to their cause. But another holy prophet, Isaiah, after all his faithful labor, found his people what he would not, and mournfully complained, " I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain ;" and inquired, " Who hath believed our report ? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ? "

There have been places where ministers have worked themselves into the grave in ineffectual efforts for a revival.

I have known branches of our church settle down and cease to look for another outpouring of the Holy Spirit, contented to glide along from year to year, without any revival, till their feeble and sickly state, and the wickedness of sinners around them, became notorious.

Where there is no anxiety about a revival, in the hearts of the leading members of the church, it is not to be expected they will make that sacrifice of time and strength, required by the Holy Ghost, to bring about such an important triumph of the gospel. The inconsistency is greater where such an event is prayed for in sincerity, while a reluctancy is indulged to employ the necessary means.

Whether any of these propositions apply to the past history of the Methodist church in Leeds, and in the other towns I have visited, I cannot determine.

You remember the great revival in * * *. Long and anxiously did they desire a revival ; but entertained at the same time an aversion to extraordinary means. And why ? Lest the ordinary services, which they admitted were inefficient, should be brought into discredit by the extraordinary ; as if another gospel was to be preached in the latter, while in fact, the proposal was, only to preach the gospel a little oftener, — say every night in the week in the same chapel, instead of one or two nights. God, again and again, both by his providence and the example and successes of other churches, invited them to co-operate with him, in a direct and continued attack upon the devil's kingdom. But, "No, the preaching on the Sabbath is excellent; and if sinners are not aroused and converted by such preaching as we have now, they ought to be damned." They did not see that it is with mind as it is with matter — hammer long enough upon a rock, and you will break it in pieces; repeat your strokes upon mind, and it must also break down. Every body knows, that one day in the week, however heavy the hammer and rapid the blows, cannot accomplish so much, as if the same were wielded every day of the week.

No man in that town could have prevailed upon the leading members of that church, to carry into their business operations the same principles they had adopted for a revival of religion — work one day and rest six. Thus they continued several years. A few were converted in that time, and many were impressed with the truth, and joined the church, and met in class: —

"But the place designed for growth in grace,
Became their spiritual landing-place."

They never grew at all, because they had not been born of the Spirit. With the exception of numbers, some of the classes resembled a Popish confessional; the "experience" was scarcely a whisper, and none heard it but the leader; and some were dumbies who could say nothing. What is recorded in 2 Kings xix. 3, might truly be said of that church; she had various troubles and rebukes from God, and blasphemies from a world of wickedness; for the children were brought to the birth, and there was no power to bring forth.

After years had passed away, and some of these unhappy persons had died, and probably slipped away into hell, the Lord heard the sighing of the prisoners, who yet continued in his church, and the secret supplications of some of the excellent of the earth. Preachers and people, with another man of God who had come by special invitation, humbled themselves before the Lord of Hosts. The house of God was thrown open day and night. Battle was given against the works of darkness. The population ran together, and cried, "What meaneth this? Are you mad or drunk?" "We are neither; but come out every night, this week and next, and learn the secret." The burning truths of God were showered upon sinners during eight or nine days. At length God shook the heavens and the earth, the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people, hundreds of the sinners in Zion were born again, while God added daily to his victorious church scores of converted souls from the world. But this was succeeded by a humiliating difficulty. They might as well have tried to keep the thunder a secret as this revival. The report of it spread far and wide; many came from a great distance to witness the conquering power of the gospel of Christ. All who had seen or heard of it, expected an amazing increase of members. Although it was large, yet when matters came to be sifted, it was not at all in proportion to the numbers reported to have been saved, and the reaction was injurious for a time. An astonishing monument of the revival had been raised, and the church was a living flame, but this did not satisfy those inclined to find fault. The insinuations of carnal professors were even more annoying than those from the world. They had been reproved in conscience for their inactivity during the revival; and now, it seemed as if they enjoyed a secret satisfaction at what they called "the failure of the movement." But the ministers, leaders, and those who were devoted to God, knew the benefit derived too well to be weakened. They were all along aware, that the majority of those converted, were unconverted or backslidden members; these, with the large increase, more than they had had for many years, and the high tone of religious feeling in the church, enabled them to reply to the cavillers, "We are well repaid for a few weeks' hard and glorious labor. We shall certainly use the very same means for another revival, within a few months from now. In the mean time we shall endeavor to train these new converts for nobler doings in the church of God. We shall get all things in readiness for another battle. We see plainly, that it is only preaching the gospel a little oftener, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. If the Lord has done so much for us under such disadvantages, what may we not expect during another campaign, seeing that we have so many hundreds more of converted souls to bring into the field?"

Again and again, you are aware, has that church been visited with such outpourings of the Holy Spirit, till not a dog dare move his tongue against a revival. Exod. xi. 7. You may possibly recollect my reading you an extract from the Annual Address of the British Conference to the Wesleyan Methodists, in 1839 or 1840. It was a source of great encouragement to me, as it showed that the ministers of the Wesleyan church had not varied a hair-breadth from first principles. "Some churches regard revivals of religion as gracious singularities in their history; we regard them as essential to our existence. If a regular series of divine visitations, issuing in the conversion of sinners, be not vouchsafed to us, we must either change the spiritual constitution of our discipline or we shall pine away from among the tribes of God's Israel."

In no town that I have hitherto visited, has the work of entire sanctification advanced with such swiftness, power, and distinctness, as in this town. Hundreds were raised up to testify, in the clearest manner, that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all sin. More than once, however, it has been hinted in certain companies, that the majority of these had only experienced a larger degree of justifying grace; in a few days or weeks from now, they would come down from such flights, and be content with the level of the justified ones. Were I called upon for a reply, I would say, it may be so, and most likely will be so, if their testimony be treated with unwarrantable suspicion by their fellow members. Let this holy flame be fanned by frequent and clear sermons on this doctrine, and let all those who have professed this great blessing be exhorted to hold it fast; and should any such suffer loss, let the whole church cry to God for their recovery. Moreover, let the purified souls be encouraged to bear a distinct and weekly testimony to what God has done for them, without any annoying insinuations, unless their conduct contradict their profession; let them be treated in a loving but searching manner; and if they have been mistaken, they may not be discouraged, but obtain the very thing after which their eager souls have been so sincerely aspiring. At the same time let all the Lord's people be exhorted to press into this glorious liberty of the sons of God, now, by simple faith; and this revival of entire sanctification need never stop, till the entire Wesleyan church in Leeds is saved, to sin no more.

After Mr. Caughey left Leeds, those enemies to revivals, who could not in the face of facts deny that a mighty work was wrought, reported that a decline in religion had succeeded his labors, owing to the great instability of the converts. But this malignant falsehood found its contradiction in the minutes of the Annual Conferences, for they showed that while the numbers in society had been gradually declining in Leeds from 1840 to 1843, the period of Mr. Caughey's labors, there was an increase of *five hundred members* reported at the following Conference, and the circuit continued to prosper from the impulse it then received.

After leaving Leeds, Mr. Caughey made a short tour on the continent, in which he passed rapidly through portions of France, Holland, Prussia, Germany, and Switzerland, making observations on men and manners, and gathering information adapted to freshen his mind and prepare him for further labors in his Master's vineyard.

His account of this tour is contained in his 'Letters,' but for want of space we are compelled to pass over them altogether. On his return from the continent we find him resuming his pleasant toils in the town of Hull; for an account of which the reader must peruse the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

GLORIOUS WORK OF GOD IN HULL.

The following chapter is rich in incident. It exhibits the grace of God in one of its most wonderful manifestations. God is seen riding gloriously in the Revival Chariot, and the Cross triumphs over the Serpent, to the confusion of sinners and the joy of saints. Such displays of heavenly power, as were made in the Waltham street chapel, show that the modern church may have its days of Pentecost as well as the ancient. O, for that fidelity to God! that praying faith, which, with holy violence, takes the kingdom of God by force!

The reader will remember that the visit of Mr. Caughey to Hull took place in the autumn of 1843, directly after his return from his first continental tour. He had been in Hull some weeks when he wrote the following account of the work to a friend in America: —

During the first two weeks I had very straitened times in preaching; frequently, indeed, my mouth was almost closed. Do you understand this? I had difficulty in getting ideas, and quite as much in expressing them; as if they would die away on my lips. I could only account for these humiliating times on the supposition that they, (the Methodists,) were depending upon an "arm of flesh," instead of trusting in the living God. They had heard, it seems, much about your friend; expectation was "on tiptoe;" nothing was looked for but some mighty and sweeping arguments, with bursts of commanding eloquence, which would carry every thing before them, mowing down sinners by hundreds. Had their faith been fixed in God for this, it is not unlikely he would have honored it, by an immediate putting forth of his power, in an extraordinary manner. This was a sore trial to me; and my divine Master continued to let me down lower and lower.

One night, during this humiliation, an intelligent member said to her husband, as they were returning home, "That good man should not take a text at all." My soul was prostrated and humbled before God and man, and mourned in the dust. The Rev. William Illingworth, one of the ministers stationed in this town, one evening after preaching, explained to me, in a pleasant but serious manner, the great hinderance in the way of a revival. It is not necessary to repeat the conversation, as the substance is incorporated in the above, but his concluding advice went deep into my heart: "Hold on; preach as you can; by-and-by the people will lay hold of the throne of grace for themselves, by faith and prayer. They will not do this, however, till they have learned the useful lesson—*man can do nothing*. Then we shall have a breaking down, such as you have not seen. This you may depend upon."

This encouraged me; and we cheerfully, both in preaching and in various exhortations, labored to show the people that without an influence from above, the gospel, with all our efforts, must continue a dead letter. Gehazi was sent by his master (2 Kings iv.) to lay the staff of Elisha upon the face of the dead child of the Shunammite. Gehazi ran, expecting to do wonders; just as some think of accomplish ing great things by their sermons, without a proper dependence upon the Holy Ghost, and are doomed to a signal disappointment. Gehazi laid the staff upon the "head" of the child; like ministers of the gospel, who endeavor to drive the life of religion into the hearts of sinners, by attacking the head, the intellect only. He stood by the corpse, anxiously watching the process, and hoping, no doubt, to have the miracle wrought before his master arrived! But the child remained as dead as the staff. "There was neither voice nor hearing." Satisfied, at length, that the means had totally failed—I doubt whether the man spent five minutes in agonizing prayer for the recovery of the child—discouraged, Gehazi went out to meet Elisha, exclaiming as they met, "The child is not awaked!" I wish all pious people, and all unsuccessful ministers, would thus return to their Lord and Master, saying, "The staff—the sermon has been applied to the sinner's head and heart—but he is not awakened!" Let them see to it, however, that they fall down and agonize with God, in the presence of the sinner, and leave no means untried, before they sink into despondency, and return forlornly to their God, as Gehazi to his master. Elisha said nothing, but went into the house, entered the chamber of death, and remained there alone with the corpse, praying to God. After which, he "lay upon" the dead boy, "and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm." The minister of Christ must address himself to the whole man, if he will have the dead sinner raised to life; the passions must be warmed and excited, as well as the eyes of the understanding opened. Elisha then arose "and walked in the house to and fro," no doubt greatly moved in himself, and crying earnestly to God. Again he repeated the experiment upon the child, using the means, and trusting in the power of a miracle-working God. At length there were *signs of life*, and a NOISE; the child sneezed seven times, opened his eyes, and was restored by Elisha, alive, to his joyful mother.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Zech. iv. 6. "Christ had the key to open Lydia's heart," says an old divine, "but St. Paul might have preached his heart out, before Lydia's heart would have opened to let the word in, had not the Lord undertaken the work." Acts xvi. 14. Christ has the key to the human heart, but he must turn it, or it will remain obstinately and for ever shut against all the preaching that may be thundered at the door! The word of God is a SEAL, (Rom. vi. 17, and Eph iv. 30,) but it requires the hand of the Holy Ghost upon the word, in order to an impression. As powder to a bullet, so are faith and love in the heart of a minister, to make truth effective.

The people of God were exhorted and entreated to beseech the Lord of hosts to fill the hearts of his ministers with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; they were told again and again that the weightiest truth could accomplish nothing without the direct agency of the Spirit; that without this influence, the words of the preacher would fall like feathers or flakes of snow upon the congregation, and with a similar effect. The Lord applied such truths as the above to the hearts of many. The spirit of prayer descended upon the people, many of whom were now in an agony for the conversion of sinners. Hundreds of prayers ascended to heaven every day, and during every sermon, for "the outpouring of the Holy Spirit." The superintendent, the Rev. Robert Thompson, managed the prayer meetings admirably; and his colleagues, the Rev. William Illingworth, and the

Rev. John Vine, came up to the help of the Lord, in a noble and energetic manner. The people of God, observing how cordially and confidently their ministers co-operated in the work, were cheered and encouraged to give all the aid within their power; their numbers increased in the meetings daily, and good men from every part of the town rallied around our standard, and prayer became general. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," says St. James; and says a good old minister, "If one trumpet sounds so loud in the ears of God, how much more a concert of all the silver trumpets of Zion sounding together. If one sigh of a praying man wafts the bark to the desired haven, or stirreth Zion's ship, how much more a gale of sighs breathed by a thousand real Christians. Where so many hands are lifted up, how many blessings may they not pull down from heaven!" The valley of dry bones was stirred, (Ezek. xxxvii.,) "There was a noise, and behold a shaking." The Spirit of God now moved in power, and breathed upon the slain, and they lived, and "stood upon their feet," a little army of three hundred and fifty souls, who had passed from death unto life. More than one half of this number were already members of the Wesleyan church; some of whom had backslidden from God, and others had never been converted; the remainder were from the world. We found also about two hundred persons, who had within a few weeks experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. Thess. v. 23, 24. All glory be to God! From George Yard chapel, (Methodist places of worship are all called chapels in this country; some members of the Establishment call them "meeting-houses," others "preaching-houses," to degrade them as far as possible from their churches; this, of course, you would not bear in America,) we adjourned to the Kingston chapel; a new, large, and elegant edifice.

Considerable fear was entertained by many, as to the result of a special effort in this chapel, as it was a new interest, and very many of the pew-holders were unconverted, and not a few of them comparative strangers to Methodism. But the people of God were too well acquainted with the source from whence we obtained our victory at George Yard, to place a revival in this chapel upon the ground of probability. Indeed the last Saturday evening we spent at George Yard, previous to commencing at Kingston, the Rev. Mr. Thompson told them, We must not go to that chapel under any other feeling than an unconquerable and unwavering determination to obtain a glorious victory for the Lord God of hosts. He then offered all the lovers of Jesus in that band-meeting a "motto, and a watchword," to circulate through all their ranks; and advised it should be the language of their hearts as they passed along the streets to the chapel, and at every meeting there, VICTORY! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!! You know my sensitive nature; how easily weakened, how ready to be encouraged in conflicts such as these. My soul was happy; I felt as if I could run through a troop, and leap over a wall!

The following morning (Sabbath) we commenced the "special services" at Kingston; enjoyed a good day, and a number of sinners were converted to God. A few days had only passed away, when the revival was advancing with all the rapidity and power it had at George Yard. We continued to fight the battles of the Lord in this chapel, till the 30th ult., when it was ascertained that more than two hundred sinners had been converted from the world, besides seventy or eighty members; there were also two hundred and fifty members who obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. The select meeting for the young converts was similar to those I have described in other letters. Unite with me, my dear friend, in giving all the glory to God for such wonderful displays of his power! The Lord is very good to me, his unworthy servant; and I am sure you will assist me in giving him thanks for his great mercy in multiplying the evidences, that my mission to Europe was of God. It affords me great pleasure also, to say, that, under God, much of this success has been owing to the "brotherly kindness" manifested by the superintendent and his worthy colleagues, during my stay among them. Every thing was done by them to smooth my path, and to open to me a wide door of usefulness in this town; and with such genuine good will as none could misunderstand. It was seldom that there was not one of them present to take the management of the prayer meeting. Some of their exhortations, especially those of the Rev. Mr. Illingworth, were among the most soul-stirring and sinner-awakening appeals I have ever heard. The local preachers and leaders, among whom was my host, Mr. William Field, entered into the work with an ardor and success I have never seen excelled. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise him, that he has permitted me to form such an acquaintance with so many devoted servants of the living God! The presence of the stationed ministers relieved my mind from a weight of responsibility; and having perfect confidence in their judgment I was saved from all anxiety from that quarter. The help also of so many men of deep experience, rendered unnecessary those exhausting personal efforts with penitents after preaching which you are aware have worn me down in other revivals.

We retained the same secretary who officiated at George Yard, (Mr. M. * *,) by which means, persons who had relapsed into doubt, (which frequently happens during a revival,) and had re-obtained a clear sense of the pardoning love of God, were prevented from having their names recorded a second time; which should always be avoided, if possible, as it only swells the number to an unreal amount.

Having received an invitation to the Hull West Circuit, from the superintendent, the Rev. Thomas Martin, I preached in Waltham Street chapel, last Sabbath morning; but in such a "rough and unpalatable manner," that many were offended. At night, I came forward with a text which had for some time rested upon my mind, with solemn weight: "This year thou shalt die." The warning was attended with an unusual influence from God, and about forty sinners were converted. This display of the power of truth, together with the solemn and impressive services of "the watch-night," have given an impulse to the revival, which I trust it will retain during the entire special services on this circuit.

I am at present busily engaged in preparing a volume of my Letters for the press, and under various apprehensions as to how they may be received by the public; but this I must leave with the Lord. The principle upon which I proceed is this: If the work of God be neglected, in bringing out this volume, the Lord may frown upon it, and it will not succeed, but become a total loss to me. But if I continue to give my energies fully to the revival, leaving nothing undone likely to promote its interests, and then do what else I can in relation to the book, the Lord may smile upon the production, give it a circulation, and make it a blessing. The preparing of this volume is a secondary thing; and this is as it should be. The fruit of my preaching, I thank God, is not so problematical as that of my pen. My mind is quite free from διαλογισμοι, "evil reasonings," when preaching to a chapel full of sinners, repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Here is solid footing!" The results are sure, so long, at least, as I live entirely to God, and while my Lord graciously permits me to retain the commission he vouchsafed to me in America.

In a letter bearing date of Feb. 28, (1844,) Mr. Caughey resumes his notices of the Hull revival as follows:

You will be rejoiced to hear that the revival is advancing with rapidity and power. The great end which every conscientious preacher of the gospel should have in view, is being accomplished daily in this town — the conversion of sinners to God. The effects of truth upon scores and hundreds of the sons and daughters of wickedness, are distinct and undeniable.

Since the last day of the last year, my labors have been confined to the Hull West Circuit. We continued the services in Waltham Street chapel, from the 31st of December till the 17th instant.

During that time, the congregations were large, beyond any thing I had yet seen in a revival. The chapel, on the week nights, was often "filled to overflowing," long before the hour had arrived for preaching. Every service, during the above period, was marked by a gracious and constraining influence from above. There were seasons, too, when the power of God was revealed in a manner most astonishing. An extraordinary manifestation of this kind occurred in the above chapel, on Friday night, 2d instant, which I shall never forget, nor will the multitudes who were present. During the first forty minutes of the sermon, there was an awful solemnity, "a general calm;" not unlike a prelude to one of your American storms of thunder and lightning and rain—"a silent awe, that dares not move," pervaded the vast assembly. So profound was the silence, that one would have supposed the falling of a pin could have been heard in any part of the chapel. From, say, the fortieth to the forty-eighth minute of the discourse, there were occasional flashes of divine power, succeeded by suppressed sounds from different parts of the congregation, indicating emotions of no ordinary character. The preaching was very far from being of a boisterous kind; but when the preacher arrived at that point where it was strongly, but not with violence, urged that full salvation should be expected every moment, by faith, there was a divine feeling. "If we are sanctified by faith," said the preacher, "why not now? this very moment, this instant, now?" my brother. If

"Your soul breaks out in strong desire,
This perfect bliss to prove;
Your longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolved in love."

More rapid than thought shall be your transition into a state of perfect purity and perfect love. If you dare to believe, he cleanses now; in answer to your powerful prayer it shall be done. Believe that he does save you from sin now, and just now, the blood of Jesus Christ his Son does cleanse you from all sin, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and you shall be able to testify, "Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,"—

"'T is done, thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace!"

At this moment, an influence, evidently from Heaven, came upon the people suddenly;* it seemed like some mighty rushing—like the bursting of a storm of wind upon some extensive forest. The entire congregation was in motion; some preparing to fly from the place, and others in the act of prostrating themselves before the Lord God of hosts. Cries for mercy, and piercing supplications for purity of heart, were heard from all parts of the agitated mass — on the galleries, as well as throughout the body of the chapel; while purified souls were exulting in the loftiest strains of adoration.

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* Acts ii. 2.

The scene was, beyond description, grand and sublimely awful. It was "God's own house, and heaven's gate." Poor sinners were amazed, and fled; but some of them fell down, some distance from the chapel, in terror and agony. Many, however, remained, venturing the publican's plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" My soul, full of holy awe, trembled before the majesty of God. Like Elijah, who covered his face in his mantle when the Lord passed by, I was glad of a place of concealment in the bottom of the pulpit. The superintendent minister, the Rev. Thomas Martin, who was with me in the pulpit at the time, was so overpowered, that he could do nothing but weep and adore. Thus it continued for about twenty-five minutes, when the Lord stayed his hand, and there was a sudden and heavenly calm, full of sunshine and glory. The number converted and sanctified on that night was great. It appears the influence was almost as powerful outside the chapel as within. An unconverted man, who was standing without at the time, waiting to accompany his wife home, said, when she came out, "I don't know what has been going on in the chapel, or how you have felt, but there was a very strange feeling came over me while I was standing at the door."

A few such shocks of almighty power would turn the kingdom of the devil in any place or city upside down, and go far to convert the entire population.

I have seen but few such manifestations of divine power during the course of my ministry; that which occurred at the Port Jackson camp-meeting, on the western banks of Lake Champlain, very much resembled it.

I have become acquainted with several remarkable cases of conversion, in connection with this revival, some of which will be interesting to you.

A few mornings since, a backslider, aged about fifty, called to see me, in great distress of mind. He trembled from head to foot, and so great was his anguish, he could not, for some time, utter a word. At length, he cried, "Lord, help me! O, Sir, a few hours ago, I had a dream. I thought I was in a strange town, some distance from Hull, where the devil appeared to me, and attempted to carry me off to hell, body and soul. My soul was greatly troubled in my dream, and I begged for a certain number of hours, that I might return to Hull, and bid my wife and family farewell. I asked for twenty-four hours, in which to go and come back; allowing twelve hours to remain with my family. The devil replied, 'Very well, you shall have that time;' and now," continued the unhappy man, weeping as if his heart would break, "I believe I shall be taken sick to-morrow, at a certain time, and die." It is a warning from God, my friend, I replied, and receive it as such. "But I shall die to-morrow, about this time." No; I believe you will live much beyond that period, if you seek for mercy, and get your backslidings healed; you may be spared yet a number of years, to glorify your pardoning God. "Do you think so?" I certainly do, but it will be at your peril to procrastinate your salvation. Come forward to be prayed for to-night, at the close of the sermon, in Waltham Street chapel, should you not obtain salvation before. After prayer, he departed in great anguish and agitation of spirit. That night he came forward, among many other penitents, with his deeply-awakened wife by his side; nor did he leave the place of prayer till God had restored to his soul the joys of salvation. A few days after, on a Sabbath morning, at the Kingston chapel, I mentioned the case; and he arose and testified to a large congregation that he was the sinner whom God had so wonderfully rescued from hell.

The following letter from one of the leaders of the Hull East Circuit to me, unfolds an interposition of the presence and power of God, which ought not to be concealed: —

"HULL, FEBRUARY 27, 1844.

"DEAR SIR,

"Feeling assured that it will be interesting to you to receive any information concerning those persons who, during this great revival, have been brought to 'the knowledge of the truth,' especially, as so many infidels, moralists, and carnal professors seem determined to brand that work as the effect of a mere mental, temporary excitement, it is with unfeigned pleasure I communicate the following incident, as additional evidence that the work in which you are engaged, is indeed the work of God.

"You will remember, dear Sir, during the services at Kingston chapel, one night, at the close of your sermon, you were involved in a deep and intense agony respecting some individual in the congregation, who, as it appeared to you, was violently resisting the influences of the Holy Spirit, and upon the very brink of destruction; and, so solemn and awful was the impression, at that moment, throughout the vast congregation, that many persons have repeatedly declared, they never recollected any thing comparable to it during their previous history.

"The following incident may serve, perhaps, in some measure, to elucidate the occasion of that most extraordinary and overwhelming scene: —

"J. A., now a member of my class, and apparently, about forty years of age, was, until within the last two or three months, a bitter enemy of religion, and a violent persecutor of the people of God. In his sentiments he appears to have been an infidel; for, notwithstanding his awful blasphemies uttered against every thing sacred, he has been frequently heard to say, that 'if there were a God and a heaven, he had no doubt of going there.' I ought to state that his wife had been for some time a member of our society, but through his violent persecutions, she was induced, after considerable endurance, to withdraw herself, and lost her religion. No matter into what company J. A. entered, whenever religion was named, he never hesitated to denounce it as a system of 'fraud and deception,' and its ministers as 'rogues, vagabonds, devils,' &c. And he has often said, that 'if ever he entered Kingston chapel, he hoped he should be smothered, or that it would fall down upon him and crush him.' Soon after you came to Hull, he visited a member of my class, Mrs. J., and during the conversation said, 'Why you have another rascal come to town.' 'Rascal,' said the person, 'who do you mean?'

"'Why,' said he, 'that man from America.' And again he commenced his old course of blasphemous language against the ministers of religion, &c., when she reminded him of the impropriety of such language in the presence of her children, and commanded him to leave the house, at the same time telling him, that she should call upon his wife to go and hear this Mr. Caughey.

"She did so. His wife went to the chapel, and through the mercy of God, was awakened and converted. She was solicited to become a member of society, and a leader waited upon her two or three times ere he could meet with her at home. Her husband, by some means, received some intimation of it, and became greatly enraged; prohibited her from attending class meetings, threatening her, if she did, with the most awful denunciations, and hoping that 'if ever she entered that chapel (Kingston) again, she would fall down and break her neck.' But she was determined, if possible, to attend; and as the duties of her husband required his attention at that period of the evening, she thought she could do so without his knowledge. That day came, and to use his own expression, he 'felt like a devil;' came to the dreadful determination, as sincerely and resolutely as he ever determined upon any thing in his life, as he himself has since declared, to take away the lives of his wife and child, in fact to 'cut their throats,' and afterwards to destroy himself. In order to effect this horrid deed, he hired a man to occupy his place, and proceeded to his house. His wife, being unacquainted with these circumstances, was, of course, not a little surprised to see him. Very suddenly and unexpectedly, however, he changed his purpose, and announced his intention to go with her to chapel. They went; but on their way, he reiterated his strange wish that they might be 'smothered;' and indeed he was 'smothered,' whether from external or internal causes, or both, but most probably from extreme mental conflict; for he was observed to be in a state of deep agitation during the whole service; huge drops of perspiration, large as peas, were seen to drop almost incessantly from his brow. Indeed, if ever the powers of heaven and the demons of hell were in conflict for a man's soul, it seems as if they were for his. So great was the agony of his mind that he was quite incapable of paying attention to the sermon.

"But he was within the precints of the Lord's sanctuary and the range of divine influence. As you were proceeding in your discourse, he made a move to leave the chapel, and requested his wife to follow him; but she pressed him to remain a little longer; and this was repeated two or three times, until at last he said, with as much vehemence as he dared, 'What the devil in hell will you stay here for?' She then thought it necessary to move, and they went out. You will remember, dear Sir, when in that tremendous agony, you heard some person moving, as if to leave the chapel, and you besought them, with the utmost fervor and energy, not to leave the place; as though you thought the individual concerning whom you were so burdened was then retiring from the chapel. He and his wife were then going out.

"The 'hand of the Lord,' however, was upon him, and he had not proceeded far, when his heart began to yield, and his convictions became deeper and more intense, almost at every step, until at last his alarm and terror became so great that he could proceed no further; and the house of a sister, which he had long avoided on account of her religious principles, being near, he now entered to groan out the agonies of his soul, and plead for salvation. All united in fervent and earnest prayer with him, but he did not obtain the deliverance he so anxiously sought. He kept his burden until the following Saturday evening, when he attended the band-meeting, but he was not relieved even there. He then proceeded towards the town, for the purpose of purchasing some groceries; but his burden was so intolerable he could not reach the shop he generally frequented, and procured them at the nearest. On his return, he again called at his sister's, and prayer was again made for him, but apparently in vain. He went home, and after a tremendous agony, he obtained, about one or two o'clock in the morning, the forgiveness of his sins. He could then say, 'Being justified by faith, I have peace with God.' He and his wife have attended my class ever since. His peace and joy, for several weeks, were unutterable; to use his own expression, his 'heart was so full, he could not tell us;' all he could say was he was happy, very happy; and he continues to evidence, to the present time, the reality and genuineness of the change wrought by the Holy Spirit within him. He attributes his conversion to your prayers, and the prayers of the congregation, offered, as they seemed to him to have been, especially for himself.

" Such, dear Sir, are the triumphs of the grace of God; and no doubt there are many instances equally remarkable, if they were only brought to light. The prayers and best wishes of hundreds, aye, and thousands, are upon you and will follow you wherever you may go. May the Lord bless and prosper you more and more! May your health and strength be long preserved to labor in this great work; and that you may yet be permitted to see many thousands and tens of thousands brought out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God, is the sincere and fervent prayer of, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

" THOMAS LESTER.

" To the Rev. Mr. Caughey.

" P. S. You will perhaps remember, whilst pleading in agony that evening you uttered the words, ' Visit not in judgment, Lord, but in mercy; ' and at last you rose crying, ' Christ shall have the victory! ' Mr. J., the husband of Mrs. J., before mentioned, who also meets in my class, and who knew J. A. well, told me, the other evening, that it was his decided impression, that night he was at chapel, that unless he was awakened that very evening, ' the Lord would visit him in judgment, and make an example of him.' He also stated that, as nearly as he could calculate, the time when you exclaimed, ' Christ would gain the victory! ' was just at the moment J. A. began to relent."

Another letter lies before me, bearing date the 4th instant, in which there is a deeply affecting account of the death of a young man, of which the following is the substance: —

He was present, it seems, at the watch-night service, at Waltham Street chapel, when I preached from that text, "This year thou shalt die;" but he resisted the influence which attended that sermon, and turned away his ear from the call. When the letter was written, they had laid him in his coffin, ready for interment the next day.

It appears, that about twenty-seven days after he heard the warning, he was taken with a bad headache in the night. Next day he lost the use of both legs; the work of death proceeded most rapidly. He endured great pain, and was in extreme anguish. This continued five days. During his affliction, he would answer no question about his eternal state, until he was very much pressed to it; and then the reply was, he hoped to get better, and that if God would spare him he would lead a new life. Toward the closing scene, he desired prayer to be offered for him, and died.

"He was a child of praying parents," says the letter, "and his mother is now in glory. When he heard you, he was full of life and vigor, and as likely to live, ten days ago, as any man you could look upon. I believe that, at least, he died a true penitent. These statements come from evidence which is most unquestionable. He now lies about two hundred yards from —— chapel; and as some of his friends may hear you to-night, you will use your discretion in bringing it forward, as they feel deeply on the subject.

"Your humble brother in Christ,

H. G."

I am sure you will be gratified to read the following letter from another class-leader: —

"Dear and Rev. Sir:

"The purport of this letter serves to inform you of a circumstance which must be both pleasing and profitable to you. Yesterday I was waited upon by the bearer, and requested to attend the 'dying bed' of a young woman, Hannah Jackson, aged eighteen, for the purpose of writing a few words from her lips to you; which I did, and found her perfectly happy in the love of God, and triumphant in her last conflict.

"She desired me to tell you how happy she was; — that on the 14th of last January she was awakened under one of your sermons, to a sense of her lost condition; and that, after enduring much misery on account of her sins, she found peace with God, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, on the 20th of the same month; that shortly after, it pleased the Lord to afflict her unto death, but having obtained mercy, she could now, on the verge of the eternal world, read her title clear to a heavenly mansion. I then promised her that you should have this communication; and in about an hour she died, triumphing in her Redeemer's love.

'O, may we triumph so,
When all our conflict's past!'

"And now, my dear Sir, having given you a brief account of the above, and thus fulfilled my promise, I will not occupy more of your precious time, but conclude by wishing you may be made the happy instrument, in God's hands, of plucking many more brands from the burning, and that they may be as stars in the crown of your rejoicing.

"I remain, in great haste, your sincere friend and brother in Christ,

Henry Cox."

"Rev. J. Caughey."

On Thursday night, the 17th instant, we held a meeting for the benefit of the new converts, in Waltham Street chapel. In consequence of many being in the employment of others, some also unavoidably detained by their own business, and several belonging to country circuits, who could not attend, there were not so many present as some expected. Three hundred and fifty persons came forward to the altar, and in the clearest manner declared they had obtained a conscious knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, through the precious blood of Christ, during the progress of the revival in Waltham Street chapel. The Rev. Thomas Martin, and one of his colleagues, the Rev. William Hurt, spoke to each person separately, and expressed themselves fully satisfied with their experience, and exhorted them, in the most effectual and pathetic manner, to hold fast the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end. It was, indeed, a gracious season. Such weeping, praying, and rejoicing, I have seldom seen. More than two hundred persons came forward to be prayed for, after the new converts had retired to their seats.

The following night, I preached on the influence of a long enjoyment of holiness in this life upon our heavenly state. A large number obtained an inheritance among those that are sanctified by faith. Acts xxvi. 18.

Numerous cases of restitution have lately occurred, from the small sum of a few shillings, ranging upwards to fifty pounds sterling; but I fear a relation of the circumstances connected with each case would be tedious and uninteresting. I am sure, however, you will rejoice with me, and these precious English Christians, who take a hearty interest in this wonderful revival, as well as with the angelic host, in "the growing empire of our King." My soul is very happy in God. A revival is the element in which I delight to breathe; but all hell, as a matter of course, is set in arms against my innovations. The devil is performing, in these days, several extraordinary evolutions to counteract aggressive movements. The design seems to be, a vigorous effort to hedge up my way by prejudicing the minds of some good men. Many reports are afloat that I have effected a separation between the American church and myself. Letters reach me from various quarters, that some intend to make my way rough in England.* My answer to those who trouble me is, they cannot do it and prosper, unless God permit; and even then their eye must be single.

My soul is sweetly assured, that no weapon that is formed against me shall prosper; but, if wielded through envy, or jealousy, or any unreasonable dislike, and contrary to the *single eye*, which regards the glory of God only, the Lord will bring it, and the hand that wields it, into confusion.

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* As if God designed it for a providential defence of Mr. Caughey against these malevolent opposers of revivals, the following letter from the venerable Bishop Hedding, reached him a few months after, and greatly strengthened him against his foes. — Ed.

"Trenton, New Jersey, U. S., April 23, 1844.

"Rev. James Caughey:

"My dear Brother, — Your letter to the Rev. E. Chichester now lies before me. I am thankful for the great work God has wrought through your labors in Ireland and England.

"You were regularly located, at your own request, as a minister in good standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by act of the Troy Annual Conference, of which you were a member. And if you return to this country, with proper testimonials of your good conduct, you would be joyfully received as a member of the Conference and a regular travelling preacher, as such location and return to the travelling connection is perfectly consistent with our rules and usages.

"Thousands would rejoice to see you return, and unite with us again in the work of God in this country.

"The work of God prospers in this land. May God bless and prosper you wherever you labor!

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"Elijah Hedding."

This is my heritage of the Lord. This he has promised me, and in him I trust. The cause is his, and I shall keep to the one thing for which he sent me out — the conversion of sinners to himself; and shall leave the weight of such matters to him. I am ready to leave England, and to return to America, upon the least clear intimation from Heaven. Here I rest my cause. It has been suggested to my mind, perhaps the Lord is now about to thrust me back from whence I came, seeing that the work is accomplished he hath sent me over to perform. Let my gracious Lord determine, and I stand ready gladly to obey. Cheerfully would I haste away across the mighty deep, could I but clearly see the will of my divine Master; but my conscience stands in dread of the consequences of retreating from these kingdoms before the Lord has signed and sealed my passport.

We commenced a series of services in another chapel on the Hull West Circuit, — Great Thornton Street chapel, — on Sabbath, 18th instant; and since then, about one hundred sinners have been converted to God, and about fifty sanctified throughout — soul, body, and spirit.

On Monday, the 25th instant, an old man, nearly seventy years of age, called upon me for advice. He stated that, during several months past, he had been tempted, in the most uncontrollable manner, to commit murder, by way of vengeance. An individual, it seems, in this town, had wronged him in some lawsuit, by which he lost his character, and it had driven him to desperation. "When I pass him upon the street," said the old man, "I turn round, and pray that all the curses contained in the one hundred and ninth Psalm may fall upon him and his family. A few days ago," he added, "when walking on the Pier Head, I prepared myself to attempt his and my own destruction; and had he not at the moment linked arms with another gentleman, I should have clasped him in my arms, and leaped with him into the Humber. A short time since, I loaded a pistol, and waylaid him, and would have blown his brains out, had he not escaped me by taking another way."

Poor man! I endeavored to draw aside the veil; and God enabled me to show his amazed conscience how a malignant devil had been operating in the dark, and with a settled and infernal purpose of bringing him to an ignominious end, and his soul into a terrible hell. "My aged man! you are a sinner, and you know it. Your own trespasses against God have been great and many; and, be assured, if you cannot forgive a fellow creature his offences against you, neither will God forgive yours against him. With the Lord's Prayer, I presume, you are familiar;—forget not that part of it, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Remember, also, my dear Sir, that this is the only passage in that beautiful prayer upon which our Saviour thought proper to make any comment; and what he says is most emphatic: 'for, if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' Leave the matter with God. Pray for your enemy, but avenge not yourself, or you will bring your gray hairs with sorrow and dishonor to the grave; neither give place unto wrath; because it is written, 'Vengeance belongeth unto me, and I will recompense, saith the Lord.' 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'"

After prayer, he departed, solemnly affected, and I trust, either delivered from his purpose, or at least firmly resolved to struggle against the horrible impulse. Who can tell but this conversation may save two souls from perdition?—and this is worth my visit to Hull.

You will be gratified to learn, that the Lord continues his great goodness to me, with regard to providing me comfortable homes in a strange land. At the house of Mr. William Field, Market Place, Mr. West, Holderness Road, Mr. James Crow, Beverly Road, and at the mansion of Mr. Thomas Holmes, where I am at present, I have been entertained in a most hospitable manner. In the lovely families of these kind and generous friends, I have enjoyed every comfort I could desire. May the God of grace and providence reward them for their great kindness to me, his unworthy servant!

I have, also, since the beginning of the year, spent a few weeks in the house of the Rev. William Illingworth, one of the ministers on the East Circuit. With him and his devoted wife I enjoyed much of the presence of God, "the communion of saints, the fellowship of kindred minds," in a very high degree.

"O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

I cannot express my circumstances and state of mind better, than in the words of Bishop Hall: "There is a holy carelessness, free from idleness, free from distrust."

You have heard of the peculiar beauty of the English hoarfrost. A few mornings since, when enjoying a walk into the country, I was favored with a rare opportunity of observing this transitory, yet wonderful production of nature, "frost-work fair, where transient hues, and fancied figures rise." Every branch, and slender twig of tree, thorn, and shrub; each herb, leaf, and blade of grass, was adorned with those light and feathery, all-pervading, "myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped, the various labors of the silent night;" as if in imitation of all that "vernal sun" awakes on "forest bough or bladed field," when moist with the "light-footed dews" of summer's earliest morn. The atmosphere was still and pure, and the soft and filmy veil which obscured the sky, protected the fairy scene from being dissipated or destroyed too soon by the rays of the ascending sun.

My soul was very happy in beholding this lovely scene. Every object contributed to fill my soul with gratitude and joy; and God had all my heart. Sometimes my joy in God was ecstatic; but it was not that kind of joy which, as a fine writer says, " Often usurps the name of joy; a trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul; not the mere crackling of thorns under a pot, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy or a pleased appetite;" it penetrated my nature, and diffused itself throughout my soul. Apart from the splendor of nature around me, "it was the result of a real good suitably applied; it was a joy that feasted upon the solidities of truth, and the substance of fruition; it filled the soul as God does the universe;" I cannot say "silently and without noise," for there was a shout now and again, "refreshing and composing as the mirth of a festival with the silence of contemplation."

We shall resume the subject of the Hull revival in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE HULL REVIVAL.

"Before honor is humility," saith the Eternal Word. Mr. Caughey's experience in Hull affords a fine illustration of this truth. His opening efforts there were despised and almost rejected. His humbled heart sunk to its lowliest attitude; feeling anew its long-abiding conviction, that man alone is NOTHING — God every thing! His prayers, exhortations, and sermons inspired the praying men of the church with the same powerful idea. They called upon God like men who meant what they expressed, and who felt all they acknowledged. This was meeting God on his own terms, and never did Jehovah honor the faith of the creature in a more marked manner than he did in some of the wonderful scenes of the Hull revival. Let the minister or layman, who reads this chapter, keep these views before him, and he may learn a precious lesson which may yield fruit to the honor and glory of God. But we will again suffer Mr. Caughey to relate his own story: —

You will glorify God when I inform you that the revival is still going on in Hull with increasing power. Hundreds of sinners have been converted to God since the date of my last to you. The devil has been showing his teeth, also, and roaring; but he has neither liberty to bite nor devour

> "The withered, dark, defeated mind,
> That curses Heaven and scorns mankind."

One of the Hull newspapers has lent its columns to attack me, and calls upon the authorities of the town to interfere, and put me down. The gentlemen, however, have better sense, and too much of the fear of God, to meddle with the work in which I am engaged. Some of the wicked have threatened to "drum me out of the town;" but their prudence, it would seem, has questioned the propriety of obeying this mandate of the devil to the letter; so the matter has been deferred in the councils of the ungodly. Chagrined that he cannot command physical force, by raising a mob, as in former times, the evil one vents his spleen through the medium of anonymous letters, most of which are impudent and insulting, beyond any thing you can imagine. But none of these things move me. A good fire in the grate soon reduces these harmless missiles to ashes; and, when blazing there, my prayer ascends to heaven, that these silly dupes of the devil may never burn in hell. Now, I consider this excellent revenge on Satan; because God is able to overrule such cowardly and malignant scrawls, for the awakening and conversion of the scribblers. I have known the wicked become frightened with the daringness of their folly, and return quickly to their offended God, "lest they should get into hell before the time."

Now and then there is a letter displaying considerable talent, as if Apollyon had a little vanity in showing that he has minds under his control far superior to the other scurrilous dogs, whom he usually employs to do his dirtiest work.

Some occasionally throw down the gauntlet, and invite me into the arena of controversy; but my reply irritates both the sinners and their masters: "I am doing a great work, so THAT I CANNOT COME DOWN: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and COME DOWN to you?" Neh. vi. 3.

We may say of this revival, as a certain learned judge said of justice; that though opposed, and in some measure, retarded by interested parties, yet it is like a river, which, though its surface is broken and ruffled into waves by contrary and boisterous winds, yet holds on its way with resistless force. All the opposition of men or devils seems incapable of interposing any effectual barrier against its triumphant progress. Hallelujah! "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" in Hull, "for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The truth of the living God in its burning power, is being thrown among sinners daily. Some of the hottest shot from the magazines of Immanuel have been cast into their intrenchments; and the execution has been tremendous. The roaring of the artillery has no sooner ceased, than the cries of the wounded, supplicating for mercy, are heard on every side, until my soul has trembled before the Lord God of hosts. Ah! the human mind is a fearful thing. And I have thought, in the midst of the uproar of terrified sinners, that if the living coals of eternal truth, scattered over the naked consciences of the ungodly, produce such effects, even though there is hope throughout their agonies, and their ears are filled with the cheering accents of the gospel, from the lips of so many servants of God, how terrible, then, must the effect of hell fire be, when long resisted TRUTH shall call upon eternity to vindicate its rights!

On the night of the 6th instant, in Great Thornton Street chapel, an exhortation was given before the text, on the absolute necessity of an increase of the spirit of prayer among the people of God, in order to the continuance of the revival. My soul was burdened and pressed down before the Lord, and I could only find relief, by telling them all that was in my heart — all that I considered as standing in the way of a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The

Lord helped me to speak words of fire, and that declaration of the Holy Spirit was accompanied with uncommon power, "for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." Isaiah lxvi. 8. The congregation was then requested to kneel down, and spend a few minutes in silent prayer. Nearly all bowed, and the spirit of agonizing prayer came down upon the people in a wonderful manner. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the cries of penitent sinners began to mingle with the earnest pleadings of God's servants. The hand of the Lord rested upon the entire audience. None moved from the place, though some looked unutterable things. Earnest prayer ascended from almost every part of the chapel, even from the galleries, to a perfect tempest of human voices. Zion was now travailing for the salvation of sinners, and we were afraid to interfere. We left the people safe with God; although he seemed to say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." "They cannot let thee go, my Lord! Hear, O hear their cries, my gracious Master! Hast thou not said, 'Agonize to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able?' And hast thou not declared, 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence,'—that is, permits it, invites to it, 'and the violent take it by force?' So far from spurning away the eager multitude, or resisting their vehemence as irreverent, and derogatory to the glory of thy divine Majesty, thou must, thou wilt let them 'take the blessing from above,' that they may 'wonder at thy boundless love,'—that they may adore thy matchless benevolence and love, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

'Their powerful groans thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of their prayer,—
Their prayer omnipotent.'"

The visitation lasted about three quarters of an hour. I watched the amazing scene with holy awe and indescribable emotion, till the many hundreds of voices seemed to have arrived at that point peculiar to prevailing prayer — when it appeared as if God was speaking to each stormy soul, "Peace, be still! — what is thy name? — what wilt thou that I should do for thee?" And from the gradual descent and mellowing tones of many voices, — softening down like "the noise of many waters," — there could be no doubt, their subdued answers received his approbation, and that he was saying to every wrestling Jacob, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt; thy name shall be no more Jacob, but Israel: for, as a prince, hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Gen. xxxii. 28.

At this moment, the powerful organ, accompanied by the voices of a triumphant multitude, pealed forth, —

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nation fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!"

The chapel was filled with the glory of God, and every face wore the heavenly expression, "Lo, God is here! But how dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Gen. xxviii. 17.

Some there were, it is true, who yet groaned, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? God have mercy upon me, a sinner!" But, before the meeting closed, they also were enabled to rejoice in a pardoning God.

A few days ago I received the following affecting letter from an inhabitant of this town: —

"HULL, MARCH 11, 1844.

"REV. SIR, — Having received information that you desired to have some account of the death of our beloved son, George Young, we proceed to give it; but first allow us to state what, I am sure, will be deeply interesting to you.

"On the 12th December last, while sitting under your sermon, from this text, 'This year thou shalt die,' it pleased God to give him to see his awful condition as a sinner. From that moment, he could not rest; and, after the sermon, he went into the vestry, and, blessed be God, peace was spoken to his soul, through faith in the blood of the Lamb; and, up to his death, I believe he has been growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"On the morning of the day in which he lost his life, (March 9th, 1844,) he left home for the factory, singing, —

'This, this is the God we adore,
  Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
  And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
  Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
  And trust him for all that 's to come.'

He entered into eternity about ten minutes past nine that same morning.

"The manner of his death was as follows: We have been informed by the overseer of the mill, that there is a shaft which runs from one end of the room to the other, about three feet from the ceiling, with a drum attached to it. While our dear son was in the act of putting the strap upon this drum, his hand got entangled in the strap, and he was taken round the shaft, which is a horizontal one, going at the rate of one hundred and thirty-eight revolutions per minute, as near as could be calculated. He was on the shaft about one minute and a half, so that he could not have gone round less than two hundred times, before the machinery was stopped; after which, he was carried to the Hull General Infirmary, pouring out his soul in prayer to God — not to be relieved from his bodily sufferings, but to be taken home to heaven. Medical aid was immediately procured, when it was found his shoulder blade was forced out of its place, his arm broken in two places, also his thigh, foot, and ankle — all broken, and his body most dreadfully crushed, so that the surgeon gave up all hopes of his recovery.

"We, his parents, followed him to the Infirmary, and when he saw us, he cried, 'Father! — mother! pray for me;' which we did. We inquired with deep anxiety, as to the state of his soul; he was happy in the love of God. 'Are you afraid to die, my dear son?' He replied, 'No: but I want to sleep;' then added, 'I shall sleep in the arms of Jesus.' After which, he prayed repeatedly, 'Lord, take me to thyself!' and, turning his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, 'Glory! Glory!' and expired.

"He was in his sixteenth year, and was ever a most obedient child. In the year 1842, he became a Sabbath school scholar in the Drypool Wesleyan chapel — was much respected by the superintendents and teachers, and received a copy of the New Testament, as a premium for memorizing the greater part of the Gospel according to St. John. He used to repeat between twenty and thirty verses each Sabbath afternoon, which he had committed to memory through the week, though employed from six in the morning till seven at night. He accomplished it by carrying the New Testament always in his pocket, so that it was always at hand for a spare moment. He was a member of the Wesleyan church at the time of his death.

"We remain, dear Sir, your obedient servants,
"RICHARD AND MARY YOUNG."

How unsearchable are the judgments of God, and his ways are past finding out! What a frightful death to come upon one but newly adopted into his family! But the Judge of all the earth has done right. "Though clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

Last night I enjoyed a most powerful time, on the subject of entire sanctification. About fifty professed to obtain salvation.

The Lord is very good to my soul. Although I have various temptations and threatenings from the great *adversary* of God and man, he enables me often to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"I have a secret joy that flows
Against the tide of common overthrows;
I have a sealed, sacred peace,
Beyond the power of hell, sin, and disease!"

I am glad to learn, that Mrs. * * * has found a situation so much to her mind. I am quite of the opinion of that wise Athenian, who, having a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighborhood. I cannot think the smallness of the house any great disadvantage, that is, if there be sufficient room for herself and family, and some to spare for the accommodation of a few friends. You recollect the sentiment of Socrates, who, when asked why he had built for himself such a small house, replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." "These," says a judicious writer, "are all that a wise man can desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." "I confess," says Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things; a little convenient estate, a little cheerful home, a little company, and a very little feast."

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What follows is from a letter to his sister, and carries the history of his movements down towards the close of April, 1844.

The date of my letter shows my birth month, (April.) I have just been thinking of the sentiment of a poet in reference to the changeableness of April; and although it is quite inapplicable to the present weather, as it is the most delightful that ever cheered the heart of man, and has been since the month began, yet, from the varied feelings of my unsteady nature, I have been sometimes superstitious enough to think that it may have received a tinge from my native April. This is only imaginary. But hear the poet: —

"Checkered your native month appears,
With sunny gleams, and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
For life is but an April day."

On the night of the 8th instant, I held, as usual, a private "watch-night" in my room. I anticipated much good to my soul from a retrospect of the past, and renewing my resolutions to be more faithful during the coming year. My mind, however, became greatly oppressed, and I had very little of the spirit of prayer. The cause of this I could not tell, unless it arose from the exhaustion of the previous

Sabbath; as my Mondays are sometimes characterized by this feeling. My birthday was ushered in with deep humiliation of soul, and some gratitude to God for the mercies of the past year; but neither were in that degree which my past unfaithfulness, and the goodness of my gracious and long-suffering Lord, demanded. With earnest resolves to be more faithful and more entirely devoted to him the coming year of my life, I was enabled to make an unreserved dedication of body, soul, and spirit, to the service of that God, whose favor is better than life. I then opened on the fifth chapter of Daniel, and read it upon my knees, with very solemn feelings.

The revival is advancing with great power in this town. We are now holding special services in Great Thornton Street chapel, which is the fifth chapel I have visited since my arrival in Hull. I have preached in the above chapel every night, with the exception of Mondays and Saturdays, during the last eight or nine weeks. On the 3d instant we held a meeting for the new converts, similar to that which I described to you in my letter from Cork. There were present about four hundred persons, every one of whom was happy in the pardoning love of God. This may give you some idea of the rapidity and extent of the work, as all these were converted to God during the previous eight or nine weeks; but there were many others, who had found peace during the same time, who could not be present at this meeting. Some were detained by the business of their employers, some with their own business. There were, also, several sailors saved, who had gone to sea; four in one ship, besides nearly one hundred from the country circuits. Letters from some of these were read in the meeting, which produced an excellent effect.

On Friday, the 12th instant, I delivered a temperance lecture, in behalf of the Hull Total Abstinence Society, in the Town Hall; the mayor having kindly granted it for the occasion. The place was densely crowded, and I have seldom seen so much enthusiasm manifested in a good cause, as during the address. The Lord blessed me exceedingly, and gave me great liberty of speech.

At the close of the lecture, a very respectable member of the Society of Friends arose, and, in the midst of the most profound silence, stated that he was a dealer in British wines, in the town of Hull; that he had had scruples respecting the trade for some time; that some had asserted these wines were not intoxicating in their qualities, but he knew to the contrary. "And now," he said, "although I shall sustain a loss in the abandonment of the traffic, yet I shall do so from the present night. I have a quantity of wine in my cellar, how much, or what the value I am not able to state; but I cannot sell it, and be consistent;" and turning to the gentleman, in the chair, he said, "Friend, thee may send thy horse and cart for it to-morrow, and take it away, and do what thee pleases with it."

The effect upon the assembled multitudes was tremendous. A few minutes after this, the majority of the meeting were lifting up their hands to heaven, as a pledge, that from that hour they renounced the use of all intoxicating drinks. I have no doubt that, could we have held a few more meetings of a similar kind, the liquor trade and intemperance would have received a blow from which they would not have recovered for a long time to come. And yet, I have found some good people lately, who, notwithstanding that the horrors of the trade and of the habit referred to are staring them in the face daily, would have seriously deprecated a series of such temperance meetings, let the results be as they might. Poor inconsistent human nature! We must have charity; but, really, it requires a stretch of it on behalf of those, who, for fashion's sake, and for the privilege of sipping a little wine, and treating their visitors to that which may prove their ruin, as it has done to hundreds of thousands, would not only shut themselves out from taking any part in this great and glorious temperance reformation, but weaken the hands of those who are engaged in its promotion. But this is not all. Such persons not only cripple themselves from doing any thing to help it forward, but, for consistency's sake, they are absolutely forced into opposition to what, in their secret consciences, they cannot but allow to be the safest and speediest method to dry up this principal source of all the poverty and crime, and of the physical, mental, and moral degradation, which scourges our unhappy world, in the nineteenth century.

Many undertake to lecture me upon the injury they apprehend my health is sustaining, from not helping myself to a little wine, in time of exhaustion. My reply is, I seldom feel any thing of the kind since I renounced the use of alcoholic stimulants; but when I do feel any thing like feebleness, a little rest, with some nourishing food, and some simple drink, such as milk, water, or a cup of tea or coffee, very soon elevate "tired nature" into the proper tone, without goading it with alcohol. It is with these intoxicating drinks, as with physic; accustom nature to them, and she will gradually cease to depend upon her own resources, and will rely upon what is unnatural and artificial. "But you will yet be forced to come down from those elevated sentiments," say some, "and use a little wine for your stomach's sake, and your often infirmities." Be it so; and were it ordered me by a physician, I might be induced to take it as a medicine for a time, if nothing else would do. Nor, in such a case, would it be fair for any one to say I had abandoned the principle. But I certainly would cease from the medicine as soon as possible, or set myself down as a "confirmed invalid." Let my future course be as it may, I intend to take the stand occupied by the devoted Timothy, who would not taste a single drop of wine, except at the sacrament, till ordered by the highest authority in the church — St. Paul — not as a beverage, but as a medicine. Now, perhaps, if the apostle were upon the earth, and acquainted with my constitution, and with the nature of the wines and other intoxicating drinks sold in these kingdoms, he would lay just as positive an injunction upon James Caughey, that, for his "stomach's sake" he must refrain from their use entirely. But, as I do not expect to enjoy a correspondence with St. Paul till I meet him in heaven, I am not to be blamed if I stand as firm by my tee-total principles as did heavenly-minded Timothy, till convinced by an authority, if not so high, yet such as my reason must respect.

If any man in Europe has given tee-totalism a fair trial, I have done so, during those extraordinary labors in which I have been so long engaged. My health, thank God, was never better, nor my spirits in a livelier state, than at present. Nor shall I, without the most convincing reasons, lay down a great moral power which God has given me in the ranks of my temperance brethren. Instead of croaking and whining over the real or supposed errors or inconsistencies of some of the tee-totallers, in substituting the principle for religion, and using harsh language and measures, where milder would be more effective, I will plunge in among them, as thorough-going a tee-totaller as any of them — convince, if possible, my beloved friends, where they may be wrong, and neutralize their errors by the eternal truths of Christianity. But this they never would allow, were they suspicious of my being in the habit of taking these intoxicating drinks.

Now, I do consider this a very valuable 'vantage ground; nor shall I abandon it without the strongest reasons.

On Sabbath, the 14th instant, I returned to the Kingston chapel, and spent the day there, preaching twice. The crowd of people was amazing. Many could not get in, and went away. In the afternoon, we had a prayer meeting. The lower part of the chapel was full, and there were many in the gallery.

In a certain part of the meeting, while the congregation was standing, and the altar-rail was encompassed by penitents, the people were addressed upon the necessity of an immediate and universal cry to God for a more copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The exhortation was short — only about three minutes — but to the point, and full of divine unction. "And now," said the exhorter, "down upon your knees, every man, woman, and child of you." Here ensued one of the most majestic scenes I ever witnessed — a simultaneous motion of more than one thousand people, struggling to get to their knees — some half bent, others rapidly moving in that position, to find a place to kneel. They seemed, in fact, like an army rushing to battle. The Rev. Mr. Thompson remarked to me, as we were standing together in the reading desk at the moment, that it was one of the finest and sublimest sights that he ever beheld. In a few moments the glory of God seemed to fill the chapel; but eternity alone must unfold the wonderful effects of that afternoon's service.

Yesterday forenoon, I preached again in the Kingston chapel, in behalf of the Chapel Trust Fund. Although a week-day service, the congregation was very large, and composed of most of the denominations in town. The Lord gave me great liberty on Romans viii. 15, 16. The collection was noble.

The following letter and resolution show the estimate set on Mr. Caughey's labors by the official members of the Wesleyan churches in Hull.

"HULL, MARCH 26, 1844.

"To the Rev. James Caughey.

"DEAR SIR,

"We have great pleasure in handing over to you a copy of a resolution, passed unanimously, at the Quarterly Meeting of the Hull West Circuit, held yesterday in the vestry of Waltham Street chapel; and in doing so, we beg to offer our sincere and best wishes for your health and happiness, as well as for the blessing of the great Head of the church on all your future endeavors to promote his glory, in the salvation of immortal souls.

"We remain dear Sir, yours in the bonds of Christian love and affection,

"JNO. S. RICHARDSON, } Circuit
THOMAS HENWOOD, } Stewards."

"Hull West Circuit Quarterly-Meeting, held in the vestry of Waltham Street chapel, on Monday, the 25th of March, 1844.

"The Rev. Thomas Martin in the chair.

"*Resolved*, That this meeting acknowledges, with devout gratitude to Almighty God, the success which it has pleased him to vouchsafe to the special religious services instituted of late, and still continued in this Circuit; and, in connection therewith, feels called upon to offer its best thanks to the Rev. Thomas Martin, the esteemed superintendent of this Circuit, and to his colleagues, the Rev. William Hurt and the Rev. Daniel West. This meeting further presents its most grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. James Caughey, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, for his very valuable services in this Circuit during the last three months;

which, in connection with the special meetings already referred to, having been greatly owned of God to the awakening and conversion of many sinners.

"Signed on behalf of the meeting,

"JNO. S. RICHARDSON, } Circuit
THOMAS HENWOOD, } Stewards."

Towards the last of April, 1844, Mr. Caughey brought his labors in Hull to a termination. We insert the following account of the closing scenes.

My labors in Hull were brought to a conclusion during the last week in April, by preaching farewell sermons in three of the chapels. The crowds were tremendous, and the affection of the people unbounded; especially that of the new converts. It was with the greatest difficulty the brethren could extricate me from the multitudes which surrounded the carriage on my departure from Great Thornton Street chapel. I can scarcely convey to you any idea of the scene. Had I staid to shake hands with but one half of those who desired it, I should not have got off before midnight. The excitement of mind was nearly too much for me. Were I to let my pen have freedom to express all the love that burns in my bosom toward the people of Hull, and the reasons for this warmth of affection, this letter would extend to an unreasonable length. Noble, generous, royal, enthusiastic Hull! We sometimes talk of the ardor and enthusiasm of the Irish people; but in these respects, Hull and her children might be set down, side by side, with any city or town in the Emerald Isle.

As to the extent of the revival, as near as could be ascertained from records carefully kept during its progress, two thousand three hundred persons obtained justification, of whom, seventeen hundred were from the world; more than one thousand of these united with the Wesleyan Church in Hull. The remainder of the converts from the world were from several country Circuits in Lincolnshire and parts of Yorkshire; most of whom, it is hoped, have united with the church in their respective neighborhoods, and many united with other churches in Hull. Six hundred persons belonging to the Wesleyan and other churches, were also converted during the revival. What the final results may be, or how these new converts will stand, time or perhaps eternity alone can unfold; but, certainly, the work bears every feature of its having been wrought of God. It is admitted, that some may have been deceived as to their conversion; others may hereafter bear too strict a resemblance to those by no means singular cases, connected with that great revival so strikingly illustrated by our Lord, in Matthew xiii. 1; yet, very much, under God, will depend upon the pastoral faithfulness of the ministers, as well as the individual exertions of the leaders of classes on the two Hull Circuits.

To the ministers I could say little on leaving. I felt I could rather take my place at their feet. My soul, as it always is in a revival, and in proportion to my success, was deeply humbled before God and man. Several opportunities, however, were afforded me, before I left the town, of exhorting the leaders to take special care of the new converts. Mr. and Mrs. Morley very kindly invited a large company to meet me at tea in their house; and the following evening my excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Holmes, afforded me the same delightful privilege at their mansion. These happy interviews shall never be forgotten. Through the kindness of the Rev. Robert Thompson, Superintendent of the East Circuit, I enjoyed a similar interview with the leaders and local preachers in the band-room at George Yard chapel. But the "crowning meeting of all" was afforded by the generosity of my late host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. James Crow. The tea was given in a large upper room of one of his buildings. The company was large and highly respectable ; composed of local preachers, class-leaders, and friends — one of the happiest seasons of the kind I have ever enjoyed. I poured out my heart before them, begging and entreating them, with the deepest emotion, to spare no pains, that those lately brought to God might be preserved from going back into the world. Four evenings were spent in this way most agreeably with the leaders. The manner in which they individually responded to my requests and anxious feelings, is too deeply engraven upon my heart ever to be erased. Here I must leave the matter for the present. "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Satan often tells me there will be many who will backslide in Hull, and that, in consequence thereof, my God will yet humble me among them. But I can only turn my weeping eyes to God and say, —

"Thou seest their wants, thou knowest their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.
The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.
Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.
Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest darts aside ;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill ;
O, save them from the demon Pride.
In safety lead thy little flock
From hell, the world, and sin secure ;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure ! "

Having left Hull, Mr. Caughey revisited his old friends in Leeds. It was only a flying visit, but the account is interesting, as it illustrates the permanency of the Leeds revival. He says:

I spent the last Sabbath of April in Leeds, and preached in St. Peter's chapel, morning and evening. During the forenoon discourse, most of the congregation were bathed in tears. The house was filled with the glory of God. I have never revisited a place where greater affection was manifested towards me, nor more confidence in the sincerity of my efforts to save souls. This was contrary rather to what I expected. From the reports which had reached me of the grievous "falling away" of the new converts, I apprehended my influence in Leeds must have been greatly impaired. This, however, was far from being the case. The friends from all parts of the town were present, and so were very many of my spiritual children; and great was our joy and rejoicing in the Lord.

I was much affected at seeing Mrs. Shann in the congregation, with part of her family. You will remember the name, as from my letters you learned that I stopped at her house during part of my stay in Leeds. The death of Mr. Shann, which occurred about four months ago, was sudden. Having been called to London on business, he was taken with a sickness which terminated in death. His family arrived in London a few days before he died. His end was not only peaceful but triumphant. I well remember the night, during the revival in Brunswick chapel, when he came forward to the altar, with many others, to seek salvation. The text was, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" While kneeling there with several others of his family, he obtained an evidence, clear and satisfactory, that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and had adopted him into his family. The fear of the Lord had been before his eyes for many years; but till that memorable night, he had not enjoyed, I believe, a conscious sense of the pardoning love of God. A part of his family, with himself, united with the Methodist church immediately; and, with all the simplicity of one but newly found in Christ, he declared, from week to week, what great things God had done for his soul. A few months passed away, and he was called to unite with the church triumphant. Mr. Shann stood high in the commercial world, as a gentleman of lofty principle and unsullied integrity. He showed me great kindness during my residence in his hospitable house, for which I hope he will be rewarded in the resurrection of the just. Amen!

On the same night in which he died, being in Hull, I had a dream. I thought I was walking along a strange and lonely road. After passing a spot where four roads struck off in different directions, I turned and looked to my left, and saw Mr. Shann riding down one of the roads. He drove two fine horses of dappled gray, which were attached to a large piece of timber elevated on wheels. He was seated on the timber, driving rapidly; and after waving several adieus with his hand, he dashed onward, and was soon out of sight. As he was disappearing from my eyes, these words reached my ear: "He is in great haste to pay a debt." I awoke with the deep impression resting upon my mind, "Mr. Shann is dead." In the morning, I told Mr. Field, at whose house I was then staying, that I believed one of my Leeds friends had passed into eternity. To his surprise, a few hours after, I presented him with a letter, which gave the account of the sudden death of Mr. Shann.

While in Leeds I took occasion to inquire carefully into the truth of those reports which had been put into circulation respecting the late revival; and with a few slight exceptions, I am happy to say they appeared to have no foundation in truth. I had several conversations with intelligent individuals on the subject. Their replies to my inquiries may be summed up by quoting the substance of the remarks of one individual: "In order, my dear Sir, to understand correctly the blessed effects of that revival, to the fullest extent, the state of the Wesleyan society in Leeds, previous to that remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, should be considered. During two years which preceded that revival, in consequence of commercial distress and the consequent poverty of the people, together with removals, deaths, backslidings, and expulsions, we were going down at the rate of one hundred per quarter. You are aware the revival had begun in some parts of the Circuit and extended into the country before you came among us. The work advanced with greater power after your arrival; and, after the quarterly visitation, we found the retrograde movement had been put a stop to, and we had a small increase, and many on trial. From that time, we have been gradually on the advance. It is admitted that a few of the new converts did go back to the world, and some whose names were on the list we never found; but, that the revival has been a failure, and that the society is just where it was before, is a positive falsehood. We can present to friends and foes the convincing proof of our contradiction, by showing an increase on the year of five hundred members."

Another said: "We are not after all to estimate the value of that revival so much by the mere numerical increase, as by the high tone of piety it has diffused through our church."

I account for these reports thus: 1st. The conversion of fourteen or fifteen hundreds of people in the course of a few months, could not but be noised abroad. 2d. It was not generally known, that hundreds of these were members of the Wesleyan and of other churches in town and country. 3d. It was expected, by those who did not understand the real character of the statistics, that a very large increase would be realized. 4th. As quarter succeeded quarter, such persons looked in vain for this great augmentation of numbers. 5th. Unguarded and unqualified expressions were uttered in certain quarters, that the greater part of the converts could not be found, or had gone back to the world, because two out of a dozen, or three out of thirty, had refused to attend class, while the owners of several names could not be found: "Therefore the revival has resulted in a failure." Other causes might be given — but I forbear.

I spent a most delightful Sabbath in Leeds. My old officers, local preachers, and leaders, from all the circuits in town, rallied around me. God was with us in power, and many sinners were converted. A few of my children, who had been tempted by the devil into the road to hell, were reclaimed and brought back again, with many tears, into the path of heaven.

Next day I returned to Hull by railway. When within about forty miles of Hull, the engineer, when pausing at a station, introduced himself to me as one of my children in the Lord. He requested me to ride a few miles with him on the platform of the locomotive, in order to see the machinery in motion. As we were flying along, he related his awakening and conversion. When we came to a certain place, he said: "There! that is the place where God set my soul at liberty. My agony of mind was very great. So much so, that when we stopped at a certain station, I ran from the engine into a retired place, and cried to God. When we started, I scarcely knew what I did, I was so wretched.

But my cry for mercy went up to heaven. When running, Sir, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, God met me. The rapidity of our motions was no hinderance. He spoke peace to my soul, and in a moment my hell was turned into heaven, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The above is but the substance of his experience. All glory be to God!

On the first of this month, in company with the Rev. William Illingworth and wife, the Rev. John Vine and wife, and a number of other friends, I enjoyed an excursion to Welton Vale.

The occasion of our visit arose from the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. William Field, at whose house I was first entertained on my arrival in Hull, and where I spent the last week of my stay in that town. They contrived the excursion in order to celebrate the anniversary of their marriage, and also as a token of respect for your correspondent. We were favored with as lovely a day as our heavenly Father could have given us. "It was," as a poet has expressed it, "one of those heavenly days that cannot die." The scenery was beautified all the way with hill and dale, fine gardens, fruitful fields sprinkled with trees and fringed with woods, in which are nestled sweet cottages and elegant mansions; the whole enlivened by extensive views of the Humber, visible from various points of elevation.

Arriving at the Vale, we obtained permission from the proprietor to enter. After enjoying a few walks, traced out in many directions, and through a variety of romantic scenes, the cloth was spread upon the grass, beneath a refreshing shade, where we partook of an excellent dinner. The party then retired to a summer-house, commanding an extensive prospect. Beneath flowed the Humber; the opposite shores displayed the hills and dales of Lincolnshire, with the "confluence point" of the rivers Trent (if I recollect right) and Ouse with the Humber.

The happy couple were then addressed by several speakers, with numerous congratulations and hearty wishes for many happy returns of the season, all of which, I have no doubt, were felt; and to which Mr. Field replied with very good grace. Our proceedings were, however, disturbed by the arrival of a messenger, stating that "the village had come into the vale," and that "they expected a sermon from Mr. Caughey." We found nearly two hundred people congregated beneath some shady trees on the brow of the hill. We walked into the midst of them and sang: —

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!"

After which, several of the brethren prayed, and I gave an exhortation. The dear people seemed much affected. When I requested those who were determined to meet us in heaven, to signify the same by raising the right hand heavenward, the sudden and universal show of hands gave evidence that the feeling and purpose were general. One person, I have since been informed, found peace during the service. We had a pleasant ride back to Hull, and had the privilege, at night, of hearing the Rev. Dr. Beaumont preach an excellent sermon in Kingston chapel.

We cannot close this chapter better than by inserting the following letter from a pious gentleman of Hull, concerning the subsequent influence of Mr. C.'s labors in that town. It carries us a little beyond the time of our narrative, but is nevertheless an appropriate conclusion to the foregoing revival incidents.

"HULL, JUNE 25, 1844.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"We had our Quarterly Meeting yesterday. I wish you could have been present; it would have greatly encouraged you. We have now on the Hull East near eight hundred more meeting in class than we had before your visit. Mr. T. has the numbers, seven hundred and ninety-four or six; but I should say, we have a few above eight hundred. Our finances are equally encouraging; — we have an increase of £60 per quarter. We passed a resolution, which will be handed to you by our Circuit stewards. It will, I trust, gratify you, and encourage you to go on in the name of Him who sent you on this glorious mission. I believe the Spirit of God will not mislead you, if you continue to be faithful. God will stand by you and his own truth. You remember the second Sunday evening you preached in Waltham Street chapel, when you said some strong things. A very wicked persecutor was induced to go into Waltham Street chapel, as he was passing; the word reached his heart; he never rested until he was saved; — and a more sound and clear conversion we had not in Hull. His name is Thomas McC. I am sorry to say he perished last week in the Manchester steamer, with all on board; they left this for Hamburg last Friday week. He has left a wife and two children. Is not this very startling, that so many should be swept away that have lately been converted, and others, who rejected the offers of mercy, also cut down? May the mighty power of God still attend your ministry! We had a very glorious day last Sabbath — Kingston chapel full at the love-feast, and great power; many saved in George Yard at night; — we had a great victory. You must remember, I shall expect you to come by way of Hull to London. I cannot excuse you. Hoping soon to hear from you, I am, my dear brother, yours very affectionately,

"WILLIAM FIELD."

CHAPTER XXII.

DISPLAYS OF DIVINE GLORY IN SHEFFIELD.

It was Mr. Caughey's intention to proceed directly from Hull to Huddersfield. But the Sheffield brethren, having by some misunderstanding been led to expect him in their circuits, had made such public announcements as could not with propriety be disappointed. Hence Mr. C., having but just begun his labors in Huddersfield, felt himself under a sort of moral compulsion to leave, and to make an attempt on the kingdom of darkness in Sheffield first. His success there showed the wisdom of his decision — it was really marvellous. With this brief introduction, we leave the reader to pursue the narrative with the assurance that this chapter will be to him a "feast of fat things."

On Saturday, the 4th of May, 1844, I left Hull by railway for Huddersfield, where I arrived in a few hours, and was conducted to New-House, the mansion of Mr. Thomas Mallinson, where I was hospitably entertained during my stay. Next day I preached twice in the Queen Street chapel — a large and handsome edifice. Sinners were converted in the afternoon and at night. I preached also on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Each service was crowned with the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers; indeed there was every appearance that we were on the eve of a very great revival of religion. The friends in Sheffield, however, had so construed a sentence in one of my letters, as to imply a positive promise to visit that town at a certain time; had handbills printed and placards posted on the strength of it, and insisted upon the fulfilment, the following Sabbath. It was a grievous thing to the Huddersfield friends; and they protested against it. But on my giving them a promise, that on my return from my intended Italian tour, I would revisit Huddersfield, they consented to let me go. I left them with regret. The Wesleyans have a lovely people in Huddersfield. A few influential men of the right stamp, appear to have given a holy, elevated, and generous tone to the entire church. Long may they continue so; "rooted and fixed in God."

The Wesleyan ministers now stationed in Huddersfield are, the Rev. John Greeves, the Rev. Jonathan J. Bates, and the Rev. Edward Brice. I was received by these ministers with great cordiality; had the privilege of dining in their company several times during my stay; and each interview only rendered the acquaintance the more interesting and agreeable. God bless them! Amen.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, I arrived in Sheffield, and was conducted by my kind friend Mr. John Unwin, to the house of Mr. William Beet, where I received a cheering welcome, and where I have since remained. About sixty persons have been converted here already.

My sudden departure from Huddersfield was sorely against my will. I thought God had sent me there. Perhaps the future may explain it. When I was in Hull, Mr. Joseph Webb and Mr. Thomas Mallinson came with a special and pressing invitation to visit Huddersfield. My mind was not to go; the more I thought of it, the more averse I felt. I went up to my room, and fell down before God, and inquired, "Shall I go, my Lord?" The following was spoken to my heart: "Go, nothing doubting." I said, "I shall go, then;" and so the matter was arranged. I afterwards found, that many of the good people at Huddersfield had engaged to plead with God for the success of these gentlemen's mission. The meetings we did hold were crowned with rich blessings from on high; but our purposes were broken off.

Of his first labors in Sheffield we find the following account:

We arrived in Sheffield in time to enjoy an excellent prayer meeting in Carver Street chapel.

I rejoice to inform you, that the special services in the Ebenezer Wesleyan chapel of this town — Sheffield — have been remarkably owned of God, in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

At first, my congregations were small, but they increased more and more, and so did the number of the saved.

Unlike most places I have visited, where I have been compelled to lay close siege to sinners, long and continued, before they yielded, the sinners of Sheffield began almost immediately to surrender; for, although the first prayer meeting on Sabbath afternoon, May 12th, resulted in the conversion of one only, twenty-nine were converted at night after sermon. Considering the neighborhood and circumstances of the society at Ebenezer, I felt at first a little surprised that the Superintendent, the Rev. J. P. Haswell, his colleagues, the Rev. J. Stinson, T. Dickin, and B. B Waddy, with the leading men on the Circuit, should have fixed upon this as the most suitable place to commence special efforts for a great revival — a decision, in which, I believe they were unanimous. I would have chosen the heart — Carver Street chapel — as the most likely place to find that warmth of temperament, and energy of talent, so necessary "to make a beginning." The results, however, proved the propriety of their choice. The official brethren at Ebenezer entered into the work with their whole souls. The members, though generally poor in this world, but rich in faith, assisted us in mighty prayer. The noise was sometimes tremendous, but God was in it. No attempts were made abruptly to put it down; but by prudent management on the part of Mr. Haswell, when present, and others who had charge of the services in his absence, it was kept within bounds, and under a scriptural and judicious control, and was rendered subservient to arouse the careless and prayerless to perceive and feel that religion was a subject worthy of the attention and energies of their fellow-townsmen. The influential and talented leaders of Carver Street, instead of standing aloof to see first how the battle would go, came up nobly to the help of the Lord. Reports spread like fire through all parts of the town; sinners of every grade of character crowded to the place. Some fled in terror, looking unutterable things — illustrating vividly that passage in the book of Samuel: "And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore." Every meeting brought more and more together. The noise was heard afar: "And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout, they said, What meaneth the noise of this great shout? for, when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again." 1 Sam. iv.

Some people were "offended" at the tremendous "amens" and shouts of victory which prevailed on every side. But such were exhorted to patience, and to beware of temptation — to remember also, that it was impossible, unless the lungs of the zealous people were as substantial as leather, or as as Cicero expressed it, their bodies were "chiselled out of the rock, or hewn out of the oak;" or their voices were endowed with the unchangeability of the trumpet, that they could stand, for any considerable length of time, efforts so violent. The prediction proved too true. Toward the latter part of the second week, they began to flag; and there were evident marks of a humiliating and rapid tendency to the opposite extreme. Some had quite exhausted their strength, others had broken their voices; the "amens" were "few and far between." This was the reaction some of us anticipated. Any one, not acquainted with the secret power to which we owed our success, during the tempest of human feeling — the constraining and overpowering influences of the Holy Ghost — would have said, "The revival is at an end — the sparks of their own kindling are quite gone out — it is likely they will close the doors now and recruit ere they can muster another such exhibition." But the work of God, which is not dependent upon much noise or little, but upon an influence from heaven, advanced without a pause. The hearts of the people were right with God. Wickedness was not in our camp, nor division of feeling or opinion. Many seemed, in their looks, to say: "Our hearts are with you, but we are weak; our strength is gone; we can do nothing but exercise faith, and pray in silence; go on, the Lord of hosts is with you, the God of Jacob is our refuge!"

In the course of a week or so, they regained their energy, and were as ardent and zealous as ever; but, learning wisdom from the things they had suffered, they now prudently "husbanded their strength," appropriating their "amens," "hallelujahs," &c., to those points of "onset or victory," where they could be used to the greatest advantage and effect. Their zeal being now according to knowledge, and guided by it, burned with a bright, steady, and ever-during flame — not a blaze one night and extinguished the next, fitful and uncertain as the lightning in the evening cloud; but it kindled and ascended like the morning sun, advancing upward till it attained its meridian glory: as the sun, in the days of Joshua, it tarried over our Gibeon, "in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down;" I shall not say, "for the space of a whole day," or even during the remainder of the services in Ebenezer chapel, but it also extends, thus far, in Carver Street, until the Lord has avenged himself on his enemies and ours, gloriously. Many were the slain and healed of the Lord at Ebenezer. The meeting for the new converts, for the wounded also, and the slain, was a season never to be forgotten. The Ebenezer chapel was a symbolical Ebenezer to the vast assemblage of people on the night in question. By many tears and various expressions of joy, they seemed to say, almost universally, "This is our Ebenezer, for hitherto hath God helped us."

Perhaps the following report, or table, of the progress of the revival, which was handed to me, at the close of the services in the above chapel, by the secretary, Mr. John Jepson, will afford you as good a view of the steady progress of this great work of God, as any other medium I could adopt: —

"DEAR SIR — The following is a faithful report of the numbers saved in Ebenezer chapel, from the 12th of May to the 3d of June, twenty-one days inclusive. In Jesus, affectionately yours,

"JOHN JEPSON."

SHEFFIELD, EBENEZER CHAPEL, MAY 12, TO JUNE 3, 1844.

		Justified out of the World.	Justified in Society.	Blessing of Sanctification.	Totals.
Sunday,	May 12.	31	12		43
Monday,	" 13.	21	6	13	40
Tuesday,	" 14.	17	8	9	34
Wednesday,	" 15.	9	11	6	26
Thursday,	" 16.	8	9	4	21
Friday,	" 17.	8	6	28	42
Saturday,	" 18.		Society Bands.		
		94	52	60	206
Sunday,	May 19.	42	16	19	77
Monday,	" 20.	22	7	14	43
Tuesday,	" 21.	15	9	9	33
Wednesday,	" 22.	7	5	3	15
Thursday,	" 23.	5	1	4	10
Friday,	" 24.	3	0	25	28
		94	38	74	206
Sunday,	May 26.	24	26	12	62
Monday,	" 27.	6	3	17	26
Tuesday,	" 28.	13	10	11	34
Wednesday,	" 29.	8	6	22	36
Thursday,	" 30.	10	8	3	21
Friday,	" 31.	1	4	17	22
		62	57	82	201
Sunday,	June 2.	62	12	33	107
Monday,	" 3.	11	4	13	28
		73	16	46	135
Grand Totals,		323	163	262	748

The scene of my labors at present is Carver Street chapel. The work of God is advancing with increased rapidity and power. The first Sabbath we spent in this place of worship, one hundred and sixty-seven persons professed salvation. Since then hundreds have been saved. The work is indeed glorious, beyond any thing I have ever seen before in the same space of time. All seriously disposed persons, so far as I have learned, are led to regard it as an extraordinary work of God. I am happy to inform you I received a letter from

Bishop Hedding. It is most affectionate: all, in fact, and more than I could have expected. * * * So far from urging my return, he expresses a cordial approbation of my labors and success in winning souls to Christ, and prays that God may continue to bless me wherever I may labor. He says the Conference will gladly receive me on my return, with this proviso, that I bring good testimonials back with me of my good conduct during my sojourn in Europe; closing with the assurance, that thousands are ready, with joy, to welcome my return to the American shores, to recommence my ministerial labors in that country.

"O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

Here follows a communication sent to Mr. Caughey at Sheffield, from one of the scenes of his previous efforts in Hull. We insert it to show the reader how high an estimate the official members at Hull placed on his precious labors for souls.

"4, PARLIAMENT STREET, HULL, JUNE 26, 1844.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"We have much pleasure in transmitting to you the following extract from the Minutes of the Quarterly Meeting of the Hull East Circuit, held on the 24th instant.

"We remain, reverend and dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servants,

"W. COWLEY, } Circuit
EDWARD RIGGALL, } Stewards.

"On the motion of Mr. Riggall, seconded by Mr. Field, it was resolved unanimously,—

"That this meeting, from the numerical and financial statements laid before it by the Stewards, feels called upon to record its devout gratitude to Almighty God, for his abundant blessing upon the special services lately held; and also, its high sense of the consistent and exemplary Christian conduct of the Rev. James Caughey, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, during his residence in this Circuit; as well as of his untiring ministerial labors, and the efficient assistance rendered by him to the ministers of the Circuit during those services."

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of taking dinner here with Dr. Alder, now one of the general Wesleyan Missionary Secretaries. He manifested a lively and cordial interest in the revival; and, in prayer, around the family altar, he proved how sincere and ardent was his interest, by praying most fervently and affectionately for your correspondent. Mrs. Alder, an American lady by birth, you will remember, and Miss Alder, are here at present, and rejoice in this wonderful triumph of the gospel of God. The doctor is out upon a tour of missionary visitation to the churches, and intends to return by the way of Sheffield.

In a letter bearing date of July 30, 1844, he thus continues his sketches of the work in Sheffield.

Since the date of my last, the revival has advanced with amazing majesty and power. The scenes have been such as cannot be easily described. I spent from June 4th, till the 5th instant, in Carver Street chapel. The following extract from a table, sent me by one of the secretaries, may give you some idea of the grand and extensive character of the work; so far, at least, as numbers are concerned. But, to have a just view, or a proper conception of the wonderful effects of truth upon the mass of mind therein recorded, and "the differences of manifestation," in the hour of sorrow and distress; the prayers, tears, and long and bitter cries for mercy, and the joyful and triumphant exclamations of new-born souls, or purified believers, in the glad hour of salvation, would require that you should have been "in the midst of us." Never have I beheld any thing equal to it. O, it was "sublimely grand!" — grand in its cause, grand in the effects, grand in results, and grand beyond all human imaginings when taken in connection with the grandeur of a coming eternity! But here is the extract:

"The services were continued in Carver Street chapel from June 4th to July 5th; twenty-eight days inclusive. From the world, 650; appointed to meet in class, thus: West Circuit, 395; East Circuit, 145; not appointed to classes, 56; the remainder were from distant and other churches. Members justified, — West Circuit, 83; East Circuit, 63; other Circuits and churches, 29. Members sanctified, — West Circuit, 181; East Circuit, 98; other churches, 56. Total justified, 825; sanctified, 335. Total, eleven hundred and sixty."

I commenced my labors on the East Circuit, on the following Sabbath, in Brunswick chapel. The ministers on this Circuit are, the Rev. Alexander Bell, Superintendent; the Rev. John Burton, the Rev. William B. Stephenson, and the Rev. James Carr. On the morning of the 11th inst., one of the persons recorded in the above table, a female, who was a backslider, called upon me, in company with another. So great had been her distress, she could neither eat nor sleep. She had not, it seems, fallen from God at once, by any heinous sin, but declined gradually, till she lost the life of God totally from her soul; and now, awakened to a sense of her sad condition, she was inconsolable. We joined in prayer, but the Lord suffered her to leave the house without any thing more than a cheering ray of hope that he would not permit her to die an alien to God. A few minutes after, when walking homeward along the street, with a feeble and faltering step, the Lord met her, and said to her heart, "Thou art mine!" Sorrow was exchanged for joy in a moment. The Saviour conferred "beauty for ashes;" and she pursued her way with a glad heart and free, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I saw her in the chapel a few nights afterwards. How marked the change in the woman's countenance! The grief and despair which, at the time I first saw her, rendered her face the picture of agony and desolation, were all gone, and now, calm, serene joy beamed out upon every lineament of it. May she ever stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ has made her free! Amen!

A respectable looking young man called upon me a few days ago. "I walked down to Ebenezer," said he, "one evening, and heard you preach, but I got no good — I was perfectly disgusted — I wanted smooth things, and was disappointed. I went again to hear you, and was delighted; but still remained undecided upon the great question of my salvation. One night I had a dream. I was in a certain place. An enormous serpent moved towards me. Its object seemed to be, first to coil itself around me and then to sting me to death. My struggles against its motions were desperate. Finally it succeeded to entangle me in its folds, and then it stung me, after which I escaped. I thought in my dream, I would return and destroy the serpent; but when I entered the place, a powerful man stood there. He seized the serpent, held it up in his hand, and dashed its head upon the ground with such force that it died, and then trampled it in triumph. I awoke in a great state of excitement. It was then impressed upon my mind, 'The serpent is the devil; he has been endeavoring to destroy your soul, but you shall yet conquer; nevertheless, not in your own strength, but by another.' The following evening I went down to

Ebenezer. Your text was, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' During the sermon, you said, God sometimes spoke to sinners in dreams. You read a striking passage in the Book of Job, and said, There is a man among you who had a remarkable dream last night. That dream was a warning from God — beware how you take it — reject it not; the design of it is to keep your soul back from the pit, and your life from perishing by the sword of the Lord. My feelings, during this appeal, were in a sort of indescribable amaze. I knew the whole was for me — from God himself." The person in question obtained salvation shortly after. Hallelujah! The word of God is quick and powerful, searching the inmost of the soul, and reveals secret things.

There have been several cases of restitution lately. Among the many who have had money restored them, is an infidel. Upon pocketing the cash, he said with a sort of a "complacent smile," such as he had not accorded to religion for a great while, "Well, if Christianity can make a thief deliver up my money, there must, after all, be something good in it. I will go and hear for myself." Another person, a few days since, made restitution to an innkeeper. The letter in which the money was enclosed, concluded with these expressive words: "A Christian now, but once a thief."

The confessions of some of these awakened sinners, while pleading for mercy at the communion-rail, are sometimes most affecting. The other night, an old sinner with his wife, were kneeling among the penitents. His agony was very great. One of the leaders overheard him pray thus: "O Lord, I never offered up one prayer for thirty years. About six months ago my son was converted; since then I have been trying to alter my course of life. But I have been a wicked sinner; I have committed all sorts of wickedness. O Lord, canst thou have mercy upon such a sinner as me? Thou knowest what a *rascal* I have been! What an *oud* Sabbath-breaker! O Lord, have mercy on me!" On being informed that his wife had obtained mercy from Heaven, he exclaimed: "O Lord! must I go to hell *be me sen!*"* The agony into which he immediately entered, proved that he was determined to accompany his old woman to a better region. At length, with Heaven beaming in his face, he cried out, "O! I feel something come into my heart. I feel that the Lord has sent a great light into my poor dark soul. The Lord has removed my load; he has pardoned all my sins for Christ's sake. What a mercy that the Lord should have mercy upon such an *oud feller* as me!"

The Lord has enabled me, of late, to describe particular characters, during the course of my sermons, with wonderful, and, in some cases, with what appeared miraculous accuracy. Many have been strangely wrought upon, while I have been relating some of the most secret parts of their character and doings. Although some of the congregation are frequently subjected to various charges from the convicted parties, who insist that "such and such a one" has been telling the preacher all about them, yet the results are often astonishing. The other night, while preaching, a certain character came up before me with this written upon him: *A Roman Catholic in the gallery!* The Lord helped me. Poor fellow; while scrambling for his hat, in order to make an escape from the searching truth of God, he heard words whereby he might be saved. Some who knew him were astonished; but he blamed them, and complained bitterly that they had been in communication with me; which, of course, they positively denied. The results I have not yet learned.

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* Yorkshire dialect for "by myself."

On the 3d of July I delivered a temperance lecture in the Primitive Methodist chapel. There were many intelligent and good people present, but a larger number of "the lowest of the low." The crowd was oppressive, owing in part to the smallness of the chapel. Some of the children of the devil seemed to have no patience with each other. Each man, aye and woman too, seemed as if determined "to maintain a footing." Elbows and tongues were called into action, with tremendous energy — I speak now of the crowds on the gallery stairs, and the masses by the doors — the rest of the audience were perfectly well-behaved. Some endeavored to reconcile the conflicting parties, but in vain; some poor women were pressed almost out of life; and others, with their gruff voices, and powerful elbows, were endeavoring to defend them; while others were determined to get in, if they should climb over the "heads and shoulders" of the mass. Opposition to the cause of temperance did not prevail, I believe, in a single breast. But all were resolved upon hearing the lecture, — and all could not be admitted, — and it was every man for himself. I could not but love the excited throng, although they gave me considerable uneasiness. Finding the voice of authority as inefficient as the chains of Xerxes to bind the waves of the Hellespont, I tried chains of another kind. The ancient painters, you may remember, were ambitious to describe the eloquence of Hercules Celticus, but, unfortunately, most of them found that the eloquence of attitude, gesture, and expression of countenance, were much more easily described upon canvass than eloquence in language. One of them, however, "determining not to be outdone," represented it by an immense number of golden chains coming out of the mouth of the orator, and reaching to the ears of great multitudes. A capital idea! Although it spoiled his picture, it originated an aphorism, — Attention enchained by eloquence; which "holds good" to the present day. If eloquence happened to be absent on the evening in question, ARGUMENT and EARNESTNESS, her representatives, presided with considerable effect. Silence signalized, attention chained; but the mighty work was to keep it thus. The devil, in the case of Job, either would not, or could not, afflict or bind his tongue. Some think the arch fiend left that member at liberty, that he might employ it in bitter complaints against providence, or to curse God.

The moment I paused, the chains were snapped from attention, and the "unruly member," in many a head, was set in motion, uttering a series of ejaculations, interlocutions, ejulations, remonstrances, and interjections! So, to keep their tongues quiet, mine had to attempt something like perpetual motion; and it is due to say, after the first ten or fifteen minutes of the lecture, with the exception of a few grumbles now and again, we enjoyed a calm that was creditable to the speaker, as well as to tee-totalism. I thought of Lord Bacon, who represents the influence of science over the minds of men, as bearing some resemblance to the power of the harp of Orpheus over beasts and birds — they all forgot their several appetites, some for prey, some for game, others for quarrel, and stood sociably together, listening to the airs and sweet accords of the wonderful harp. No sooner, however, had the sounds ceased, or were drowned by some louder noise, than every beast returned to his own nature. This noble writer considers the fable a fine illustration of the power of truth over mind. Naturally, our race is full of savage and unreclaimed desires, of profit, of lust, of revenge; and, so long as men are brought together by precepts, laws, and religion, sweetly touched by eloquence and persuasion of books, sermons, and harangues, so long is the peace of society maintained; but if these instruments of human suasion become silent, or if sedition and tumult render their voice inaudible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion. Certainly, leaving eloquence out of the question, my harangue had this influence upon the agitated mass; and, when they were elbowing each other, and exchanging glances their tongues could not speak, they frequently accorded a truce to hostilities, and united in giving the lecturer their approval, in the usual method of clapping and stamping.

At the close of the meeting, about three hundred persons came forward, and testified in the most convincing way that circumstances would admit, that they understood and appreciated the arguments of the stranger, by uniting themselves with the Sheffield Total Abstinence Society; that is, totally renouncing the use of every beverage employed by the devil and selfish and wicked men to make drunkards. "Is there a dealer in intoxicating drinks," said one, "that would be willing to read the history of his sales? Such a history would pierce his soul, and terrify his imagination with images the most dark and horrible. The moral infection that has been engendered by his sales alone, would darken the air around him." I would add, could those Christian gentlemen, who indulge in wine, ale, and porter, to speak of nothing stronger, read the history of their example, during the last ten or fifteen years "of their practice," perhaps "an imagery" might arise that would go far to pain their souls also, and terrify their imagination. It is difficult, under certain circumstances, to avoid reflections of this kind. At the table of hospitality sits the minister of Christ, — the patron, in word and deed, of the wine-bottle and ale-jug. Around that man are seated the youthful branches of an interesting family, who accord to his indulgence a ready and willing imitation. The father and mother of that family are little aware, how, by such a clerical example, they are hazarding the well-being of their children for this world and the next. No man that has seen much of the world, and the miseries arising from these fascinating and dangerous drinks, can look upon such a scene without a secret alarm. Alas! I have thought, when contemplating such a scene, could this good man read the future history of all these young people, not to speak of the older guests, how deeply would he be affected by his example! Were the fingers of a man's hand to come out upon the walls of this dining-room, and write in legible characters the future history of some one of these young persons who may yet be ruined, soul and body, by these drinks, and by his example too, we might behold him as Belshazzer of old, (Dan. v.,) his countenance changed, his thoughts troubling him, the joints of his loins loosed, and his knees smiting one against another. Perhaps it was in reference to the consequences of our example, that the apostle advises, that it is good neither to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, is offended, or made weak, (Rom. xiv.,) — a good New Testament tee-total pledge this surely, when the church of God thinks it proper to take it up, and act upon it as a sacred rule of Christian conduct. I could write much upon the direful evils arising from ministerial example in drinking and smoking — but I forbear. How such men can consistently expect God to bless their ministry in the awakening and conversion of many sinners, I cannot well conceive, unless they suppose that the Holy Ghost is desirous of setting the seal of his approbation upon their habits, and thus imparting a greater weight and influence to their pernicious example.

On the night of Thursday, 18th inst., we were favored with a most extraordinary effusion of the Holy Spirit, in

Brunswick chapel. The sermon was designed only as preparatory to the discourse I had set apart for the following night, which was to be, The nature of that faith which purifies the heart. On the night in question, I had that fine passage for my text: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." 1 Peter v. 10. I was led to lay down the following proposition: That many are called to pass through a series of mental, physical, and providential sufferings, before they are sanctified entirely, throughout soul, body, and spirit.

At the close of the discourse, the Lord was pleased to show there was neither merit in such a process of suffering, nor any necessity for it, if his servants were only willing he should cut the work short in righteousness, and save them by faith. The cry of many hearts was, "Lay down the rod of chastisement, O Lord, and save us by faith." Beholding the people much affected, I concluded to leave them with God. Hundreds fell down upon their knees at once. I requested them to talk with God, for he had come down among them in "very deed." "Now, Lord," I said, "the people are at thy feet; hear them! For Christ's sake, hear them! Attend to their confessions; hear their cries, and save them! Save them by faith! If they only believe that they do receive, they shall, on that instant, receive all — all that is in thee. Thy mouth, O Lord God, hath spoken the word." Prayer became general over the entire chapel — galleries and all — two thousand people were bowed as the heart of one man. What could stand before this? Neither hell, sin, unbelief, devils, nor sinners. The power of God came down. The supplications of believers for purity, and the piercing cries of penitent sinners for mercy filled my soul with amaze.

I have witnessed a few scenes of the kind in the course of my ministry; but never any thing so universal and so tremendous, and, at the same time, accompanied with so little of any thing that could be imputed to human extravagance; — it was the prayer of faith in every heart — mighty, omnipotent, prevailing prayer! Twenty-four weeping but triumphant converts, who had within the last twenty or thirty minutes obtained the forgiveness of sins, and fifty individuals who had received purity of heart, passed successively out of the chapel into one of the vestries, to declare there what great things God had wrought within them. How many more received remission of sins, and purity, during that wonderful visitation, perhaps we shall never know till the judgment day.

I should have informed you, that Brunswick chapel belongs to Sheffield East Circuit. My visit to that chapel was in accordance with the earnest and affectionate request of the Superintendent, the Rev. Alexander Bell. I finished my labors in Carver Street on the 5th instant.

The views of the official men, at Sheffield, of Mr. C. and his revival labors, may be seen in the following:

"253, Glossop Road, Sheffield,
June 27, 1844.

"Rev. James Caughey,

"My dear Sir,

"I have the honor of forwarding to you a copy of a resolution, passed by our Quarterly Meeting, not only unanimously, but in connection with addresses from several of our preachers and leading friends, to which every member seemed to respond; and which indicated intense interest in your operations, and a high degree of respect and affection for yourself.

"It affords me great pleasure to make a communication so much in accordance with my own views and feelings; and I trust we 'shall see greater things than these.' I am, reverend and dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"SAMUEL HILL SMITH."

"Copy of a Resolution of the Quarterly Meeting of the Sheffield West Circuit, held June the 24th, 1844. Passed unanimously, on the motion of the senior Circuit steward, seconded by his colleague.

"*Resolved*, That this meeting would gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in rendering the course of special services, now in progress, so effectual in promoting a revival of his work; and, whilst it would acknowledge the spirit of love and zeal, evinced by its own ministers and members, it would especially express its sense of the influence which the continuance, during the last six weeks, of the affectionate, enlightened, and powerful ministrations of the Rev. James Caughey, has excited in bringing about a religious awakening, which has already resulted in the conversion of many sinners, and the deepening of the work of grace in the hearts of many believers. And the meeting further resolves, that its warmest thanks are due to Mr. Caughey for his kind acceptance of an invitation to visit this Circuit, and his subsequent efficient labors in it.

"Signed on behalf of the meeting,

"J. P. HASWELL, Chairman,
SAMUEL HILL SMITH, } Stewards."
T. LOFTHOUSE, }

A few days ago, I had the pleasure of taking dinner in company with James Montgomery, Esquire, the Sheffield poet. The honor was done me by the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Smith, the writer of the above letter. We spent an hour or two most agreeably in conversation. I little thought, when reading the two volumes of his poems, which grace your library, that I should, in England — in Sheffield, see and converse with the poet himself.

This month, up till within the last few days, has been marked with a long and alarming drought. Sabbath morning week, I felt it on my heart, while in the pulpit in Carver Street chapel, to offer up publicly, "the prayer of faith" for rain. The effect upon many present was remarkable. Some thought it must rain immediately. Others were lifting up their eyes to the windows, expecting the usual tokens every moment. Many were concerned about their light shoes and clothing; others were thinking seriously of sending off for their umbrellas. Alas! they were disappointed. When leaving the chapel, they smiled at their simplicity on observing the heavens to be as "clear and cloudless" as ever. But, as Sammy Hicks said, it had to "come from the sea;" faith said, Wait and expect it. On the night of the same day, that God, who causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth, who uttering his voice and there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, who maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasuries, (Psalm cxxxv. 7; Jer. x. 13,) favored the thirsty earth with a refreshing shower of rain. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; a prayer-answering as well as a sin-pardoning God.

Since the date of my last, I changed my residence to the mansion of Jonathan Beet, Esq.,* father of my late host, Mr. William Beet. He is, I believe, the oldest member of the Wesleyan church in Sheffield; an intelligent, agreeable, and venerable servant of the living God. In both families I have been treated with great kindness and hospitality. That they may have their reward, not only in the present life, but in the resurrection of the just, is the prayer of their grateful guest.

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* Since gone to his reward in heaven.

I enjoyed a pleasant ride the other day, in company with Mr. John Unwin, to Norton; a pretty neighborhood, a few miles from Sheffield; and dined at Norton House, the residence of one of our Wesleyan friends, Thomas B. Holy, Esq. It is an ancient, baronial-like mansion, partly covered with ivy, venerable in aspect, and "beautiful for situation." We spent several hours most agreeably with Mr. Holy and his excellent and pious lady. Before dinner, we walked through the old church. Norton is the birthplace of the celebrated sculptor, Francis Chantrey; one of the greatest artists whom England has produced. There is a monument to his memory in the church, of plain white marble, enriched with a medallion likeness of the artist — an exquisite piece of sculpture. His remains repose a few yards from the church, encompassed by an iron palisading. A short time before his death he came down from London to choose his place of sepulture. In doing so, he remarked to the aged clergyman of the parish, "But I do not intend you to bury me;" but he did so, very shortly after.

My home at present is Shirley House, near Sheffield, the residence of Nathaniel Greaves, Esq. It is a lovely spot, quite retired. The grounds are not extensive, but "the touch of taste is every where around;" "well-assorted hues," and "graceful mixtures" with "level walks and foliaged bowers," "the fair results of thought, the creature of a polished mind." In Mr. and Mrs. Greaves I have found two excellent friends, for whom I trust to praise God in heaven. May our friendship be perpetuated for ever! I am thankful to my kind and gracious Lord for the mercies which enclose me around. I may well blush, when I think of my divine Master, "who led a suffering life, inured to poverty and pain," while I have all, and abound. "The servant is above his Lord!"

> "Had I the choice of sublunary good,
> What could I wish, that I possess not here?
> Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,
> And constant occupation, without care!"

I am preaching, however, at the usual rate — six times a week, prayer meeting on Monday night, reserving only Saturday night for myself. The revival shows no pause. Multitudes of sinners are turning to God on every hand. A Sabbath or two ago, more than one hundred and sixty persons were saved in one day. Glory and praise be unto God!

A few days since, I planted, in the presence of a company of friends, two small trees, a cedar and a yew, in the lawn of Shirley House. They are named "after" me, and seem to be doing well. This month, thus far, and the last, have been the happiest in my life. The holy joy and rest in God I have felt in my soul, have been inexpressibly sweet and delightful.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUDING INCIDENTS IN SHEFFIELD.

THIS may be termed the Sunday School Teacher's chapter, because of the beautiful letter of Mr. Chaloner to Mr. Caughey, describing a great work of God among the children of Red Hill Sabbath School in Sheffield. That letter ought to be read in every American Sabbath school. It demonstrates the possibility of sound conversion and of extensive revivals among children.

This chapter carries the narrative of Mr. Caughey's labors down to the 8th of September, 1844, the date on which he closed his wondrously successful efforts in Sheffield.

On the evening of August 1, 1844, we held a meeting for the benefit of the new converts, in Brunswick chapel, similar to those I have described in former letters. About three hundred and seventy-five new converts were present; it was a most gracious season, a confirming and strengthening time, to those who had but just commenced the heavenly race.

Shortly after the above meeting, I received the following note from the secretary. It will show you the wonderful character of the revival in Brunswick chapel: —

"SHEFFIELD MOOR, AUGUST 3, 1844.

"VERY DEAR SIR,

"I have taken the liberty of forwarding to you a copy from our book, (as on other side,) of the *numbers* up to the present time. Truly we may say, 'What hath God wrought!'

"That you may be strengthened in body and blessed in soul, and rendered instrumental of still greater good, is the sincere and earnest prayer of

"Yours very respectfully,
"ABRAHAM SHARMAN.

"Special services, held in Brunswick chapel, Sheffield,—*results*,—from July 7th to August 2d, 1844.

Week ending	From the World.	In Society.	Sanctified.	Per Week.	Total.
July 12. . . .	200	39	51	290	..
" 19. . . .	180	32	152	364	..
" 26. . . .	222	44	96	362	..
Aug. 2. . . .	140	28	76	244	1260."

It is proper to remark that many of the above, *who were from the world*, resided in country Circuits, and within the range of other churches. On their return, they joined their respective churches in their own localities. Still the Wesleyans claim by far the largest proportion. I shall endeavor to find out what the real increase is likely to be, as realized by the Wesleyan church in Sheffield, and what proportion of the above numbers were members in the two Circuits in town, and shall state the same, if possible, in my next communication.

On the 4th instant, (August,) we commenced a series of special services in Norfolk Street chapel, which continued through eighteen days. I had little of that comfort and satisfaction in this chapel that I had at Ebenezer, Carver Street, and Brunswick chapels. There was something there, in my apprehension, that grieved the Holy Spirit; still the results were very great. From the world, more than four hundred souls; about two hundred of whom, I understand, joined the circuit to which Norfolk Street chapel belongs, and above one hundred united with the other Circuit. I was surprised to find, that of so many hundreds saved, so few belonged to the Norfolk Street congregation. Why, I cannot tell. The Lord knoweth; for all things are naked and open to Him, with whom we have to do. Perhaps they may yield themselves to God suddenly, even before I leave the town; for in this revival, nothing but what is quite impossible seems difficult.

> "Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
> It doth opposers all o'erturn."

I forgot to add that nearly three hundred believers professed to obtain purity of heart during the services in Norfolk Street. All glory be to God! He doeth the works. His arm is mighty. What can withstand his power? Sin, the devil, hell and its powers, sinners and their errors in doctrines and practice, must fly or fall before the influences of the Spirit, as chaff before the wind. Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Amen and amen!

I am sure the following letter, written to me by a superintendent of one of the Sabbath schools of this town, will be interesting to you. You may depend upon the statements it contains. If you think proper, you may read it to the children of your Sabbath school. It will show them how English children are affected by the truths of the gospel. Perhaps the teachers may also profit by it. By this document they may learn how deeply some of the teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools in England are concerned for the conversion of the children committed to their care. The great design of their labors is not merely to teach the pupils to read, (this and other branches of learning may be acquired in the week-day schools,) but to bring them to an early and to an experimental acquaintance with God. This should be the end, the distinct aim of all who labor in the Sabbath school. The object of such institutions is scarcely half accomplished, if the instruction does not result in the conversion of the scholar before his final dismission from the school.

"SHEFFIELD, CHURCH STREET, JULY 9, 1844.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I have thought several times you might not deem it impertinent in me if I were to inform you what God has been doing for us at Red Hill school.

"Sunday, July 7th, was the most glorious day ever witnessed in connection with the services of that institution. Many special seasons have occurred in its history, (one in particular, I remember, during which seventy children professed to obtain the forgiveness of their sins,) but the oldest laborer in the institution declares, that this gracious visitation from on high surpasses them all. A few friends met accidentally last week, and in the course of conversation, it was suggested that, now the special services were removed from the neighborhood of the school, something should be done to insure the stability of the work of God, so far as it had extended among the children. It was agreed, therefore, that all the teachers should be specially invited to attend on Sunday morning, that such plans might be adopted as would best conduce to that object. When they met, it was agreed that those children and teachers who had received blessings during the revival, should be called out of the school-room into the vestry, while a verse was being sung; that, while two of the friends made minute inquiries into the spiritual state of each child, and whether she had met in the class to which she had been appointed at the chapel, one of the superintendents should deliver a short address in the school, and commence a prayer meeting, inviting all who felt a desire to save their souls to come forward to be prayed for. The vestry was shortly filled with children who had been saved at the chapels, and it was a glorious sight; and soon after brother James Wilkinson had spoken a few solemn words, the power of the Holy Ghost descended and melted us all into tears. It was with some difficulty that we could get to our work of inquiry; but, when entered upon, it was most satisfactory. Out of more than eighty present, only nine had not been to class; and some of the nine had only been saved on the Thursday evening previously, and had not had the opportunity. Before, however, we had got through this part of our blessed labor, the room was again half filled with girls, who, with streaming eyes and joyful countenances, came to tell us what God had done for their souls in the prayer meeting that was being carried on in the school-room. From this time (soon after eleven o'clock) the children continued to throng into the vestry until nearly twelve, when eighty-two precious souls were rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God, and were appointed to suitable classes. During all this time my hands were so full I had not an opportunity to mingle with our friends in the school-room; and though we felt the presence of God with us in the vestry, in a remarkable manner, yet I am told that the scene in the school-room, and the glory felt, surpassed description. At one period it seemed as if the whole congregation of teachers and children were bowed down with the weight of the overshadowing glory. Hundreds were in distress; and it seemed a small matter for the whole school to be saved. In the afternoon, the prayer meeting was commenced again, and sixty-three more souls entered into the glorious liberty of the gospel. The whole number for the day being one hundred and forty-five. All glory be to God! We little expected such a result when God first put it in our hearts to care for the stability of the work among the children; and our cry is now, 'Lord, what shall we do next?' And I think there seems to be no answer but 'Walk by the same rule, mind the same thing.' The Lord help us!

"I should say that these details refer only to the girls' school, in which there are above five hundred scholars, nearly half of whom are now professing to believe on Jesus Christ to the salvation of their souls. There were also at least two clear instances of entire sanctification.

"I have written much more than I thought would be necessary. Please to pardon my prolixity, and believe me to remain, ever yours, most affectionately,

"G. CHALONER."

After finishing his labors in Norfolk Street chapel, Mr. Caughey revisited the other chapels, spending a day or two in each. He also spent one Sabbath in Bridgehouse's chapel. He closes his account of the Sheffield revival in the following words:

As the time of my departure from Sheffield approached, public excitement, and anxiety to hear the gospel, became deeper and more widely extended. The congregations were overwhelming, and my labors excessive. In consequence of which, I regret to find I have made but very few notes of our proceedings. Borne onward from one wave of feeling to another, I find myself in London; and the events of the last few weeks appear more "like a stormy and troubled dream" than realities, leaving me but few materials by which to enrich a letter to my friend. This may suffice, that hundreds more were saved, and multitudes of sinners besides were awakened to a concern for their souls, which it is to be hoped they may never lose.

I spent two evenings, before leaving Sheffield, with the ministers and leaders. The first evening with the officials of the West Circuit, in Carver Street band-room. The Rev. J. P. Haswell, Superintendent, presided. There are about fifty local preachers, and more than twice that number of class leaders on the Circuit, the greater part of whom were present. After tea, Mr. Haswell introduced the business of the meeting, desiring the leaders to give some account of the state of their classes, and the number and character of the *new converts* which had been committed to their care. Those who had obtained the largest accessions spoke first. Their testimonies were most cheering and satisfactory. O, it was a gracious and melting season! The brethren were all greatly favored of the Lord. Their lips seemed touched with celestial fire. They spoke with uncommon liberty, power, unction, and propriety. Some related cases of conversion of a very remarkable character. Others told some thrilling incidents in the history and experience of those lately brought in. My heart was greatly comforted. The reaction, about which some had prophesied, I felt sure would not come. I told the leaders all my heart, all I hoped, all I had feared. I pleaded the necessity of taking care of those who had been rescued from the devil and the world; urged on their attention, that much depended upon their faithfulness as leaders, in care, prayer, zeal, watchfulness, and perseverance, whether the multitudes saved should be preserved from going back into the world. The manner in which these dear brethren responded, left an impression upon my heart of gratitude, confidence, and joy, which I shall remember for ever. Mr. Haswell closed with prayer. And such a prayer! We had "showers of blessings." It seemed as if the heavens were opened, as if God and angels came down among men. The powers of the world to come overshadowed, and sweetly possessed, and filled every soul. He prayed for the uninterrupted progress of the work of God; for the stability of the new converts; but especially for me: and in such strains of heavenly eloquence as must have surprised himself, and with such a glowing fervency of soul as utterly amazed and overpowered me. May my most gracious God answer that wonderful prayer, (for if ever a prayer opened heaven, and entered into the ears of the Almighty, and moved him to do yet greater and more wondrous things, that prayer surely did,) and bless his precious servant, and reward him for his kindness to me, a stranger in a strange land! Amen and amen!

I had the privilege of a similar meeting, the following night, with the brethren in the East Circuit, in Norfolk Street band or school-room. This also was a gracious season; but hardly equal to the previous night. The leaders indeed, spoke equally well, and pledged themselves quite as heartily and sincerely to take all possible care of the recent subjects of mercy. But the Rev. Alexander Bell, and his excellent colleagues, who had seen this great work, and who took a rejoicing interest in its advancement, were not there; they had gone to their new Circuits. The Rev. Mr. Pilter, the new Superintendent, was exceedingly kind, and manifested a strong desire to have the meeting every way agreeable to myself. One or two of the new preachers were present, who of course could not be expected to have such deep sympathies with the work as those who had been so ardently engaged in it during the last four eventful months. I find it difficult at present to give you those accurate statistics which you desire, as to the extent of the revival. But the number saved must be very great; of this I shall be better able to inform you on my return from the continent. The brethren, the leaders and secretaries, will then have had time to compare notes; by which they will ascertain, with considerable accuracy, the actual accessions to the Wesleyan church on the two Circuits; and the exact numbers who belonged to other churches in town and country.

Thus delightfully terminated Mr. Caughey's remarkable career in Sheffield. To the curious reader, the following statement from a pamphlet published in Sheffield some eighteen months after he left, will be deeply interesting. It shows how fruitful of *permanent* good were his wonderful efforts.

The author says: "The annexed Statistical Account of the Special Services held in Sheffield, during 1844, by the Rev. James Caughey, carefully compiled from the register books kept on those occasions, will be viewed with deep interest, and may tend to throw light upon some of the anomalies hitherto regarded as inseparable from revival movements. Perhaps so complete a summary of a revival has never before been made public."

On this extract, Mr. Caughey makes the following comments:

In looking over the table to which the author refers, I perceive that more than three thousand sinners were converted to God; and upwards of fourteen hundred believers professed to have obtained purity of heart, or entire sanctification. Matt. v. 8; 1 Thess. v. 23; 1 John iv. 17, 18. About eleven hundred of the latter class belonged to the two Circuits in the town; the remainder were members of other churches in and around Sheffield. Of those justified, upwards of five hundred were already members; persons who either never had been regenerated, though meeting regularly in class, or who had been living in a backsliding state. Hundreds of the abovementioned three thousand persons, were from distant towns, "people of the world," living chiefly within the bounds of the Sheffield District, and who, doubtless, united with churches in their respective neighborhoods. Speaking of those which belonged to Sheffield, the author remarks: "With regard to these it may be stated, that many either could not be found by the address they gave, or never attended class; some were forbidden to join the society by their parents; some left the neighborhood; some proved to be impostors; while many, surrounded by the most wicked and abandoned of our race, and compelled to hold intercourse with them, amidst circumstances and influences of the most debasing and demoralizing character, were soon jeered or provoked out of their religion, and 'endured but for a time.'"

In again referring to the table, I find that one hundred and forty-nine were found to belong to churches in town, and at a distance. There were, besides, five or six score who were not appointed to classes, — who did not, when they gave their names to the secretary, decide to meet in class, or what church they would join. I cannot but admire the business-like manner in which the secretaries of the revival,* on both Circuits, performed their duties; nor the industry, patience, and care they have evidently taken in preparing materials for this remarkable, important, and well-authenticated table. For, I have no doubt, the author of the pamphlet received valuable aid from them in presenting the English public with such an interesting series of statistics.

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* West Circuit, Mr. John Unwin and Mr. John Jepson. East Circuit, Messrs. Abraham Sharman, John Jones, Jun., and Henry Alcard, Jun.

Of those converted from the world, "about one hundred and thirty-eight were generally under the age of sixteen." These were appointed to meet in classes for catechumens; and in due time, if faithful to the grace of God, will be received into the church as members. The actual increase which has been realized from this great revival, by the Wesleyan church in Sheffield, is best ascertained from the book of "Minutes of Conference." That for 1845 now lies before me, showing an increase on the previous year, up to the March quarter, in the Sheffield two Circuits, of between eight and nine hundred members! To God be all the glory! Amen and amen! The Sheffield District shows an increase on the past year of one thousand four hundred and twenty-five members, and one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight on trial. So that there is a good prospect that the increase in the District, this present year, will be large; so, should any reaction occur in Sheffield itself, the *District* will come up to the help of the good old town, and rescue the honor of the revival.*

Many who were converted during the above revival, are scattered over Methodism in the *District*, and in other churches, and indeed into various parts of the kingdom. I meet with some of them in my journeyings, who know me, although I am unable, frequently, to recognize them. How many times do they hail me with joy, and with heaven beaming upon their faces, and tell me what great things God wrought for their souls, under my humble ministry in Sheffield! My soul rejoices in the Lord, and triumphs in the Rock of my salvation. I feel sweetly happy. The revival in Sheffield surpassed any thing I had ever before witnessed: only think of such multitudes of immortal souls, saved in the short space of four months! I have sometimes feared I shall never again see such another work. Blessed be God, a revival has commenced in Birmingham, also; it is going on in great power, and there is a prospect of having thousands saved. Hallelujah!

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* Well, time, that brings about many important events, and tests many "works and ways," presents us with the "Minutes" for 1846. The increase this year in Sheffield is but small — only fifty. But it is a matter of comfort to me that two years will soon have expired, and yet, according to the best authenticated documents in Methodism, the "woful reaction," so confidently prophesied of by some, has not yet occurred! May it never! The District, as I expected, announces an increase of upwards of eight hundred members. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! J. C.

DECEMBER, 1846.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLOSE OF MR. CAUGHEY'S LABORS IN ENGLAND.

WITH the preceding chapter we exhausted Mr. Caughey's published "Letters" of their revival notices. He intends at some future time to issue another volume, containing notes of his continental tour, and of his subsequent movements in England. But as that is not yet out, we must be content to give the reader a hasty sketch of his further movements, up to the time of his return to America, from a pamphlet published in London, in 1847, and written by a Wesleyan Methodist. We begin with this writer's narrative where the last chapter concluded, viz.: at the close of the Sheffield revival.

Mr. Caughey concluded his labors in Sheffield on the 8th of September, (1844,) and in a few days started on a tour upon the Continent, an account of which will form a considerable portion of the volumes he is understood to be preparing for the press. He visited many of the celebrated cities and scenes of France and Italy, gathered information and illustrations for his work of "soul saving" as he proceeded, and, by the blessing of God, recruited his health. It is said that when at the top of St. Peter's, at Rome, he lingered behind the company with which he ascended, and, in the privacy thus obtained, for a short season, poured out his soul in fervent prayer for the destruction of popery and the conversion of its benighted votaries and victims. He returned to England on the 15th of November, and after spending a few days in London, — where he preached once in the Spitalfields Wesleyan chapel, when about twenty souls were saved, — proceeded to Sheffield, enjoyed some opportunities of happy intercourse with his old friends there, and then went to Huddersfield, to fulfil the engagement he made at the time the friends of that town relinquished their claim in favor of Sheffield.

The Huddersfield special services commenced on Sunday, December the 1st, and were continued until the beginning of April, 1845. After a tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness, the work of salvation proceeded with signal success, and mightily prevailed against all opposing influences. In one of the services, a young man, deaf and dumb, came under the divine influence. God first converted a companion of his, who could converse with him by signs, and who then preached Jesus to the "dummy" with his fingers. The incident was deeply affecting and interesting, and in the end the youth was saved gloriously.

At the close of the Huddersfield "campaign," Mr. Caughey's health was seriously affected; and he was glad to seek privacy for a short season, with a select company of Christian friends, at Thorp Arch, and also at the hospitable mansion of B. Wilson, Esq., of Mirfield, near Dewsbury. During the succeeding two months, he made excursions to Wakefield, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Sheffield, and Hull, at each of which places many souls were saved; and on the 14th of June, arrived in York, to commence special services there on the morning of Sunday, the 15th.

York having been favored with a very extensive revival of religion three or four years previously, Mr. Caughey, on entering upon his labors in this ancient city, felt a fear lest he might be stepping out of his right path, and lest his successes should be inferior to those he had experienced in some other places. Either this apprehension, or some other undefined cause, operated for a time with a depressing influence on his spirit. By the middle of July, the number saved was about six hundred; but, up to that time, he could seldom occupy more than half an hour with his sermon. "Some think," he says in a letter to a friend, "I can preach, and others think the contrary; and I leave them to settle it among them, and so the work goes on." It is certain, however, that he soon rose above his fears. He had reason to feel that he was in his right place. Here was a people prepared at once to enter into his plans. He met with an almost unexampled unanimity of co-operation on the part of all the preachers on the circuit, together with the officers and principal members of the society. One sentiment seemed to pervade all classes as to the greatness of the work which God was working among them.

After spending a few weeks in the smaller places of worship in the city, and when he had fully commenced his labors in that spacious and elegant structure, the Centenary Chapel, the effects of his ministry began to be strikingly manifest. It may also be doubted whether he ever rose to loftier heights of eloquence, or uttered more impressive appeals, than during some of the services in this chapel. The following remarks occur in the manuscript journal of one who observed him narrowly: "On July 21st, 1845, heard the Rev. James Caughey preach in the Centenary Chapel at York. The text was, 'It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.' Of all the numerous slanders that have been propagated concerning this extraordinary man, surely one of the most senseless is that which lays to his charge that Christ, in his preaching, is not exalted, and sometimes not even named. I have heard most of the celebrated ministers of the present day, but I cannot, at this moment, call to mind any instance in which I have heard the glories of the Redeemer so magnified as in this morning's discourse. There were passages where the preacher inferred the divinity of the Saviour's person from the peculiar manner in which some of his miracles were wrought, which gave me the best idea I have ever obtained of the manner and effect of Whitefield's preaching, so far as they are recorded. The whole congregation seemed, in reality, to be at once 'moved, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind.'"

In about three months, two thousand persons professed to have received good under Mr. Caughey's ministry. These included, of course, many from the surrounding district, and not a few from other bodies of Christians.*

While in York, the second volume of his "Letters" was published, and had an extensive sale; about 3,000 copies being ordered before it was issued.

From York Mr. Caughey retired to Scarborough, to obtain a little rest; but the good people there prevailed upon him to preach several times, with the hearty sanction of the Rev. John Walsh, the Superintendent, and nearly two hundred were saved. After a week's stay, he left Scarborough on the 8th of October, and visited in succession Huddersfield, Sheffield, Chesterfield, (a fortnight, seven hundred and thirty saved,) Doncaster, (a week, five hundred and twenty-six saved,) York, (to take leave,) Huddersfield, Howley, Sheep-bridge, and Macclesfield, (a week, four hundred saved;) and arrived at the mansion of John Wright, Esq., Spark Brook House, Birmingham, on the 6th of December, at the earnest solicitation of the Rev. Alexander Bell, Chairman of the District, and the Rev. George Turner, Superintendent of the Birmingham West Circuit.

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* Justified from the world, 942; in society, 372; total justified, 1314. Sanctified, 727. Total 2041. Of those justified from the world, 245 were backsliders, many of them of eight, ten, twelve, and some even twenty years standing. These were questioned as to the cause of their fall. Of the males three fourths referred their downfall to intoxicating drink; the females, in a majority of instances, referred theirs to "marrying an ungodly partner," or "engaging as servant in an irreligious family."

Five months' special services in Birmingham (occasionally interrupted by ill health, Missionary meetings, and a short visit to Huddersfield and Sheffield) resulted in the salvation of between two and three thousand sinners. It was a mighty work, and tasked the energies of Mr. Caughey to the utmost. Still he came out of the battle invigorated both in body and mind. The following hasty note, written at the close of the "campaign," will be interesting for two reasons, — it gives a rapid, lightning-like glance into the intense heart of the writer, and is a fair specimen of the off-hand sort of correspondence he carries on with his bosom friends during the progress of a revival.

"BIRMINGHAM, MAY 7, 1846.

"MY DEAR BROTHER ———,

"I preached my farewell last night. Tea-meeting for leaders to-night, and to-morrow night. About four thousand two hundred saved, in both blessings.* To God be all the praise and glory! My health is better than when I came. This is of God also. My soul is happy, and deeply humble before God. Nottingham on Sabbath the 10th, if all be well. When shall I see you? I preached out of town and out of doors last Sabbath to a multitude of colliers — £80 collections for a chapel, but not quite fifty saved. I do little in scattering shot here and there. As ever, in Jesus,

"JAMES CAUGHEY.

"P. S. I write this at Dr. Melson's. Farewell. J. C."

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* Pardon and Purity.

The revival in Nottingham was more glorious than all. Mr. Caughey opened his commission there on the 10th of May, 1846, and in the short space of one month upwards of fourteen hundred were converted to God. Sunday, the 31st of May, and two days following, Mr. Caughey spent at Castle Donnington, and one hundred and eighty persons were converted to God. He then returned to Nottingham, and completed his engagement on the 12th of June.

Lincoln then enjoyed the benefit of his labors for a fortnight, during which three hundred and sixty-eight were brought over from the ranks of Satan, and two hundred and eighty-three professed to experience sanctifying grace. From thence he went to Boston, where he wrote, "The devil has met me on the low grounds of Lincolnshire as Napoleon met Wellington on the plains of Belgium. Never have I had such a flailing from the public papers." The enemy, however, suffered a signal overthrow, and about four hundred were saved.

Passing through Sheffield, on the 23d of July, Mr. Caughey proceeded to Borrowash, near Derby, and to Nottingham, to preach occasional sermons; and returning to the north, arrived in Sunderland in time to commence special services on Sunday, August 2d, at the invitation of the Rev. W. Horton, the Superintendent.

There was a great work in Sunderland. At first it moved slowly; but gathering momentum as it proceeded, it resulted in the salvation of nine hundred and thirty-eight persons in somewhat less than five weeks. Of these, seven hundred and eleven were cases of justification, that is, three hundred and sixty who had previously been members of society, and three hundred and fifty-one sinners and backsliders. At South Shields also, which Mr. Caughey visited one Sabbath during his stay in Sunderland, about seventy were saved, many of them backsliders. When, on the 4th of September, he was preparing to leave Sunderland, the members of society presented a petition to their Superintendent urgently requesting him to invite Mr. Caughey to visit the circuit again.

From Sunderland, Mr. Caughey went to Gateshead, being invited to that circuit by the Rev. S. Dixon, the Superintendent. Before the close of the first week, one hundred and twenty-six were saved. On the 12th of September, he retired to Scarborough, partly for seclusion, and partly to recruit his health, which was failing.

After reposing a while in Scarborough, Mr. Caughey visited Asburn, Eutoxeter, Birstall, Todmorden Vale, and Bourne, with his usual success. These labors, with flying visits to various other places, employed the winter and spring of 1846 and 1847. In July, 1847, believing it was the will of Providence he should return to America, he made preparations for an Atlantic voyage.

Before we introduce the reader to the scenes of that voyage we call his attention to the following undeniable evidences of the genuineness of the impression which induced him to go to Europe. The voice of God whispered thus to his heart:

"The will of God is that thou shouldst visit Europe. He shall be with thee there, and give thee many seals to thy ministry. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and next Conference, ask liberty from the proper authorities, and it shall be granted thee. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England. God shall be with thee there — thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings, and thou shalt be brought back in safety to America."

Such was the "call." Behold the verification of its particulars up to the time of his departure from England, in the following statements, taken from the before-mentioned pamphlet.

The terms of Mr. Caughey's "call," as previously quoted, are directive and predictive.

1st. *Directive.* — "These matters which trouble thee must be let entirely alone. The will of God is that thou shouldst visit Europe. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and, next Conference, ask liberty from the proper authorities. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England." These directions scarcely call for remark, except on the subject of funds. Mr. Caughey informs us that he had "funds sufficient for a two years' tour;" and that he intended "to spend at least two years in Europe." It is now nearly six years since he landed in Liverpool, having spent the previous ten months in Canada.

2d. *Predictive.* — "He shall give thee many seals to thy ministry. Liberty from the proper authorities shall be granted thee. God shall be with thee in England — thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings, and thou shalt be brought back in safety to America." It has been seen that Mr. Caughey had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence from his Conference. The remaining points must now be noticed.

"*He shall give thee many seals to thy ministry.*" — Mr. Caughey's ministry in Canada was eminently successful; but as I have no authorized report, besides his own statement of the results, I will lay no stress upon them. What they have been in England we know, and have the highest connexional authority to assist us in proving. According to the Minutes of Conference, the increase to the principal societies which have been favored with Mr. Caughey's labors was, in Liverpool, 404; in Leeds, 529; in Hull, 935; in Sheffield, 864; in Huddersfield, 749; in York, 210; and in Chesterfield, 230. The Birmingham Society had an increase of 663 at the Michaelmas Quarter-day, 1846, as compared with the Minutes of 1845; and in every other town he has visited there has been a corresponding increase. But this statement only shows the local effect of Mr. Caughey's labors. Numbers of persons have travelled ten, twenty, thirty, and even fifty miles, to obtain the benefits of the revivals which his ministry originated, and returned home rejoicing in the salvation of the gospel. In fact, the return to Conference does not represent one half the actual good effected in the conversion of sinners, as the following statement, drawn up from authentic sources, will show: —

	Justified.	Sanctified.	Total.
* Dublin	700	100	800
* Limerick	130	30	160
* Cork	300	50	350
* Bandon	70	20	90
* Liverpool	1300	400	1700
* Leeds	1600	1000	2600
* Hull	2300	900	3200
Sheffield	3352	1448	4800
Huddersfield	1879	755	2634
York	1314	727	2041
* Birmingham	2800	1400	4200
Nottingham	1412	553	1965
Lincoln	368	283	651
* Boston	260	140	400
Sunderland	711	227	938
* Gateshead	80	46	126
* Scarborough	134	66	200
Chesterfield	599	137	736
Doncaster	356	170	526
* Macclesfield	260	140	400
* Wakefield	200	130	330
* Various visits, London, Leeds, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Belper, and places in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, &c., at a moderate computation	1500	500	2000
	21,625	9,222	30,847

* The numbers stated for these places are approximations — rather under than over the truth. I have not succeeded in obtaining particular accounts.

Thus there is every reason to believe that in England alone Mr. Caughey's ministry has been the means of turning more than twenty thousand persons from darkness to light, from sin unto holiness. I have nothing here to do with the allegement that many of these may have become backsliders: the Church has had to mourn over such ever since the days of the Apostles. I stand upon the great fact, that unusual numbers of sinners have been converted to God in consequence of Mr. Caughey's special call to visit England; that many, very many of these remain steadfast and blameless to the present day; and that this is in strict accordance with, and a literal fulfilment of, the terms, predictive and otherwise, of that call, which was committed to writing before Mr. Caughey left the United States, and published in this country almost at the commencement of the period of his greatest success.

"*Thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings.*"—"The possession of a few hundreds of dollars," said Mr. Caughey, in August, 1840, referring to a period anterior to his call to visit Europe, "had often made me very uneasy. I doubted the propriety of laying up treasure on earth. The cause of missions stood in need of what I possessed, but still I was restrained. Now I clearly saw that God had provided me with these funds in order to make me willing to obey the call, and to save me from embarrassment in my travels." Like a man of sense and prudence, he appears to have calculated how long his own funds would support him, and determined accordingly the period of his tour. He intended to spend "at least two years" in Europe; yet Providence has so ordered it that, though he has been nearly six years in these kingdoms, and since his arrival lost nearly all the money he brought with him by the bankruptcy of the party with whom it was deposited, he has had "no want;" his revival operations have never been impeded for lack of funds; and thus the prediction has been fulfilled to the letter.

"*Thou shalt be brought back in safety to America.*"—This, it will be seen by the next chapter, was fulfilled also. Who ever had a *false* impression so significantly sustained by the providence of God as was this call of Mr. C.? Not one. What then is the irresistible conclusion? Why, clearly, that Mr. Caughey's commission was of God.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

THE following letter to some of Mr. Caughey's Huddersfield friends, written on his arrival in New York, gives a very unique account of his homeward voyage. It will be read with deep interest.

To Messrs. Joseph Webb and Thomas Mallinson, of Huddersfield.

NEW YORK, NOV. 8, 1847.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

On the 20th day of July, 1847, after taking a most tender farewell of a large number of precious friends, who had accompanied me on board the steamer Hibernia, that noble vessel weighed anchor, and "stood down" the Mersey. With a deeply affected heart I watched the motions of the small steamer which bore my friends to the shore — friends dear to my soul — who, to the last hour of my footsteps on British soil, to the last moment of our parting, lavished upon me the tokens of their boundless affection.

"There are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away; —
O! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay;
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in days that are darkest they kindly will stay,
And the heart in its last throb will beat with them still."

But, alas! that was a sad, *sad* day; and had it not been for the hope of meeting these beloved ones again, upon earth, I should have been heart-broken. My straining eyes followed the little steamer, till it was lost to recognition among other boats; and when I no longer knew the one around which my affections should entwine, wandering vision found repose upon Liverpool, where I knew that not a few of my spiritual children resided, and in whose streets many of my friends had arrived, with whom I had parted an hour or two before. Liverpool at length disappeared, and lastly, the happy shores of England itself — "that little world, that precious stone, set like an unfading emerald in the silver sea," as one of her own poets has expressed it; and I was left alone to my own reflections. My mind was greatly confused and agitated; seemed as if awaking from a troubled dream. "I have finished the work, O Lord, thou hast given me to do. If thou, Lord, shouldst say, 'Nay,' the responsibility must rest somewhere else than upon thy poor servant. Longer I could not have stayed in England, without rendering myself like thee, my Master,—'a stone of stumbling, and rock of offence;'—not to the wicked world, but to some good men, whose prejudices, and attachment to church order, would not allow them to appreciate my works and motives. By remaining longer on those shores, now lost, perhaps forever, to my eyes, more evil than good, all things considered, would most likely have resulted. Farewell, England! 'sunshine gilds no coast where God is served more purely than in thee!' Farewell, Ireland! where I have seen many hundreds of sinners converted; — afflicted, distracted Ireland; 'the place where first we breathed, who can forget?' Farewell, Zion! Farewell, friends of my heart! — 'hearts in union mutually disclosed.'

'Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;' —

To you, a tearful agonizing farewell! And farewell, poor perishing sinners, whom I would fain have brought into the path to heaven, by thousands, and hundreds of thousands. Farewell, ye men of God! ye ministers of his, ye local preachers and leaders, officers of Emmanuel's hosts, who helped me often to push the battle to the gates, and to shout the victory close by the trembling gates of hell. Farewell! farewell! my children in the Lord; the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord; whom I found in the hand of the enemy, led captive by him at his will, and whom I left in thy care, O blessed Jesus! chief Shepherd, and Bishop of souls. Keep them, O Saviour, from the evils which are in the world! may none of them backslide from thee, or dishonor thy cause. Amen!" More I cannot describe upon paper. The lights on the Isle of Man appeared about twilight, and shortly after the quarter moon went down behind a bank of cloud. The evening was pleasant, with a placid sea, which suited the state of my weak body and mind.

> "Soft hour! which makes the wish, and melts the heart
> Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
> When they from their sweet friends are torn apart."

I walked the deck till a late hour, lost in thought;—"*thoughts of the heart*, how soft ye flow! mournful and sweet, as music's dying fall;"—fraught with many a treasured hope, and tender memory, darting to regions afar; now with lately-parted friends, and the next moment with expectant friends in North America. Both hemispheres were visited, quicker than the scintillations of the *Aurora Borealis*. My whole being had, as it were, resolved itself into memory,—"an ocean of memories." Some one has termed the memory, *the image chamber of the soul.* Mine was that, truly; and many images were there, and mingled pictures, "like broken scenery mirrored on the surface of a troubled stream." Some were delightfully pleasing, because associated with the expectation of soon mingling my tears of joy with those of long-tried friends in America; while others were oppressively sad, on account of friends I might possibly meet no more upon earth; and these crossed each other and intermingled, "as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain meet in the sky." But enough of this.

> "The dangers I had 'scaped, the broken snare,
> The disappointed foe, deliverance found
> Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,
> Fruits of omnipotent eternal love,"

called for loudest songs of praise. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

The following morning we were running along the northern coast of Ireland, "its weather-beaten and bleached rocks from the green waves emerging." At the close of day land had almost disappeared.

> "Away! away we steer,
> Upon the ocean's breast,
> And dim the distant heights appear
> Like clouds along the west:
> While our ship, — lonely as the bird,
> Whose home is on the wing," —

hurried onward, fearlessly, into the bosom of night. Morning came, and nothing but sky and water appeared around; our ship, "poised in the centre of a sphere," wrestling hard with a rolling treacherous sea, "a working sea remaining from a storm," and nearly all the passengers sick, among whom I also was "a complainant." And old voyagers there were who grumbled heavily at the loss of both breakfast and dinner, a thing they did not appear to have been accustomed to; relish such usage they neither could nor would, and so revenged their affronts by dashing most vociferously, and without a word of apology, the whole of "stomach contents" directly in the face of the sea, "fearless of old ocean's face or thundering frown." During three or four days there were some sturdy contests of this kind, between the haughty sea and stubborn passengers, and many an interchange of mutual affronts. A few retired from the scene of conflict, concealing their defeat between decks; others, with myself, scorned to retreat till it could be done "with good grace," under cover of night. The day passed tediously away; night came, and so did morning, bleak and dreary enough; but an array of pale faces on deck, proclaimed if we were weak, we were still unconquered.

The sea at length became less rude and more civil. The aspect of old ocean was still sufficiently rugged and dreary, but there was a sensible improvement in its spirit and tone. "The billows roll with pleasurable swell," says some votary of the muses. I wonder if he was ever sea-sick. The *uneasy* swell continued, but the pulsations of ocean's breast beat less heavily, and so did those of our "inner man." Appetite gradually returned; there was a better muster at the saloon table; but a few stragglers, among whom was your friend, were content with a place on deck, "under open sky," plate on knee, suspicious of *treachery*, *fearing a surprise.* Confidence, however, gradually returned; and on the evening of the fifth day, there were some appearances of sociability, for a most *unsocial* thing is this sea-sickness. The sentiment of one could now be reciprocated:

> "The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
> And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky."

On Sabbath, 25th July, the captain requested me to conduct divine service. Being somewhat out of order, I requested him, in return, to read prayers, and I would preach; which he did in a most devout manner, and with good effect. After service I was addressed by a gentleman, thus: "Sir, some did not like your sermon; but I did. It was short, but sweet." Shortly after, a British officer, on his way to join his regiment in Quebec, stepped up, and said, "Sir, I have heard that to-day which I have been desiring in vain to hear during the last thirty years—a *short sermon*, Sir." The major appeared highly pleased, not with the doctrine, nor style of the sermon, but with its *brevity;* which to those versed like himself in the woes of long sermons, he considered an absolute luxury. Perhaps I had preached longer than the major was aware; but no matter, he was really happy to find one man, after a search of thirty years, who had better sense than to weary his hearers. He then entered into a lengthy detail of his sufferings from "the intolerable infliction of long sermons." Poor man! his suffering had weighed so heavily upon his *nervous sensibilities*, that the bare remembrance of them was sufficient to rouse all his energies into repugnance. He became really eloquent, "and every feeling uttered, fully felt;" but, unfortunately, his excitement carried him, perhaps, much further than he had intended—"that preaching might as well be dispensed with altogether." To this I demurred, which set him on the defensive. Finding it rather difficult to maintain his position, he withdrew his artillery, and retreated, supposing, probably, that I was as guilty as any of my cloth in "long sermon outrage;" and he was not far mistaken.

As day succeeded day, our prospects brightened. Few there were who were not cheered by the anticipation of meeting friends on the approaching shores, and all seemed to be more reconciled to "life at sea." Our fine steamer flew along the waters, ruling the elements and free waves, "impelled as though she felt a soul within her heart of oak;" reminding one of those quaint lines of Raleigh:

> "Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
> Under the ship, as through them she went,
> That seemed the waves were into ivory,
> Or ivory into waves were sent."

On Saturday, the eleventh day from Liverpool, we hailed the shores of North America, frowning through the folds of a dense fog; and, on the same day, we entered the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, thankful to our heavenly Father for his abounding mercies. A brother recognized me as soon as I stepped ashore, who remembered with joy my visit in 1841. We enjoyed a pleasant walk through the city, returned to dinner on board, and after posting a few letters for friends in England, our steamer was again in motion. The fog became thicker than ever, so as to render our egress from the harbor hazardous; but we regained the sea in safety, and steered for Boston, U. S.

Next day, (Sabbath,) the captain desired me to officiate; but I informed him there was a Baptist minister on board, and that Christian courtesy required he should be requested to preach; and, that I doubted not most of the passengers would be highly pleased to hear him. The captain kindly consented, and we had a profitable season. A few were displeased with the preacher. The introduction of the horrors of hell, and the rich man calling for a drop of water to cool his tongue, could not be pardoned in so polite an assembly. I defended the good brother with all kindness and plainness. The major again made his appearance, and I could not well keep my eye off him, remembering his mortal distaste for long sermons; and felt for both him and the preacher, the latter not being aware of his prejudices. A few minutes, however, decided the matter. The major began to grope about for his hat; and I was glad to turn my eye in another direction, as he boldly marched doorward, and made his exit; thinking, doubtless, that when in the church at Quebec, at the head of his regiment, he could not with so "good grace" reprove the prolixity of the preacher. I had some liberty in the concluding prayer.

On the same night blue lights were projected from deck in hopes of "signalizing" the outward bound mail steamer; but the compliment not being returned by the vessel whose watch-lights had attracted our attention, we concluded we had mistaken the ship. The night was dark and dreary; but all were cheered by the hope of a safe arrival at the port of destination on the morrow; a hope which a kind Providence did not disappoint.

Morning came, and with it a very bad fog. Supposing land to be near, a sharp look-out was maintained on all sides. Guns were fired at intervals for a harbor pilot, but in vain. We continued to near the shore, which was as yet but an object of faith; it might be within gunshot, or at a considerable distance. The "random gun," the heavy plunge of the lead, and report of soundings, had a solemn effect. Suddenly we had a glimpse of rugged rocks, like spectres starting out of the fog, and disappearing again. We stood in admiration of the confidence, prudence, and judgment of captain, officers, and men. Our coast pilot, embarrassed more and more by the encompassing fog, ascended the mainmast, in hopes of overlooking it. He succeeded, and from his giddy position gave his commands to the helmsman, who obeyed his injunctions, *in faith*, dashing the vessel headlong into an "obscurity that might be felt," regardless of rocks which frowned sudden terror, and which as suddenly disappeared. The fog dispersed; all was well; we found ourselves in the "narrows" leading to Boston harbor; and saw

Boston itself, reposing like a brilliant gem, enchased within a soft and pretty arrangement of scenery; the whole lighted up with that freshness and beauty so peculiar to an American summer morning.

It was noon before we got our baggage ashore. The day became extremely hot, which, to us who had been exposed to the sea breezes and to weather singularly chilly and raw, was very oppressive. The hotel to which we were conducted, being pleasantly situated, we concluded to remain a day or two to recruit. "I had hardly got rid of the rocking sensation of the ship," remarked one similarly circumstanced to ourselves, "and this being but my second night ashore, I slept as a landsman does when he once more gains firm earth. On the former day, when walking, my very toes grasped the ground, as if each was a *feeler*. I clung to it with my feet, and planted them on land like the sea-horse climbing an iceberg." My nights, for some time after landing, were of a restless character; on waking up, I hardly ever realized myself on shore. But my soul was continually happy and thankful. Gratitude to my good and gracious God ever animated my heart. He had vouchsafed to his unworthy servant, in answer to the fervent prayers of many thousands, a safe and pleasant voyage, and speedy, occupying only about twelve days and a half from Liverpool. We learned, indeed, from the public papers, that a few degrees from our position on the Atlantic, a vessel had encountered a tremendous gale, on the night of the 30th July, which carried away her mainmast, together with fore and mizzen topmast and sails, but it had no commission against us. Shortly after we landed, another terrific gale swept the American coast, which resulted in many disasters, with loss of life. But he who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand, held the elements in restraint, till we were out of the reach of their fury. "Doth Job fear God for nought? hast thou not made a hedge about him, and about all that he hath on every side?" was Satan's complaint concerning Job. God can plant his hedge as a defence around his servants at sea, as firmly as on land, and can say thereby to the winds and waves, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Ocean may fling his mountain waves against it, and *the prince of the power of the air* may sometimes, for aught we know, gather the winds of heaven in one collected blast, charged with the strength and wrath of hell, involving sea and sky, but in vain! the hedge is there, — the blast of hell is paralyzed, — there is no *breakwater* so effectual as the hedge of God's right hand planting.

I left Boston for New York, where I was joyfully received by Mr. and Mrs. John Caughey (cousins) and family. From thence I proceeded up the Hudson River to Newburgh, and took my sister and family by surprise. We had a joyful meeting. From Newburgh I set out for Troy and Lansingburgh, the highest navigable point of the Hudson, and preached at both places; thence to Whitehall, where I formerly received orders for Europe. I landed there about five o'clock in the morning, and, without making myself known to any one, I hastened up the rocky steeps to Providence Path. It is impossible to describe my feelings when my feet paced that Path once more. My heart was filled with love and joy, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with praises. The rocks rang with shouts of joy. This was my "*triumphal.*" No human eye saw me, no human ear heard my bursting joy — my acclamations! Angels, I cannot but think, were spectators, and shared in the "TRIUMPH" which Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, had granted to the weakest and meanest of the servants of Heaven. O! it was a time never to be forgotten. I had not expected such a great blessing; my soul was taken by surprise, and was caught up into the chariot of love. No Roman hero ever returned to Rome with such a glow of happiness in his bosom; none surely ever enjoyed his triumphal entry into the Roman capital, as I did mine, amidst the rocks of Providence Path. When words were exhausted, and I stood in adoring wonder, not knowing what more to say, that fine hymn rolled in upon memory, and fired my soul afresh. It was quite unpremeditated; that is, it was not thought of in view of the occasion: rather I would believe, it was prompted by the Spirit of God, and my willing soul seized it, and made it the vehicle to convey its loftiest emotions of gratitude and joy to the feet of Christ my Lord:

"This, this is the God I adore,
My faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose mercy shall guide me safe home;
I'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come."

And I sang as if heaven and earth should hear. The Lord had performed his every promise, and fulfilled all his intimations of good things to come, which he had made me to understand, when he gave me my *European commission!* and he had brought me back again in peace and safety, according to his word; and, had I held my peace, the rocks around Providence Path might well have cried out.

I then walked down into a lonely glen, another place sacred to memory; where, some weeks after my *call* to Europe, and when the following words were resting upon my heart with a sweet influence, "I must preach the gospel under other skies;" when walking, engaged in deep communion with God, I observed, on looking up, how rapidly the clouds were careering along the sky. I fell upon my knees and sang:

> "Who points the clouds their course,
> Whom winds and seas obey,
> He shall direct my wandering feet,
> He shall point out my way."

And now that I had returned, and the Lord had made all his goodness to pass before me, how could I pass that glen and not turn in thither, kneel upon the same green turf, and sing the same verse I had sung there eight years before? Then, indeed, it was the language of confiding faith and unwavering trust; now, of confidence and certainty of knowledge; but both dispositions were equally pleasing to God, although the latter was now the easier and happier feeling of the two. Here again, I was blessed, in substituting "he *has directed* my wandering feet, he *has pointed* out the way." Had some musical critics indeed been present, they would have been alarmed for *the fate of the tune;* but it was for the ears of God alone; and was accepted on account of the sweet melody made in the heart to the Lord. Eph. v. 19. On the same day I went on board the steamer Whitehall, and sailed for Burlington, Vt., a pretty town on the eastern banks of Lake Champlain, where I received a hearty welcome to my American home, by my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haynes. All glory and praise be unto God! Amen. Since my arrival in America, I have travelled nearly two thousand miles, preached in several places, and have seen a few sinners converted to God.

Last week I visited Poughkeepsie, the residence of Bishop Hedding. He was not at home, but was expected daily. I concluded to await the arrival of the noon steamer, determining to remain, should the Bishop arrive by her; if not, to proceed by the same boat down the river. Providentially the Bishop was on board. He received me most cordially, and I returned with him to his mansion.

After some conversation with the Bishop, I desired to be alone with God; excused myself for an hour, and walked out. I had not gone far before God met me, and filled my heart with love. My soul rejoiced with exceeding joy; all within me shouted his praise. Ah! I thought, this will do. God is mine, and I am his; he is on my side; no evil can happen. All is well! I felt nothing in my heart but pure love to God and man. Hallelujah! That night I preached in the church contiguous to the Bishop's residence, and a number of persons came forward to be prayed for; but, as I had to leave before the close of the service, I did not learn the results.

Yesterday we commenced "special services" in one of our churches in this city. The congregation was rather small, when compared with those I had seen in England; but there was some feeling; and we are praying, hoping and believing, for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the population of this great city. The results may form the material for another communication. My health, thank God, is very good.

As to my future movements in this country, I can say nothing certain. I purpose to walk closely with God; to watch intently the providential cloud, and follow it. My soul has been weak since my arrival, and I have not had my usual liberty in preaching, nor success; — have been much buffetted by the enemy, and weakened by various causes, not necessary now to mention. But I would encourage myself in the Lord, that these circumstances are a prelude to a succession of victories. I have felt a loss in my soul in returning into the hands of the Lord my European commission. While I held that, all the energies of soul and body were consecrated to it, and engaged in carrying out its purport. My American has not been so clearly defined, nor so satisfactorily renewed. I feel somewhat like an officer of the army on furlough, and longing once more to lead the hosts of God to battle, and to victory.

> "To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,—
> But Nature's mightiest effort is to WAIT."

Since his return, this beloved brother has spent his summers mostly in literary labors at his favorite residence in Burlington, Vermont. In the winter months he has labored chiefly at New York, Albany, Providence, and Lowell. We find the following notice in the London Wesleyan Times, of his labors in Providence:

Our Chesnut street charge in Providence, Rhode Island, is enjoying a most blessed work of God, under the labors of the Rev. James Caughey, a brother well known on your side of the water. Perhaps a short account of this work will be acceptable to your readers. Mr. Caughey commenced his labors here the first Sabbath in December last, under somewhat unfavorable circumstances. The society was quite low in spirituality; but few possessed the revival spirit, and but few, comparatively, were ready to act for the salvation of souls. There was, however, a desire on the part of some to witness a revival, while a few were earnestly praying for it. Mr. Caughey was most cordially received among them, and a good number at once rallied around him. His preaching soon took effect. Multitudes began to feel that all was not right. It was a time of great heart-searching. Many who had been members of the church for years became alarmed for their safety. They came to the altar and sought a clear witness of their justification, and were soon rejoicing in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins. About the second week of the meeting, the work commenced among sinners. From that time to the present, the work has been going on gloriously among them. There has been scarcely a night but what awakenings and conversions have been witnessed. In some instances the large altar, at which about thirty-five can kneel, has been literally crowded with those seeking mercy. Probably about two hundred have obtained a clear sense of justification since the meetings commenced, and more than one half of them from the world. Persons of almost all ages and classes have been subjects of the revival, though, as is usually the case, the larger proportion saved are among the middle aged and youth. Some of the most hard-hearted and wicked have found mercy. Some who were infidels, Universalists, sceptics, Sabbath-breakers, and profane, are found among the happy, rejoicing converts. Several heads of families have been saved. Husbands and wives, parents and children, have been enabled to rejoice, for the first time, in God's pardoning love. Several members of the Bible classes connected with our Sabbath School have been made unspeakably happy. Members of the Baptist and Congregational churches have been blessed at our altar. A large number of backsliders have been reclaimed. The work of entire sanctification has progressed with that of conversion. At our love-feast on the 7th inst., at which about one hundred spoke of a present salvation, a large number bore testimony that the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son," had cleansed them "from all sin." It was a most glorious season! We have received nearly fifty on probation during the meetings; several have united with other churches, and probably as many more will join soon. But the work is still going on in power. Last evening our altar was nearly full of persons, most of whom were seeking mercy. Mr. Caughey has usually preached every evening in the week, except Monday and Saturday evenings; and for about six weeks he has preached four times during the week in the afternoons. The afternoon meetings have been signally blessed to believers. His preaching has been "with power." We have wondered that any one could withstand its convincing and searching power. His great business is to win souls to Christ, and he is greatly honored and blessed in his work. How *many* seals he will have to his ministry! Though the work is still going on, he thinks he must leave us soon, to seek for souls in other places. I need not tell you he has many warm friends here, who seem quite unwilling to let him go. They seem afraid they shall "see his face no more." His labors are in great demand. "Come and help us!" is reaching him from almost every point.

Glorious results have followed his labors in the other places named above. God is with him. The people love him. What his future history will be, God, the Omniscient, can alone discover.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters, the first from Mr. Caughey, and the second from the Rev. James Everett, will be read with interest by the friends of revivals. Mr. E.'s letter is very ably written, and furnished an effectual shield against the poisoned darts of those enemies to revival movements who attacked Mr. C. in England. It is introduced by Mr. Caughey in the following words:

The following letter was written by the Rev. James Everett to an inquiring friend. It was inclosed to me a few days since, with permission to make what use of it I pleased. Having obtained leave of Mr. Everett to publish it among my printed Letters, I now do so with no small degree of pleasure. It contains, certainly, an ingenious apology for the matter and manner of my preaching, which, it seems, have excited a great deal of interest, if not speculation, in certain quarters.

Since my arrival in England, I have endeavored to preach the gospel of God my Saviour in sincerity and in truth, and according to the ability God has given. My manner of illustrating the truths of the gospel, I cannot consider altogether singular or peculiar to myself, as there are many ministers who avail themselves of similar advantages for the elucidation of truth. It is not however improbable that I may sometimes draw more largely upon nature and active life for similes than many of my brethren. I often think there is a necessity for this, circumstanced as I am with a crowd of sinners around me, composed of various grades of character, who must be brought first to understand, and then to feel the truth; and this, not for a few meetings only, but throughout a series of services in the same town, and extending through a succession of several months.

Bold as have been my appeals to sinners, and mysterious and hazardous as have been some of my delineations of character, and frequently as the bow has been drawn at a venture, I know my heart is right with God: and even those who have heard, with amaze, those appeals to certain characters, have been afterwards compelled to acknowledge that He has confirmed the word by signs following.

JAMES CAUGHEY.

Spark Brook House, Birmingham, Feb. 16, 1846.

The following is Mr. Everett's letter:

YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND H * * *,

The objections noticed by you, to the Rev. James Caughey, are only such as have taken the round of the social circle, and absolutely become stale by repetition. I have heard them so often in my wanderings, that they have now become like the dust on the causeway along which I walk, and are passed over with the buoyant step of a youth of eighteen. It affords me pleasure to find that you are breaking away from your prejudices, and that the excellent persons to whom you refer have also got their minds disabused on the subject. Most of the objections have originated either in ignorance or malice — proceeding, in the first instance, from the professors of religion, and, in the second, from the profane; designed, of course, in the one case, and undesigned in the other: and the two uniting in their progress through society, have formed, at length, a kind of common stock, out of which, persons so disposed, are helping themselves — employing at the same time such latitude of meaning, and such vividness of coloring, as occasionally to give a new face and form to detached portions; not unfrequently uttering them with such an air of the oracular, as to impress you with the notion that the oracle has spoken for the first time, and that the objection is the result of personal observation and special investigation. It is amusing, in one view, to find the "wise says" met with in Ireland, struggling to obtain currency in England, and after passing from lip to ear, winding their way through almost every grade of society, from John o' Groat's house in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall, passing off very often in the shape of "new discoveries." In listening to the tales of oral reporters, I am often reminded of Mr. Wesley's remark to the celebrated Beau Nash, who, on demanding the authority of the allegations of the latter, and being informed that he spake from "common report," very significantly and pungently retorted, "I dare not judge of you by common report." This was admirable, and must have been felt like the keen edge of a razor. Common report, in fact, is rarely to be trusted with either sentiment, expression, or character. Many an honest man, on the testimony of such a witness, would grace the gallows. The immaculate Saviour of man would not escape censure from the very creatures he came to save; nor would the reporters themselves, if tried at the same bar, escape serious blame in other matters, at the moment they are laying the "flattering unction" to their souls, of personal innocence.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us!"

The objection to Mr. Caughey's want of filial affection, supported as was supposed, by the fact of his leaving America with the professed design of visiting his mother in Ireland, and of being months in that island without ever once going near her, is on a par with most of the others; for the truth is, that his mother resided in America, and died there before he quitted the shores to cross the Atlantic. As to the members neglecting their classes during his ministrations, matter of fact is against the charge. On the testimony of the leaders, not only do the new members meet regularly, but the old ones are improved in their attention to the duty. But if even this were not the case, I cannot conceive why the blame should rest so heavily upon Mr. Caughey, since his exhortations are so pointed and frequent on the subject — urging the whole society to be punctual in attendance on this excellent, prudential ordinance. In all other matters of moment, he is, as far as I am able to judge, a genuine Wesleyan, supporting his positions with an apparent enthusiastic appeal to the writings of Mr. Wesley. But, to the points in question.

You ask — not because you are disposed to believe it, but because you have heard it — "Is not Mr. Caughey open to the charge of vanity, in so often quoting himself — appealing to his experience and observations?" The charge may unquestionably be preferred, but the proof may not be quite so easily established. Are the persons, it may be demanded, who prefer it, entitled to respect, or remarkable for humility themselves? or rather, are they not seeking for an apology for their own vacancy and inexperience in the things of God — habitually shrinking from the scriptural practice of declaring the work of the Spirit to others? In the Epistles of the Apostles, and especially those of St. Paul, we do not only find allusions, but lengthened accounts of personal experience, faith, and practice. These, of course, on the same principle, are subject to the same charge. Nor is the venerable Wesley less so, in giving his experience in print to the world, in his published Journals, during his life. Such an objection, if fairly followed out, will lead to the subversion, not only of love-feasts, but class and band-meetings. The royal Psalmist was not ashamed of giving a general invitation to such as were disposed to accept it, to come and listen to him, while declaring what God had done for his soul: nor are the preachers backward in employing his example as an argument, in urging the members of society to speak, when timidity, modesty, or other conflicting feelings produce a temporary pause on the subject of personal experience in a large assembly. What! are we to urge others to speak, and to remain silent ourselves? Are we to have ordinances established among us for the express purpose of coming at each other's experience, and of aiding that experience when we have arrived at the desired knowledge, and to remain mute as Christian teachers? Are we to hear the experience of others, and are they not to be privileged with ours? Is the shepherd to know where and how the flock are feeding, and are they to remain ignorant of the fact where and how he himself is living? His own experience, if good, can do them no harm; if bad, or meagre, there is a reason for its concealment. If experience is only to be shown in practice, there is at once an end of the fellowship of saints. I should be glad to know too, what, in such case, becomes of the pulpit and the press. The Wesleyans assume it as a fact, that their ministers are not of that class of public teachers who deal in unfelt truths.

This being the case, why should a man, who has a right to the advantage of that opinion on the part of the people, be subject to the charge of vanity on letting it out to them that such and such statements are the result of his own experience and observation? Is a man to make use of his intellect, his eyes, and his ears, and to give the result of his observations to the world on all that comes under his notice, save his own experience as a Christian minister? Is all to be kept sacredly boxed up in his soul till he dies — till his biographer, should he have one, is pleased to let out the secret to the public? Are politicians, philosophers, agriculturists, chemists, in short, all classes of experimentalists, to publish the result of their experience and operations to the wide world, and is a Christian minister not to be allowed to tell his still more important tale to, say a thousand professing Christians, enclosed within the walls of God's house, where his theme is not only suited to the place, but where he meets with the hearty response of the one half of his auditory, and where the other half ought to be ashamed of themselves, either because of their stunted growth in the divine life or want of relish for divine things? I need not tell you, that a minister has to think, hear, read, see, and feel for others than himself; and is not unfrequently obliged, like the Apostle Paul, to become "a fool," even in matters of experience, and at the hazard of being charged with the pride of boasting, for the sake of others, that the grace of God may be magnified in him. As it regards myself, I confess that my confidence is generally strengthened, when, in reading a work, or listening to a narrative, I find the author or the speaker able to add, "I heard — I saw — I felt it." In such case, I find myself at the spring-head; and if there is judgment combined with sincerity and good general character for truthfulness, I consider myself as indebted to the individual for thus stooping to confirm my faith in this particular way. I say stooping, for all the pride of human nature will rise up in rebellion against it. Every Christian minister is bound to go before his flock, not only in doctrine and practice, but in experience; and those are the most apt to conceal their religion, who have the least to make known. It would be well if, on this subject, ministers were a little more communicative. It would preserve them from many improprieties, as the people would then have a check upon them in social life, by being able, as in the case of "The Pulpit and the Reading Desk," to confront the preacher with the man. Do not mistake me. I am not contending for a constant exhibition of personal experience, and of such incidents and providences as have come under our own notice, or with which we may have been either immediately or remotely connected; but there is a difference between a little, and none at all; between a completely sealed fountain, and a few drops; and a man has no more occasion to be ashamed of his Christian experience, than he has to be ashamed of its divine author — Jesus Christ. It is doubtful whether, in such case, we are not shrinking from the cross, and whether such backwardness is not traceable to the pride and carnality of the human heart.

The other question — "Does not Mr. Caughey pretend to something like immediate inspiration, in reference to character?" &c. — receives an answer in his mode of address, and generally lies in the simple, but effective use of a single word — the pronoun; employing the singular instead of the plural, like the old prophet, "Thou — thou — thou art the man!" Take a case — and one will illustrate many more — in a congregation of mixed characters, sinners of every description, comprising from twelve hundred to two thousand persons; the preacher asserts, "There is a man in the gallery who has grieved the SPIRIT OF GOD — he knows it — he feels it; to him, I am speaking," &c., &c. Would he be wide of the mark? Is there one who has not? It does not require the vision of a seer, to authorize a man to make this statement, or to foretell how it will be taken by some and interpreted by others. A person takes it home to himself, and the preacher is published as a discerner of spirits! Or, we may advert to persons in debt, and unwilling to pay; availing themselves of various discreditable shifts and excuses to put off the day of reckoning. How many are there of these in a large assembly, owing from one to ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty pounds, and even more, with almost every figure between? Let the minister state, "There is a man in this congregation indebted to another, (say a certain sum;) he might have paid him but has not: till that specific sum is paid, the man has no right to expect mercy at the hand of God," &c. Would a personal appeal be out of place here? Could a minister fire a shot of this kind among so many *crows*, without hitting and wounding some? Any man acquainted with human nature, in all its dishonesty and selfishness, and with the state of society, in its wants, its commerce, its borrowing and lending, its trusting, swindling, over-reaching, its day-books and legers, may select a hundred cases, in which hundreds are implicated, and feel in silence such personal and pointed appeals; but there is only one, perhaps, who yields to the blow, and has simplicity enough to publish the effect of the appeal to the world, and honesty enough to pay his debts, at the bidding of the SPIRIT OF GOD in the ministry of the word. On this principle, every faithful minister is a seer; and it is not uncommon for persons to charge others with having informed the preacher of some facts relative to their personal history. The thoughts of their hearts are made manifest to themselves by the ministry, in the first instance, and then by themselves to others, in the next.

As to the question, "Is it correct that the converts in these revivals disappear with the instrument of them?" 1. I should like an answer to some other questions, before that is attended to; and the querist will allow me to ask, in return, Is it a fact, that all who profess to receive good relinquish their hold of religion, and go back into the world? 2. Is it to be admitted that, if they are not found in one society, they are not, therefore, to be found in another; if not in one circuit not, therefore in another; if not among the Wesleyans, not in other religious communities? Who among the objectors will take the credit of possessing the knowledge necessary, both for extent and accuracy, to answer a question of this nature? But, 3. Are not scores of persons to be found, in different places, who in these revivals were brought under serious impressions, and who, to the present moment, have maintained as creditable a Christian profession as those who can boast of a less turbulent, though perhaps a much slower process? 4. If ten are saved to God and society out of every hundred, is not a revival to be hailed with joy? There are ministers — I do not say Wesleyans — who pass away from among men without the knowledge of a single reformation; omitting every thing in the shape of conversion having ever been effected by their ministry — a ministry, perhaps, of thirty or forty years' continuance! 5. Should it, however, even be the fact — which is not admitted — that the converts in these revivals do not stand, — what then? Are we, in consequence of this, to assume it as a further fact, that the work was not genuine? Would not such assumption operate against any work being real in the backslider, in any other given case, from a David to a Peter, with every grade between, and also lead to the doctrine of "Once in grace, always in grace?" For this, no thorough Wesleyan will contend. "A desire to flee from the wrath to come," is as genuine a work of God, in its degree, and for the time being, (and, as such, is recognized, by being made the condition of admission to church membership,) as true repentance, and will lead to the latter, to Christ, and to heaven, if not checked. Revivals, generally speaking, are beginnings; and without them, there can be no glorious finish. We must take the beginning on our way to the end. The best of seed may be sown, and yet fail, when no fault is to be found with either the grain, or the husbandman that has scattered it; the soil, the season, and a hundred other things have to be taken into the account. I go further, and maintain that no man is accountable, unless it be through neglect, or the propagation of error, for the stability and standing of his converts; no more than the husbandman, just referred to, after having sown good seed in his field, and seen it spring up, is responsible for "the full corn in the ear," — is bound, in short, to protect it from mildew, the birds of the air, &c., and to insure a succession of fruitful seasons; no more than a parent is responsible for the good behavior of his child, during his absence, or can be expected to secure steadfastness in every case through a prolonged life. And this brings me to another point. If the minister, who is the honored instrument of a revival of the work of God, manifests nothing but ardent zeal, preaches the truth as it is in Jesus, and burns with pure love to God and man — while in the midst of it is obliged to remove to another place, where the same spirit is evinced, the same plans are adopted, the same unwearied diligence is observed, and the same signs follow, — if this, I say, were to be the case, it is but reasonable to believe, and charitable to hope, that had he continued, being the same in spirit and practice, that the work also would have continued — new converts being added, and those of an earlier date not only preserved but strengthened. You will perceive by this remark, if not where I am, at least where I wish to be. When a child sickens, or becomes wayward, the fault, perhaps, is as much in the nurse and the tutor, as in the parent. Apply this, not only to Mr. Caughey — for why should he stand alone as a mark to be shot at? — but to zealous itinerant ministers generally. When a man has been honored of God in the conversion of others, he is compelled, agreeably to the economy of Methodism, to leave his converts in the hands of others: but unless there is the same anxious care in nursing, as in bringing them at first to God; to keep, as to lay hold, no wonder that there should be a falling away. Now, without calling in question either the piety or the good sense of the brethren, it is well known that, in the present day, as in apostolic times, "there are diversities of gifts;" yes, and of views and feelings too, or why so many clashing opinions on the subject of these revivals? This being admitted, suppose a preacher to enter into the labors of one of our revivalists, who, constitutionally, is disinclined to every thing like agitation, noise, fermentation, and what not, and who, from a certain course of training, some peculiar views, associations, or prepossessions, has been led to express his disaffection, is it at all likely that the new converts will profit under the ministry of such a man, or even respect him, to the extent in which they would have improved under another of the same spirit and views with the man under whose ministry they were roused to a sense of their danger? I have no wish here to encourage fastidiousness: but we know enough of human nature to assure us of its likes and dislikes, and somewhat too much of the Wesleyan body not to feel pained at the difference which even older members make between preachers on the same circuit, appointed by the Conference, one for Paul and another for Apollos. If the old are often fickle to a fault, can we expect the young to walk without halting? Special meetings, special nursing, special training, will be found as necessary after, as during a revival. A revival must be carried on, as well as begun. We have not done with it when the tumult subsides, when the effervescence goes off, when the groans of penitents die on the ear. Let those then, in the first place, cease to rail against revivals, who make no extra effort to preserve the field that has been won. The excellent men on the York circuit, Messrs. Walton, Cheetham, Curnock, and Radcliffe, are anxiously laboring, by extra efforts, to preserve to the church, in the revival here, the souls that have been brought out of the world. Secondly, let no Wesleyan be forward to speak against, what some persons are pleased to designate, "noisy meetings," till he is satisfied that Mr. Wesley was in the wrong in first sanctioning them — the meetings themselves having been the starting point of experimental religion in Methodism. But I forbear here, as you are acquainted with my views of such meetings, in the small tract on the "ORDER OF GOD," appended to the "Village Blacksmith." Thirdly, least of all — and an appeal is here made to ministers belonging to every religious community — ought that man to impugn the labors of others in revivals, who rarely, if ever, in his ordinary work, either sees or hears tell of any fruit of his own ministry? Non-usefulness will do very well to pair with the supposed blasted fruit of others.

Excuse haste. I have no time to enter upon other points noticed by you, though persuaded that they are all capable of satisfactory solutions. The writer to whom you refer is remarkable for perspicuity, research, force, and occasional grace; but he is not sufficiently evangelical in his sentiments,

Ever yours most truly,

JAMES EVERETT.

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